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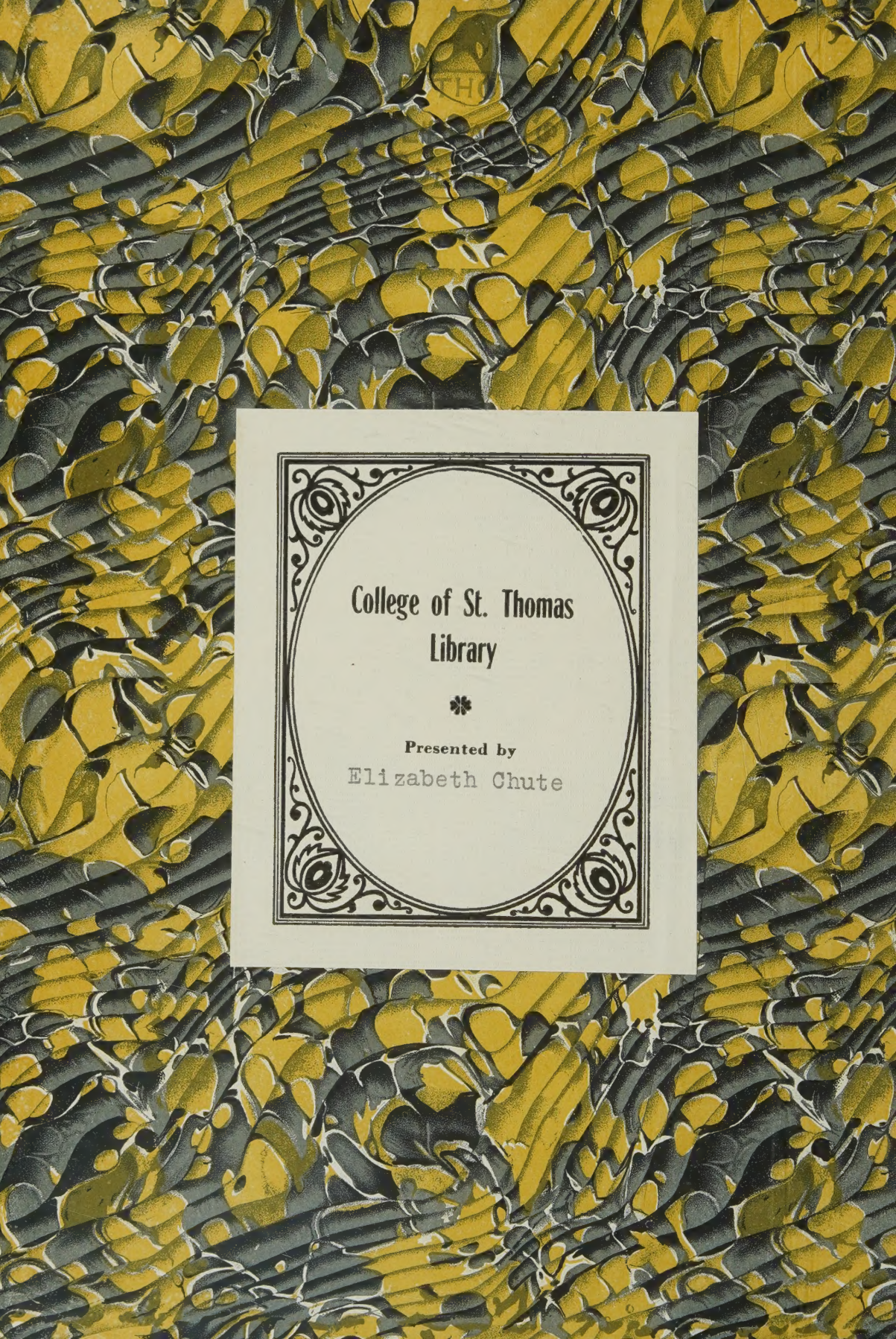
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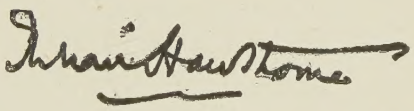

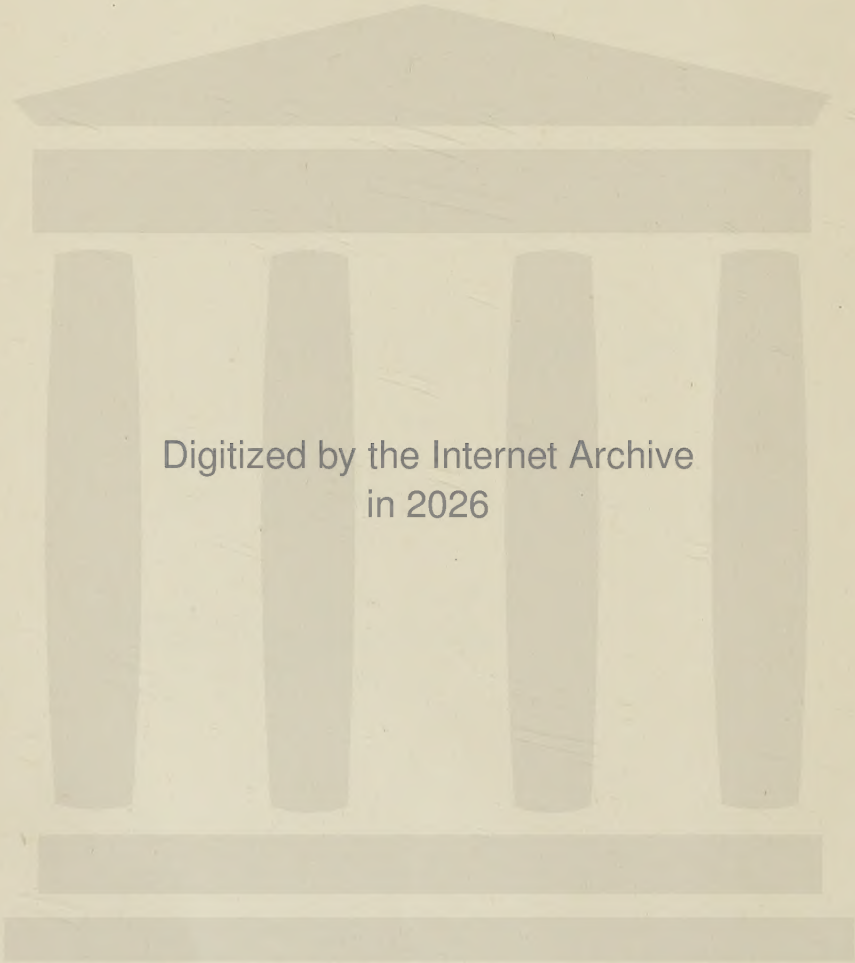
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THE MASTERPIECES

AND THE

HISTORY OF LITERATURE

ANALYSIS, CRITICISM, CHARACTER
AND INCIDENT

EDITED BY

JULIAN HAWTHORNE JOHN RUSSELL YOUNG
JOHN PORTER LAMBERTON OLIVER H. G. LEIGH

FORTY PHOTOGRAVURE PLATES

COMPLETE IN TEN VOLUMES

VOLUME VII

NEW YORK CHICAGO

E. R. DU MONT

1903

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GREEK LITERATURE.

PERIOD VII. B.C. 100–300 A.D.

THE Greek language, perfected by Plato and Demosthenes as the fittest vehicle for noble thought, was diffused through the ancient world by roving merchants and by the conquests of Alexander. But the native genius, which had produced unsurpassable works of the imagination in each successive form of poetry and prose, fell exhausted when civic freedom was extinguished. Great as were the benefits conferred on other nations by Greek culture, it nowhere aroused a new national genius to literary expression except in Rome. Its most potent influence was to prepare the way for the rapid extension and general adoption of Christianity. When Greek, somewhat modified from its Attic purity, had become the universal literary language, the new Divine revelation was given in that medium. To this end the labors of the learned grammarians of Alexandria under the patronage of the Ptolemies had contributed, especially by the translation of the Hebrew Scriptures into Greek, called the Septuagint. This version became a standard to the Jews themselves, even before their dispersion through the world, and on its model the apostles and evangelists of the new dispensation framed their message to both Jews and Gentiles.

Turning now to secular literature, we note that during three centuries before Christ there was a general dearth except at the court of the Ptolemies. Those writers who gave literary fame to Alexandria have already been treated.* Elsewhere

* See Volume VI., pp. 33–60.

there were a few historians, the most noted of whom was Polybius (204–122 B.C.). This Greek, taken captive to Rome after the overthrow of Perseus, King of Macedonia, had the good fortune to win the favor of Scipio Africanus the Younger. Thoroughly convinced of the imperial destiny of Rome, he endeavored to prove to his countrymen that it was their interest to submit to her yoke, but was unable to avert the sack of Corinth, 146 B.C. The inscription on his statue declared, "Hellas would have been saved had she followed the advice of Polybius." In his "Universal History" he narrated the stately progress of Rome from the Second Punic War to the destruction of Carthage. But though the theme was grand, and the author painstaking and impartial, Polybius lacked the genius to make his story interesting.

Somewhat similar to Polybius in fortune was the Jewish captive, Flavius Josephus, who endeavored in various writings to commend his kinsmen and their institutions to the respect and favor of the Romans. He lived in the first century after Christ and holds a unique place as an interpreter of Jewish institutions and history. His reputation, both as patriot and author, has fluctuated in successive ages since the triumph of Christianity.

Meleager, though born in Palestine in the century before Christ, appears to have been of Greek descent. He was a Cynic philosopher, but is best known as the first compiler of that remarkable monument of Greek genius, the "Anthology," a collection of epigrams. He gathered these small poems from forty-six authors of different periods from Simonides down to his own time. He added also one hundred and thirty-one of his own, not inferior in artistic merit. Meleager called his collection "The Garland," but Philip of Thessalonica, in the second century after Christ, gave to his similar work the title "Anthology," or "collection of flowers." Agathias, in the reign of Justinian, was the next anthologist, and called his work a "Cycle of Epigrams." Then Constantine Cephalas in the tenth century selected from the labors of his predecessors the bouquet which has become known as the Palatine Anthology, from the fact that the manuscript containing it was discovered by Salmasius in the library of the Elector

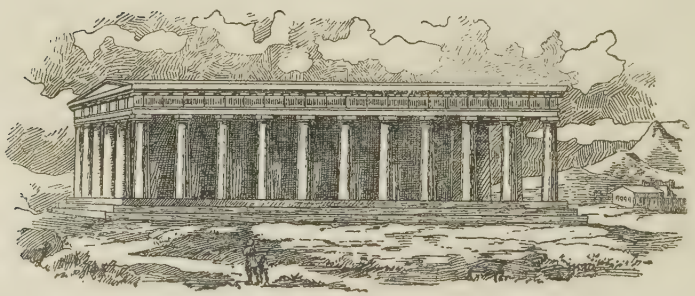
Palatine at Heidelberg in 1606. The manuscript was removed with the rest of the Palatine library to the Vatican in 1623, but was restored to Heidelberg in 1815. Meantime, in the fourteenth century, Maximus Planudes, a monk of Constantinople, had rearranged the Anthology of Cephalas, dividing it into seven books, according to the subjects. These were: 1. Displays of skill in epigrammatic writing. 2. Satirical and jocular. 3. Sepulchral. 4. Inscriptions on works of art. 5. Epigrams on the statues of charioteers. 6. Dedicatory. 7. Amatory. This work, being the first Anthology printed, attracted attention throughout Europe in the revival of learning, and led to many imitations of the Greek epigrams.

Plutarch, who lived in the first century after Christ, has won immortal renown by his "Parallel Lives of Greeks and Romans." Born in Bœotia, he went to Rome and gave lectures on philosophy, but did not trouble himself to learn Latin while there. Later in life, when settled at his native Chæronea, he took up the study of Roman literature, and produced that matchless series of portraits which has enlivened and instructed many generations, and stimulated ardent youth to imitation of ancient prowess and virtue. Sixty other writings, classed as "Ethical Works," are attributed to Plutarch. They are practical treatises on the conduct of life, and show his good sense rather than any attempt at philosophical speculation.

Lucian, born at Samosata, in Syria, belonged to the second century. He traveled through Greece, Italy and Gaul, and returning to Syria when he was about forty years of age, devoted the rest of his life to the composition of his famous satirical works. They were chiefly dialogues, sometimes serious, sometimes full of mockery, and sometimes merely pictures of contemporary manners. The "Dialogues of the Gods" are dramatic narratives of incidents of the pagan mythology, so told as to expose their absurdity. The "Dialogues of the Dead" contain moral reflections and satire on the vanity of human pursuits. These have been imitated by modern writers. "The Auction of the Philosophers" is an attack upon the heads of the various schools, who are put up for sale by the god Hermes. "Timon" is, perhaps, Lucian's

masterpiece, and has afforded a noted character to the stage. His writings altogether have a more modern air than those of any other classic author, and suggest comparison with those of Swift and Voltaire.

Greek philosophy flourished at Rome under the Empire. When luxury and sensual indulgence were enervating the mass of the Roman nobility, there was still a chosen remnant who sought solace in the Stoic creed, which recalled their ancestral virtues. The lame freedman Epictetus, born in Phrygia, was an eminent teacher of this doctrine, and though he left no writings, his scholar Arrian preserved the substance of his discourses in the "Enchiridion," or Manual. More famous, as more exalted, is the imperial philosopher, Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, who recorded in his "Meditations" his thoughts and feelings upon moral and religious topics. No work of antiquity presents a nobler view of philosophical paganism.



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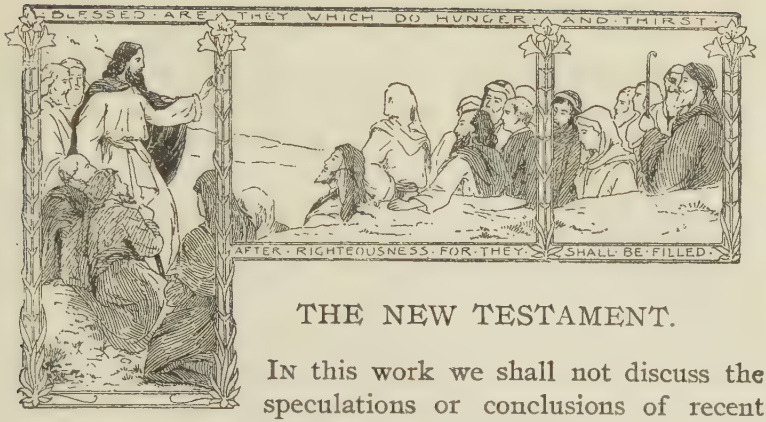


THE NEW TESTAMENT.

In this work we shall not discuss the speculations or conclusions of recent criticism as to the dates, authorship or authority of the Four Gospels. They will be accepted as part of the divinely-inspired Word of God; as consisting, therefore, like the other inspired Scriptures, of a Letter and an underlying and informing Spirit. Divinely inspired also, and conveying a spiritual message, is the Book of the Apocalypse, or Revelation, which terminates the compilation which we call the Bible. Between these come the Acts of the Apostles, and the several Epistles, treatises and manifestoes, which are enlightened or illuminated writings, imparting moral and religious instruction of the purest and most elevated sort. They carry the weight which must attach to teachers commissioned by our Lord, who had either personally known Him in the flesh, or had been granted communion with Him after the Resurrection.

Between the promulgation of the last book of the Old Testament (or Covenant) and the first of the New, an interval of some four and a half centuries elapsed. The language of the former compilation was originally Hebrew; of the latter, Greek, which was at that time more generally spoken than any other language of civilization. The Bible has been at various times translated into English, from the fragment ascribed to Cædmon in the seventh century, to the so-called Authorized Version dedicated to King James in 1611. The New Testament was first given in English by Wyclif, about 1380. Recently a revised (and more accurate) version of the entire Scriptures was prepared by a number of Biblical scholars, and selections from it are here employed.

The Old Testament is divided into Law, Prophecy and Sacred History. The Psalms and other parts are poetical. The New Testament does not properly answer to these categories. It contains no poetical books. The Gospels are not a history, neither are they a biography. They are records of certain of Christ's sayings and doings during the last three years of His life; selected (as it seems) arbitrarily, yet embodying the sum of His message to mankind. The book called the Acts of the Apostles is, in form and effect, a continuation of Luke's Gospel, describing the founding of the early Church and its opening to the Gentiles. The various Epistles are composed of interpretations of Scripture, of religious exhortations, and of admonitions. The Epistles of Paul are the most important of these, and his statements of doctrine have profoundly moulded Christianity. They show wonderful intellectual robustness combined with spiritual insight. Paul, who was converted after Christ's ascension, was the most learned of the apostles, and united to his religious illumination a deep knowledge of the world.

Of the four Gospels, those ascribed to Matthew and to John are the testimony of actual companions of Jesus, eye-witnesses of the events and hearers of the words which they report. It is surmised (upon an interpretation of internal evidence) that the Gospel of Luke lacks this personal authorization, yet it relates important incidents not mentioned by the other evangelists; that of Mark has been ascribed to a disciple of the Apostle Peter. It has even been questioned whether the Johannine contribution was written by the Apostle John, but the warrant for all such speculations is feeble and meagre.

The first three Gospels are called synoptic, presenting, as they do, a nearly identical and comprehensive view of our Lord's career and teachings. Matthew and Mark limit their story to an account of Christ's ministry in Galilee; Luke describes His doings in Perea likewise; while in John alone do we find reference to His proceedings in Judea, with the exception of those passages picturing the Passion, which are common to all four of the Evangelists. The style of John is also very different from the others; it is more elevated and

in parts oracular; it seems to indicate a profounder and more interior inspiration than does the simple narrative of the other writers. It has been called "The Gospel of the Heart of Jesus." It fittingly closes the loveliest and sublimest story ever told to mortal man.

Apart from the four Books of the Evangelists, there are five apocryphal Gospels, purporting to describe the story of Mary from her birth to her espousals, the infancy of Jesus, and a vision of His death and sojourn in Hades. Other similar writings are extant, but are nowhere regarded as genuine. The New Testament is well named: it brings a new, unprecedented revelation of God to man, and constitutes the spirit upon which the body of his future history must be moulded.

The Sermon on the Mount.

(The Gospel according to St. Matthew iv. 13—v. 16.)

And Jesus went about in all Galilee, teaching in their synagogues, and preaching the gospel of the kingdom, and healing all manner of disease and all manner of sickness among the people. And the report of him went forth into all Syria: and they brought unto him all that were sick, holden with divers diseases and torments, possessed with devils, and epileptic, and palsied; and he healed them. And there followed him great multitudes from Galilee and Decapolis and Jerusalem and Judæa and from beyond Jordan.

And seeing the multitudes, he went up into the mountain: and when he had sat down, his disciples came unto him: and he opened his mouth and taught them, saying:

Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called sons of God.

Blessed are they that have been persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are ye when men shall reproach you, and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

Ye are the salt of the earth: but if the salt have lost its savor, wherewith shall it be salted? it is thenceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out, and trodden under foot of men. Ye are the light of the world. A city set on a hill cannot be hid. Neither do men light a lamp and put it under the bushel, but on the stand; and it shineth unto all that are in the house. Even so let your light shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father who is in heaven.

The Parable of the Prodigal Son.

(The Gospel according to St. Luke xv. 11–32.)

A certain man had two sons: and the younger of them said to his father, Father, give me the portion of thy substance that falleth to me. And he divided unto them his living. And not many days after the younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country; and there he wasted his substance with riotous living. And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that country; and he began to be in want. And he went and joined himself to one of the citizens of that country; and he sent him into his fields to feed swine. And he would fain have been filled with the husks that the swine did eat: and no man gave unto him. But when he came to himself he said, How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish here with hunger! I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight: I am no more worthy to be called thy son: make me as one of thy hired servants. And he arose, and came to his father. But while he was yet afar off, his father saw him, and was moved with compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him. And the son said unto him,

Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight: I am no more worthy to be called thy son. But the Father said to his servants, Bring forth quickly the best robe, and put it on him, and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet: and bring the fatted calf, and kill it, and let us eat, and make merry: for this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found. And they began to be merry. Now his elder son was in the field: and as he came and drew nigh to the house, he heard music and dancing. And he called to him one of the servants, and inquired what these things might be. And he said unto him, Thy brother is come; and thy father hath killed the fatted calf, because he hath received him safe and sound. But he was angry, and would not go in: and his father came out, and entreated him. But he answered and said to his father, Lo, these many years do I serve thee, and I never transgressed a commandment of thine: and yet thou never gavest me a kid that I might make merry with my friends: but when this thy son came, that hath devoured thy living with harlots, thou killedst for him the fatted calf. And he said unto him, Son, thou art ever with me, and all that is mine is thine. But it was meet to make merry and be glad: for this thy brother was dead and is alive again; and was lost, and is found.

Jesus Consoles His Disciples.

(The Gospel according to St. John xiv.)

Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you; for I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I come again, and will receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also. And whither I go, ye know the way. Thomas saith unto him, Lord, we know not whither thou goest; how know we the way? Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, and the truth, and the life: no one cometh unto the Father, but by me. If ye had known me, ye would have known my Father also: from henceforth ye know him, and have seen him. Philip saith unto him, Lord, show us the

Father, and it sufficeth us. Jesus saith unto him, Have I been so long time with you, and dost thou not know me, Philip? he that hath seen me hath seen the Father; how sayest thou, Show us the Father? Believest thou not that I am in the Father, and the Father in me? the words that I say unto you I speak not from myself: but the Father abiding in me doeth his works. Believe me that I am in the Father, and the Father in me: or else believe me for the very works' sake. Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto the Father. And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son. If ye shall ask me anything in my name, that will I do. If ye love me, ye will keep my commandments. And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may be with you forever, even the Spirit of truth: whom the world cannot receive; for it beholdeth him not, neither knoweth him: ye know him; for he abideth with you, and shall be in you. I will not leave you desolate: I come unto you. Yet a little while, and the world beholdeth me no more; but ye behold me: because I live, ye shall live also. In that day ye shall know that I am in my Father, and ye in me, and I in you. He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me: and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself unto him. Judas (not Iscariot) saith unto him, Lord, what is come to pass that thou wilt manifest thyself unto us, and not unto the world? Jesus answered and said unto him, If a man love me, he will keep my word: and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him. He that loveth me not keepeth not my words: and the word which ye hear is not mine, but the Father's who sent me.

These things have I spoken unto you, while yet abiding with you. But the Comforter, even the Holy Spirit, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things, and bring to your remembrance all that I said unto you. Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be

troubled, neither let it be fearful. Ye heard how I said to you, I go away, and I come unto you. If ye loved me, ye would have rejoiced, because I go unto the Father: for the Father is greater than I. And now I have told you before it come to pass, that, when it is come to pass, ye may believe. I will no more speak much with you, for the prince of the world cometh: and he hath nothing in me; but that the world may know that I love the Father, and as the Father gave me commandment, even so I do. Arise, let us go hence.

St. Paul at Athens.

(The Acts of the Apostles xvii. 16–34.)

Now while Paul waited for them at Athens, his spirit was provoked within him, as he beheld the city full of idols. So he reasoned in the synagogue with the Jews and the devout persons, and in the market-place every day with them that met with him. And certain also of the Epicurean and Stoic philosophers encountered him. And some said, What would this babbler say? other some, He seemeth to be a setter forth of strange gods: because he preached Jesus and the resurrection. And they took hold of him, and brought him unto the Areopagus, saying, May we know what this new teaching is, which is spoken by thee? For thou bringest certain strange things to our ears: we would know therefore what these things mean. (Now all the Athenians and the strangers sojourning there spent their time in nothing else, but either to tell or to hear some new thing.) And Paul stood in the midst of the Areopagus, and said:

Ye men of Athens, in all things I perceive that ye are somewhat superstitious. For as I passed along, and observed the objects of your worship, I found also an altar with this inscription, To an unknown God. What therefore ye worship in ignorance, this set I forth unto you. The God that made the world and all things therein, he, being Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands; neither is he served by men's hands, as though he needed anything, seeing he himself giveth to all life, and breath, and all things; and he made of one every nation of men to dwell on all the face of the earth, having determined their appointed seasons, and the bounds of their habitation; that they should seek God, if haply they might feel after him, and find him, though he is not far from each one of us: for in him we live, and move, and have our being; as certain even of your own poets have said, For we are also his offspring. Being then the offspring of God, we ought not to think that the Godhead is like unto gold, or silver, or stone, graven by art and device of man. The times of ignorance therefore God overlooked; but now he commandeth men that they should all everywhere repent: inasmuch as he hath appointed a day, in the which he will judge the world in righteousness by the man whom he hath ordained; whereof he hath given assurance unto all men, in that he hath raised him from the dead.

Now when they heard of the resurrection of the dead, some mocked; but others said, We will hear thee concerning this yet again. Thus Paul went out from among them. But certain men clave unto him, and believed: among whom also was Dionysius the Areopagite, and a woman named Damaris, and others with them.

Love (Charity).

(First Epistle of St. Paul to the Corinthians xiii.)

If I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, but have not love, I am become sounding brass, or a clanging cymbal. And if I have the gift of prophecy, and know all mysteries and all knowledge; and if I have all faith, so as to remove mountains, but have not love, I am nothing. And if I bestow

all my goods to feed the poor, and if I give my body to be burned, but have not love, it profiteth me nothing. Love suffereth long, and is kind; love envieth not; love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not its own, is not provoked, taketh not account of evil; rejoiceth not in unrighteousness, but rejoiceth with the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Love never faileth: but whether there are prophecies, they shall be done away; whether there are tongues, they shall cease; whether there is knowledge, it shall be done away. For we know in part, and we prophesy in part: but when that which is perfect is come, that which is in part shall be done away. When I was a child, I spake as a child, I felt as a child, I thought as a child: now that I am become a man, I have put away childish things. For now we see in a mirror, darkly, but then face to face: now I know in part, but then shall I know even as also I have been known. But now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; and the greatest of these is love.

The Vision of Heaven.

(The Revelation of St. John the Divine iv.)

After these things I saw, and behold, a door opened in heaven, and the first voice which I heard, a voice as of a trumpet speaking with me, one saying, Come up hither, and I will show thee the things which must come to pass hereafter. Straightway I was in the Spirit: and behold, there was a throne set in heaven, and one sitting upon the throne; and he that sat was to look upon like a jasper stone and a sardius: and there was a rainbow round about the throne, like an emerald to look upon. And round about the throne were four and twenty thrones: and upon the thrones I saw four and twenty elders sitting, arrayed in white garments; and on their heads crowns of gold. And out of the throne proceed lightnings and voices and thunders. And there were seven lamps of fire burning before the throne, which are the seven Spirits of God; and before the throne, as it were a glassy sea like unto crystal; and in the midst before the throne, and round

about the throne, four living creatures full of eyes before and behind. And the first creature was like a lion, and the second creature like a calf, and the third creature had a face as of a man, and the fourth creature was like a flying eagle. And the four living creatures, having each one of them six wings, are full of eyes round about and within: and they have no rest day and night, saying, Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord God, the Almighty, who was and who is and who is to come. And when the living creatures shall give glory and honor and thanks to him that sitteth on the throne, to him that liveth forever and ever, the four and twenty elders shall fall down before him that sitteth on the throne, and shall worship him that liveth forever and ever, and shall cast their crowns before the throne, saying, Worthy art thou, our Lord and our God, to receive the glory and the honor and the power: for thou didst create all things, and because of thy will they were, and were created.

THE SAYINGS OF JESUS.

In January, 1897, Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt, who had been commissioned by the Egypt Exploration Fund, found among other papyri in the ruins of Oxyrhyncus, on the edge of the Libyan desert, a manuscript which has been published under the title, "Logia of our Lord," or "Sayings of Jesus." The hand-writing is declared to be not later than A.D. 300, but the collection was evidently of much earlier date. The papyrus is much defaced and is difficult to read, but the following is an exact translation of what has been deciphered. Though some early Christian writers state that such sayings were circulated in the churches, these are the first that have been found. They are interesting both from their agreement with the text of the Gospels and their divergence from it.

1. . . . and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote that is in thy brother's eye.

2. Jesus saith, Except ye fast to the world, ye shall in no wise find the kingdom of God; and except ye keep the sabbath, ye shall not see the Father.

3. Jesus saith, I stood in the midst of the world, and in the flesh was I seen of them, and I found all men drunken, and none found I athirst among them, and my soul grieveth over the sons of men, because they are blind in their heart. . . .

4. [Illegible.] . . .

5. Jesus saith, Wherever there are . . . and there is one . . . alone, I am with him. Raise the stone, and there thou shalt find me; cleave the wood, and there am I.

6. Jesus saith, A prophet is not acceptable in his own country; neither doth a physician work cures upon them that know him.

7. Jesus saith, A city built upon the top of a high hill and established can neither fall nor be hid.

8. . . . [Illegible.]

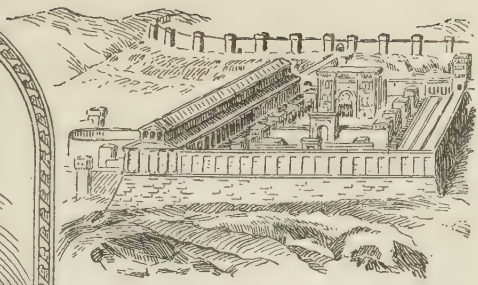
THE TEACHING OF THE TWELVE APOSTLES.

In 1875 Philotheos Bryennios discovered in a library at Constantinople a manuscript containing, among other documents of the early Christian Church, one called "The Teaching of the Twelve Apostles." In 1883 he published an edition of it with learned notes. The manuscript is dated 1056 A.D., but internal evidence shows that the work belongs to the middle of the second century. The title simply denotes that the work claims conformity with the teachings of the founders of the Christian Church. It has special interest as being the basis of later works of the Fathers. Two chapters (XIV. and XVI.) out of the sixteen are given as specimens.

The Lord's Day.—Having assembled on the Lord's day, break bread and render thanks [celebrate the eucharist] after having confessed your faults, in order that your sacrifice may be pure. Let every one that hath a controversy with his companion not come together with you, until they be reconciled, that your sacrifice may not be profaned. For this is that which was spoken by the Lord: In every place and time bring before me a pure sacrifice; for I am a great King, saith the Lord, and my name is wonderful among the nations.

The Final Warning.—Watch on behalf of your life. Let not your lamps be extinguished, and let not your loins be loosened, but be ye ready; for ye know not the hour in which our Lord cometh. But ye shall be gathered together frequently, seeking the things which are suitable for your souls; for the whole time of your faith will not profit you, unless ye shall be made perfect in the last time. For in the last days

the false prophets and the corrupters shall be multiplied, and the sheep shall be turned into wolves, and love shall be turned into hate; for when lawlessness increaseth they shall hate one another and shall persecute and betray, and then the world-deceiver shall appear as the Son of God and shall do signs and wonders and the earth shall be delivered into his hands, and he shall do unlawful things, which have never been done since the world began. Then the creation of men shall come into the fire of trial, and many shall be made to stumble and shall perish; but they that endure in their faith shall be saved by him from this curse. And then shall the signs of the truth appear: first, a sign of opening in heaven, then a sign of the sound of a trumpet, and third, the resurrection of the dead; but not of all, but as it hath been said: The Lord will come and all the holy ones with him. Then shall the world see the Lord coming upon the clouds of heaven.



FLAVIUS JOSEPHUS.

FLAVIUS JOSEPHUS was a strange amalgamation of Jew, Greek and Roman, admittedly not what he should have been, either as a teacher of Mosaic law, as a patriot, or as a public man; and yet he performed successfully what he could not have achieved had he been any one of these only. He was born at Jerusalem in 37 A.D. He belonged to a Jewish priestly family of high rank, and was brought up at Jerusalem with his brother Matthias. After having received an excellent education, he attended successively the instructions of the Pharisees, Sadducees and Essenes, and then proceeded to the desert to practice an ascetic life. After three years he returned to Jerusalem and joined the Pharisees. At the age of twenty-six his abilities were so well recognized that he was chosen as a delegate to Nero respecting the liberation of some captive priests. Having been introduced to Poppæa, Nero's infamous wife, by a Jewish actor, he not only succeeded in his mission, but returned to Jerusalem loaded with presents, and endeavored to induce his countrymen to adopt a peace policy towards the Romans. But hopes of peace were dissipated by the massacre of the Jews in Syria and Alexandria. Then Josephus was made governor of Galilee, and led the war party with skill and courage. He was by no means universally trusted, and had political and personal foes who threatened his life. Driven into the town of Jotapata on the advance of Vespasian's army, he directed a desperate resistance for forty-seven days; and while endeavoring to escape fell into the conqueror's hands. He artfully assumed

the role of a prophet, and predicted that Vespasian would succeed Nero as emperor of Rome. This led to his being honored by Vespasian, but kept as a prisoner on parole for three years. He was with Titus at the capture of Jerusalem, 70 A.D., and obtained special favors for some friends. Most of his after life was spent in Rome, in the prosecution of his studies and the society of the court. He assumed the name of Flavius, as a dependent of the Flavian family to which Vespasian belonged. He died about 100 A.D.

His "History of the Jewish War" is said to have been written at first in Hebrew, or rather Syro-Chaldean, for the use of the Jews, but was afterwards translated into Greek for the educated Romans. It is divided into seven books, and traces the history of the Jews from the capture of the city by Antiochus Epiphanes, to the destruction of the city by Titus. More important, however, is his work called "Antiquities of the Jews." It consists of twenty books, is dedicated to Epaphroditus, and gives the history of the Hebrews from the earliest times to the beginning of the war with the Romans. In large measure it runs parallel with the Hebrew Scriptures. No author has been more fiercely attacked, or more ably defended than Josephus. He wrote his own "Life" in answer to charges which had been made against his conduct in Galilee. His treatise "Against Apion" is a defence of the antiquity of the Jewish nation against those who impugned it on the ground that early Greek writers did not mention the Jews.

As a public man, Josephus cannot be called an ideal patriot; the course he pursued was selfish; yet probably he was sincerely convinced that it was for the true interests of his countrymen to yield to the Romans. He was well aware of the repugnance of the Romans to doctrines and practices which they could not assimilate or incorporate with their own. He became, therefore, an apologist for Judaism. The true object of the "Antiquities" was to raise the reputation of his nation in the estimation of the Gentiles, and to shield his countrymen from the scorn and hatred which encountered them in every city of the empire.

Herod the Great in His Last Illness.

(From "The Antiquities of the Jews," Book xvii., chap. 6.)

Herod's distemper [in A.D. 4] increased upon him after a severe manner—and this, by God's judgment for his sins. A fire glowed within him slowly, which did not so much appear to the touch outwardly as it augmented his pains inwardly. For it brought upon him a vehement appetite for eating, which he could not avoid to supply with one sort of food or other. His entrails also were ulcerated: an aqueous and transparent liquor had settled itself about his feet, and a like matter afflicted him at the bottom of his belly. And when he sat upright he had a difficulty of breathing, which was very loathsome, on account of the stench of his breath and the quickness of its return. He had also convulsions in all parts of his body, which debilitated him to an insufferable degree. It was said by those who pretended to divine, and who were endued with wisdom to foretell such things, that God inflicted that punishment on the king on account of his great impiety.

Yet was he still in hopes of recovering, though his afflictions seemed greater than any one could bear. He also sent for physicians and did not refuse to follow what they prescribed for his assistance; and went himself beyond the river Jordan, and bathed himself in the warm baths that were at Calirrhoë, which besides their other general virtues were also fit to drink, which water runs into the lake called Asphaltites [the Dead Sea]. And when the physicians once thought fit to have him bathed in a vessel full of oil, it was supposed that he was just dying. But upon the lamentable cries of his domestics he revived; and having no longer any hopes of recovering, he gave order that every soldier should be paid fifty drachmæ; and he also gave a great deal to their commanders and to his friends, and came again to Jericho.

There, however, he grew so choleric that it brought him to do all things like a madman; and though he was near his death, he contrived the following wicked designs: He commanded that all the principal men of the Jewish nation,

wheresoever they lived, should be called to him. Accordingly a great number came, because the whole nation were called, and all men heard of this call; and death was the penalty of such as should neglect the epistles that were sent to call them. And now the king was in a wild rage against them all —the innocent as well as those that had offered grounds of accusations. And when they were come, he ordered them to be all shut up in the hippodrome, and sent for his sister Salome, and her husband Alexas, and spoke thus to them:

"I shall die in a little time, so great are my pains; which death ought to be cheerfully borne, aud to be welcomed by all men. But what chiefly troubles me is that I shall die without being lamented, and without such mourning as men usually expect at a king's death. For I am not unacquainted with the temper of the Jews, but know that my death will be a thing very desirable, and exceedingly acceptable to them; because during my lifetime they were ready to revolt from me, and to abuse the donations I had dedicated to God. It is, therefore, your business to resolve to afford me some alleviation of my great sorrows on this occasion; for if you do not refuse your consent in what I desire, I shall have a great mourning at my funeral, and such as never any king had before me; for then the whole nation will mourn from their very soul; which otherwise will be done in sport and mockery only. I desire, therefore, that as soon as you see that I have expired you shall place soldiers around the hippodrome; and you shall not declare my death to the multitude till this be done; but you shall give orders to have those that are there in custody shot with darts. And this slaughter of them all will cause that I shall not miss to rejoice on a double account; that as I am dying, you will make me secure that my will shall be executed in what I charge you to do; and that I shall have the honor of a memorable mourning at my funeral."

He then deplored his condition with tears in his eyes; and conjured them by the kindness due from them as his kindred, and by the faith that they owed to God; and begged of them not to hinder him of this honorable mourning at his funeral. So they promised him not to transgress his commands.

The Death of Herod Agrippa.

From the "Antiquities," Book XIX., Chapters 8 and 9. With this account may be compared the statement in Acts xii. 21–23, where this king is called Herod.

Now when Agrippa had reigned three years over all Judea, he came to the city Cæsarea, which was formerly called Strato's Tower; and there he exhibited shows in honor of Claudius Cæsar, upon his being informed that there was a certain festival celebrated to make vows for his safety; at which festival a great multitude was gotten together of the principal persons who were of dignity in his province.

On the second day of these shows Agrippa put on a garment made wholly of silver, and of a contexture truly wonderful, and came into the theatre early in the morning; at which time the silver of his garment, being illuminated by the first reflection of the sun's rays upon it, shone out after a surprising manner, and was so resplendent as to spread a sort of dread over those that looked intently upon him. And presently his flatterers cried out, one from one place and another from another, that he was a god; and they added, "Be thou merciful to us; for although we have hitherto reverenced thee only as a man, yet shall we henceforth own thee as superior to mortal nature."

Upon this the king did neither rebuke them nor reject their impious flattery. But as he presently afterward looked up, he saw an owl sitting on a certain rope over his head; and immediately understood that this bird was the messenger of ill tidings, as it had once been the messenger of good tidings to him: and fell into the deepest sorrow. A severe pain also arose in his bowels, and began in a most violent manner. He therefore looked upon his friends and said, "I whom you call a god am commanded presently to depart this life; while Providence reproves the lying words you just now said to me. And I, who was by you called immortal, am immediately bound to be hurried away by death. But I am bound to accept of what Providence allots, as it pleases God; for we have by no means lived ill, but in a splendid and happy manner."

When he said this, his pain was become violent. Accordingly he was carried to his palace; and the rumor went about everywhere that he would certainly die in a little time. But the multitude presently sat in sackcloth, with their wives and children, after the law of their country, and besought God for the king's recovery. All places were also full of mourning and lamentation. Now the king rested in a high chamber; and as he saw them below lying on the ground he could not himself forbear weeping. And when he had been quite worn out by the pains in his belly for five days, he departed this life, being in the fifty-fourth year of his age, and in the seventh of his reign; for he reigned four years under Caius Cæsar [Caligula]; three of them were over Philip's tetrarchy only, and on the fourth he had that of Herod added to it; and he reigned, besides those, three years under the reign of Claudius Cæsar. While he reigned over these countries he had also Judea added to them, as well as Samaria and Cæsarea. The revenues that he received out of them were very great—no less than twelve millions of drachmæ. Yet did he borrow great sums from others; for he was so very liberal that his expenses exceeded his income, and his generosity was boundless.

When it was known that Agrippa was departed this life, the inhabitants of Cæsarea and of Sebaste forgot the kindness he had bestowed upon them, and acted the part of the bitterest enemies; for they cast such reproaches upon the deceased as are not fit to be spoken of. And so many of them as were then soldiers, who were very numerous, went to his house and hastily carried off the statues of this king's daughters unto the brothel houses; and when they had set them on the tops of those houses they abused them to the utmost of their power. They also laid themselves down in the public places, and celebrated general feastings, with garlands on their heads, and with ointments and libations to Charon, and drinking to one another for joy that the king had expired. Nay, they were not only unmindful of Agrippa, who had extended his liberality to them in abundance, but of his grandfather Herod also, who had himself rebuilt their cities, and had raised them havens and temples at vast expenses.

The Burning of the Temple at Jerusalem.

(From the "History of the Jewish Wars.")

Titus, having retired into the tower of Antonia, resolved to storm the temple the next morning with his whole army, and to encamp round about the holy house. But as for that house, God had, for certain, long ago doomed it to fire. And now that fatal day was come according to the revolution of ages; it was the tenth day of the month Lous, or Ab; upon which it was formerly burnt by the king of Babylon: but these flames took their rise from the Jews themselves, and were occasioned by them. For upon Titus retiring, the the seditious lay still for a little while, and then attacked the Romans again; when those that guarded the holy house fought with those that quenched the fire that was burning the inner court of the temple. But these Romans put the Jews to flight, and proceeded as far as the holy house itself. At which time one of the soldiers, without waiting for any orders, and without any concern or dread upon him at so great an undertaking, but being hurried on by a certain divine fury, snatched something out of the materials that were on fire, and being lifted up by another soldier, set fire to a golden window, through which there was a passage to the rooms that were round about the holy house on the north side of it. As the flames went upward, the Jews made a great clamor, such as so mighty an affliction required, and ran together to prevent it. And now they spared not their lives any longer, nor suffered anything to restrain their force, since that holy house was perishing for whose sake they kept such a guard about it.

Now a certain person came running to Titus and told him of this fire, as he was reposing in his tent after the last battle; upon which he arose in great haste and ran to the holy house, in order to have a stop put to the fire. After him went all his commanders, and after them followed the several legions, in great astonishment. So there was a great clamor and tumult raised, as was natural upon the disorderly motion of so great an army. Then did Cæsar—both by calling to the

soldiers that were fighting, with a loud voice, and by giving a signal to them with his right hand—order them to quench the fire. But, they did not hear what he said, though he spoke so loud, having their ears already dinned by a greater noise another way. Nor did they attend to the signal he made them with his hand; some of them being distracted with fighting and others with passion.

But as for the legions that came running thither, neither any persuasion nor threatening could restrain their violence; but each one's own passion was his commander at this time. And as they were crowding into the temple together many of them were trampled on by one another; while a great number fell among the ruins of the cloisters, which were still hot and smoking, and were destroyed in the same miserable way with those whom they had conquered. And when they were come near the holy house, they acted as if they did not so much as hear Cæsar's orders to the contrary, but even encouraged those that were before them to set it on fire. As for the seditious, they were in too great distress already to afford their assistance towards quenching the fire. They were everywhere slain, and everywhere beaten. And as for a great part of the people, they were weak and without arms, and had their throats cut wherever they were caught. Now round about the altar lay dead bodies, heaped one upon another; and at the steps going up to it ran a great quantity of their blood, whither also the dead bodies that were slain above on the altar fell down.

Now, since Cæsar was not able to restrain the fury of the soldiers, and the fire proceeded more and more, he went into the holy place of the temple, with his commanders, and saw it, with what was in it; which he found to be far superior to what had been related by foreigners, and not inferior to what we ourselves boasted and believed about it.

But as the flame had not yet reached to its inward parts, but was still consuming the rooms that were about the holy house only, Titus, supposing that the house itself might yet be saved, came up in haste, and endeavored to persuade the soldiers to quench the fire, and gave order to Liberalius the centurion, and one of those spearmen that were about

him, to beat the soldiers that were refractory with their staves, and to restrain them. Yet were their passions too strong for the regard they had for Cæsar, and the dread they had of him who forbade them; as was their hatred of the Jews and a certain vehement inclination to fight them, too hard for them also. Moreover, the hope of plunder induced many to go on; supposing that all the places were full of money, and seeing that all around it was made of gold. And, besides, one of those that went into the place got before Cæsar, when he ran out so hastily to restrain the soldiers; and threw the fire upon the hinges of the gate, in the dark. The flame now burst out from within the holy house itself; when the commanders retired, and Cæsar retired with them, and when nobody any longer forbade those that were without to set fire to it. Thus was the holy house burnt down, without Cæsar's approbation.

Now, although any one would justly lament the destruction of such an edifice as this was, since it was the most admirable of all the buildings we have seen or heard, both for its curious structure and its magnitude, and also for the vast wealth bestowed upon it, as well as for the glorious reputation it had for its holiness; yet might such a one comfort himself with this thought, that it was fate that so decreed it to be; which is inevitable both as to living creatures, and as to works and places also. However, one cannot but wonder at the exactness of this period thereto relating. For the same month and day were now observed, as I said before, wherein the holy house was burnt formerly by the Babylonians. Now, the number of years that elapsed from its first foundation by King Solomon till this destruction, which happened in the second year of the reign of Vespasian, are computed to be one thousand one hundred and thirty, besides seven months and fifteen days. And from the second building of it, which was performed by Haggai, in the second year of Cyrus the king, till its destruction under Vespasian, there were six hundred and thirty-nine years and forty-five days.

While the holy house was on fire everything was plundered that came to hand, and ten thousand of those that were caught were slain. Nor was there a commiseration of any

age, nor any reverence of dignity; but children and old men, priests and lay persons, were all slain in the same manner. So that this war affected all sorts of men, and brought them to destruction, as well those that made supplication for their lives as those that defended themselves by fighting. The flame was also carried a long way, and made an echo, together with the groans of those that were slain. And because this hill was high, and the works at the temple were very great, one would have thought the whole city had been on fire. No one can imagine anything even greater or more terrible than this noise. For there was at once a shout of the Roman legions, who were marching all together, and a sad clamor of the seditious, who were now surrounded with fire and sword. The people also that were left above were beaten back upon the enemy, and under a great consternation, and made sad moans at the calamity they were under. The multitude that was in the city joined in this outcry with those that were upon the hill. And besides, many of those that were worn away by the famine, and their mouths almost closed, when they saw the fire of the holy house, exerted their utmost strength, and broke out into groans and outcries again. Perea [beyond the Jordan] also did return the echo, as well as the mountains round about the city, and augmented the force of the general noise.

Yet was the misery itself more terrible than this disorder. For one would have thought that the very hill on which the temple stood was red-hot—as full of fire on every part of it; that the blood was larger in quantity than the fire, and those that were slain more in numbers than those that slew them. For the ground did nowhere appear visible for the dead bodies that lay on it, but the soldiers went over heaps of those dead bodies, as they ran upon such as fled from them. And now it was that the multitude of the robbers were thrust out of the inner court of the temple by the Romans, and had much ado to get into the outer court, and from thence into the city; while the remainder of the populace fled into the cloister of that outer court. As for the priests, some of them picked up from the holy houses the spikes that were upon it, with their bases, which were made of lead, and

shot them at the Romans instead of darts. But then, as they gained nothing by so doing, and as the fire burst out upon them, they retired to the wall that was eight cubits broad, and there they tarried. Yet did two of those of eminence among them, who might have saved themselves by going over to the Romans, or have borne up with courage and taken their fortune with the others, throw themselves into the fire, and were burnt together with the holy house. Their names were Meirus, the son of Belgas, and Joseph, the son of Daleus.

Now the Romans, judging that it was in vain to spare what was round about the holy house, burnt all those places, as also the remains of the cloisters and the gates, two excepted, the one on the east side and the other on the south; both of which, however, they burnt afterward. They also burnt down the treasury chambers, in which was an immense quantity of money, and a great number of garments and other precious goods. And, in a word, there it was that the entire riches of the Jews were heaped up together, while the rich people had there built themselves chambers to contain such furniture. The soldiers also came to the rest of the cloisters that were in the outer court of the temple, whither the women and children and a mixed multitude of the people fled, in number about six thousand. But before Cæsar had determined anything about these people, or given the commanders any orders relating to them, the soldiers were in such a rage that they set the cloisters on fire. By which means some of these were destroyed by throwing themselves down headlong, and some were burnt in the cloisters themselves. Nor did any of them escape with their lives.

MELEAGER.

THE name of Meleager is inseparably connected with the Greek Anthology, the grand monument of the minor literature of many centuries. He was born at Gadara in Syria, and flourished about the middle of the first century before Christ. Yet he was of Greek descent and became a Cynic philosopher. He possessed fine artistic taste, and had a high appreciation of the beautiful. As a writer of epigrams and delicately sententious pieces he stands next to the highest. In his day skill in graceful epigrams had displaced the grander style. Epigrams had originally been inscriptions on tombs, monuments and works of art. Meleager was the first who conceived the idea of collecting the best of these and weaving them together into what he called his "Garland." They were singularly arranged in alphabetical order according to the first letter of each piece. In this heterogeneous collection are found the effusions of many minor poets which appeal to the warm affections of the heart even more forcibly than the masterpieces of Greek literature.

As an introduction to his "Garland," he wrote a poem of sixty lines, in which he characterized the various authors who had contributed to his store by plants or flowers emblematical of their special tastes or talents.

HELIODORA'S GARLAND.

I'LL frame, my Heliodora! a garland for thy hair,
Which thou, in all thy beauty's pride, mayst not disdain to wear;
For I, with tender myrtles, white violets will twine—
White violets, but not so pure as that pure breast of thine:
With laughing lilies I will twine narcissus; and the sweet
Crocus shall in its yellow hue with purple hyacinth meet:
And I will twine with all the rest, and all the rest above,
Queen of them all, the red, red Rose, the flower which lovers love.

LAMENT FOR HELIODORE.

(Translated by Alma Strettell.)

TEARS even far beneath the earth I send thee,
O Heliodore—bitter tears I pour;

Tokens of love, in Hades to attend thee.
And on thy tomb, where I have mourned so sore,
I offer—as libations poured above—
Memories of our kindness and our love.

O thou, among the dead belovèd even,
Meleager sorely, sorely wails for thee;
Vain homage, empty prayers to Hades given!
Ah, where may now my mourned-for blossom be?
Hades hath ravished, ravished it away,
And dust defiles my blooming flower to-day.

O Earth, all-nourishing, to thee I make
My supplication—her I weep for take,
And gently fold her in thine arms, to rest,
Mother, against thy breast.

Hue and Cry after Cupid.

(Translated by Walter Headlam.)

Hue and cry for Love the wild! for early from his bed,
Early in the morning hath he taken wing and fled.

Sweet in tears and sly of laughter, dauntless, prattling ever,
Swift, with wings upon his back and at his side a quiver.

But the father of the rogue I cannot tell; for Sea,
Earth and Air alike declare: No son of mine is he.

For of all he is abhorred in every place; beware
Lest he setteth for your souls even now another snare.

See, why, at his lair he lies! I have discovered thee,
Archer, lurking in the eyes of my Zenophilé.

Clearista.

(Translated by Walter Headlam.)

Not Marriage Clearista won to wait upon her wedding,
But Death, when she unloosed the zone of her virginity:
For late the pipes at eventide were at her portal shedding
Their music, and her chamber doors resounded noisily;

And early on the morrow they raised a note of sorrow,
The bridal-chorus quitted became a chant of woe;
And so the self-same torches about her bower's porches,
Gave shine and for her perished lit up the path below.

Meleager on Himself.

(Translated by Richard Garnett.)

Tyre brought me up, who born in thee had been,
Assyrian Athens, city Gadarene;
My name is Meleager, Eucrates
My sire; my skill with graceful strains to please;
My Syrian lineage do not discommend;
One world have all, one origin, one end;
Stricken in years, I yet can touch the string,
And this unto the tomb, my neighbor, sing;
Salute my garrulous old age, and be
Thine own, what now thou honorest in me.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

Whatever may be the merits of the short poems grouped under the name of Greek Anthology, they have excited scholarly interest and exercised the ingenuity of translators more than any other branch of Greek poetry. Numberless are the quotations, imitations and editions of them. The word "Anthology," meaning "a collection of flowers," is now applied to a compilation of the representative poems of any nation. Whatever is found in such a collection should be like a flower, attractive by its beauty, elegance and delicacy. The Greek Anthology really comprises many of other kinds, and not only entertains, but endeavors to teach wisdom by smiles and tears and timely jests. It includes themes of history, deeds of patriotism, love and war, and all the charms and snares of woman's voice and glance. Cyril, one of the minor poets, makes brevity the sole characteristic of a Greek epigram. He thus exemplifies it:

"Two lines complete the epigram—or three;
Write more; you aim at epic poetry."

Timareté Puts away Childish Things.

Timareté, her wedding-day now near,
To Artemis has laid these offerings here,—
Her tambourine, her pleasant ball, the net
As a safe guardian o'er her tresses set;
Her maiden dolls, in mimic robes arrayed,
Gifts fitting for a maid to give a maid.
Goddess, thy hand upon her kindly lay,
And keep her holy in thy holy way.

Lais' Mirror.

The celebrated courtesan Lais, growing old, dedicated to Aphrodite (Venus) her mirror. Plato is said to have written for her this epigram.

I, Lais, who on conquered Greece looked down with haughty pride;
I, to whose courts, in other days, a swarm of lovers hied;
O Aphrodite, now this mirror give to thee,
For my present self I would not, and my past I cannot see.

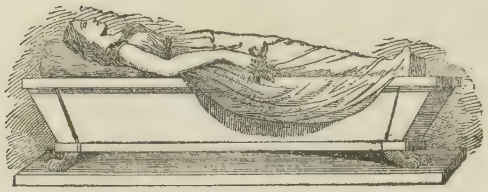
More truly epigrammatic, in the modern sense, is this condensed imitation by Matthew Prior.

Venus, take this votive glass,
Since I am not what I was.
What I shall hereafter be,
Venus, let me never see!

For the Tomb of Myrtis.

(The poetess Erinna wrote the following inscription.)

The virgin Myrtis' sepulchre am I;
Creep softly to the pillared mount of woe,
And whisper to the grave, in earth below,
"Grave thou art envious in thy cruelty!"
The very torch that laughing Hymen bore
To light the virgin to the bridegroom's door,
With that same torch the bridegroom lights the fire
That dimly glimmers on her funeral pyre.
Thou, too, O Hymen! bid'st the nuptial lay
In elegiac moanings die away.



Epitaph on Antibia.

This epitaph, by the poetess Anyte, is translated by William Hay.

The maid Antibia I lament; for whom
Full many a suitor sought her father's hall.
For beauty, prudence, famed was she; but doom
Destructive overwhelmed the hopes of all.

Epitaph on Theonoë and Her Child.

In this epigram, by Bianor, a husband mourns the loss of wife and child. The translation is by Prof. Goldwin Smith.

I wept Theonoë's loss; but one fair child
Its father's heart of half its woe beguiled:
And now, sole source of hope and solace left,
The one fair child the envious Fates have reft.
Hear, Proserpine, my prayer, and lay to rest
My little babe on its lost mother's breast.

True Wisdom.

Enjoy your goods as if your death were near;
Save them as if 'twere distant many a year.
Sparing or spending, be thy wisdom seen
In keeping ever to the golden mean.

The Partnership.

Damon, who plied the undertaker's trade,
With Doctor Crateas an agreement made.
What linens Damon from the dead could seize,
He to the Doctor sent for bandages;
While the good Doctor, here no promise-breaker,
Sent all his patients to the undertaker.

The Lesson of the Tops.

An Atarnean stranger once to Pittacus applied,
That ancient sage, Hyrradius' son, and Mytilene's pride;
"Grave sir, betwixt two marriages I now have power to choose,
And hope you will advise me which to take and which refuse.
One of the maidens, every way, is very near myself;
The other's far above me, both in pedigree and pelf.
Now which is best?" The old man raised the staff which old men bear,
And with it pointed to some boys that then were playing there,
Whipping their tops along the street: "Their steps," he said, "pursue,
And look and listen carefully; they'll tell you what to do."
Following them, the stranger went to see what might befall,
And "Whip the top that's nearest you!" was still their constant call.
He, by this boyish lesson taught, resigned the high-born dame,
And wed the maiden "nearest him." Go thou and do the same.

The Fleas Outwitted.

A countryman once who was troubled with fleas,
Jumped up out of bed in a thundering breeze,
And triumphantly cried, as he blew out the light,
"Now I have you; you rogues, you can't see where to bite!"

The Wine-Cup.

The winecup is glad: dear Zenophilé's lip
It boasts to have touched, when she stooped down to sip.
Happy winecup! I wish that, with lips joined to mine,
All my soul at a draught she would drink up like wine.

The Picture of Aphrodite.

This epigram on the picture of Aphrodite by Praxiteles is ascribed to Plato.

The Paphian Queen to Cnidus made repair
Across the tide, to see her image there.
Then looking up and round the prospect wide,
"Where did Praxiteles see me thus?" she cried.

The Miser and the Mouse.

Asclepiades, the Miser, in his house
Espied one day, with some surprise, a mouse:
"Tell me, dear mouse," he cried, "to what cause is it
I owe this pleasant but unlooked-for visit?"
The mouse said, smiling, "Fear not for your hoard,
I come, my friend, to lodge, and not to board."

Grammar and Medicine.

(By Agathias.)

A thriving doctor sent his son to school
To gain some knowledge, should he prove no fool;
But took him soon away with little warning,
On finding out the lesson he was learning—
How great Pelides' wrath, in Homer's rhyme,
Sent many souls to Hades ere their time.
"No need for this, my boy should hither come;
That lesson he can better learn at home—
For I myself, now, I make bold to say,
Send many souls to Hades ere their day,
Nor e'er find want of grammar stop my way."

PLUTARCH.

PLUTARCH, as the great interpreter of Greece and Rome, exerted on generations succeeding him an influence perhaps greater than any other classical author. He was born at Chæronea, in Bœotia, about 45 or 50 A.D.; was a student of philosophy at Delphi during Nero's progress through Greece in 66 A.D. In the reign of Domitian he was for some time resident at Rome, and lectured on philosophy. He afterwards held a magistracy in his native town, and died in the reign of Hadrian, about 120 A.D.

Plutarch was a voluminous writer, and his works are mostly of a practical nature. That by which his name is universally known is his "Parallel Lives." It consists mainly of forty-six biographies of representative men of Greece and Rome, arranged so that one Greek and one Roman form a set. The first pair is made up of Theseus and Romulus, as the respective founders of Athens and Rome—both now regarded as mythical. All students recognize the charm arising from the mere grouping of such men as Pericles and Q. Fabius Maximus, Aristides and Cato Major, Alexander the Great and Julius Cæsar; and the interest is permanently maintained when he finds the political and historical importance of each briefly outlined, and their characters and peculiarities clearly portrayed by a few simple touches. Plutarch does not claim to be a historian in the ordinary sense. If the great events of a man's life are described, the description is subordinate to the writer's chief aim, which is a moral one. In many of the "Lives" historical order is not observed, and the author explains that he does not write histories, but lives, and leaves to others the description of battles and great events, preferring himself to look into the signs of a man's character, which is as often revealed by a stray word, jest, or

trivial circumstance, as by conspicuous acts which do not of necessity exhibit one's virtues or vices. Although Plutarch does not possess that critical acumen which is quick to separate the true from the false, and unravel a web of confusing and conflicting statements, we are still deeply indebted to him for a multitude of facts which would otherwise have been unrecorded. He had no exact system of philosophy: he favored the opinions of Plato, and opposed those of Epicurus. His writings are not marked by originality or depth of thought, but they are pervaded by amiability and love of what is great and noble. His precepts and his philosophy are practical, and he represents the better life that still survived in the Greek world.

Appius Claudius, the Blind.

Pyrrhus, King of Epirus and nephew of Alexander the Great, invaded Italy in 281 B.C. In the battle of Heraclea the Romans first encountered the Macedonian phalanx and were utterly defeated.

Pyrrhus immediately entered the Roman camp, which he found deserted. He gained over many cities which had been in alliance with Rome, and laid waste the territories of others; nay, he advanced to within thirty-seven miles of Rome itself. The Lucanians and the Samnites joined him after the battle, and were reproved for their delay; yet it was plain that he was greatly elated and delighted with having defeated so powerful an army of Romans with the assistance of the Tarentines only.

The Romans, on this occasion, did not take the command from Lævinus, though Caius Fabricius is reported to have said, "The Romans were not overcome by the Epirots, but Lævinus by Pyrrhus;" meaning that the defeat was owing to the inferiority of the general, not of his troops. Then raising new levies, filling up their legions, and talking in a lofty and menacing tone about the war, they struck Pyrrhus with amazement. He thought proper, therefore, to send an embassy to them; first, to try whether they were disposed to peace; being satisfied that to take the city, and make an absolute conquest, was an undertaking of too much difficulty to be effected by such an army as he had at that time; whereas,

if he could bring them to terms of accommodation, and conclude a peace with them, it would be very glorious for him after such a victory.

Cineas, who was sent to Rome with this commission, applied to the chief men, and sent to them and their wives presents in his master's name. But all refused them, the women as well as the men, declaring, that when Rome had publicly ratified a treaty with the king, they should then on their side be ready to give him every mark of their friendship and respect. And though Cineas made a very plausible speech to the Senate, and used many arguments to induce them to close with him, yet they lent not a willing ear to his propositions, notwithstanding that Pyrrhus offered to restore without ransom the prisoners he had made in the battle, and promised to assist them in the conquest of Italy, desiring nothing in return but their friendship for himself and security for the Tarentines. Some, indeed, seemed inclined to peace, urging that they had already lost a great battle, and might fear a still greater, since Pyrrhus had been joined by several nations in Italy. There was then an illustrious Roman, Appius Claudius, who, on account of his great age and the loss of his sight, had declined all attendance on public business. But when he heard of the embassy from Pyrrhus, and the report prevailed that the Senate was going to vote for the peace, he could not contain himself, but ordered his servants to take him up, and carry him in his chair through the forum to the Senate-house. When he was brought to the door his sons and son-in-law received him, and led him into the Senate. A respectful silence was observed by the whole body on his appearance. Then he declared his sentiments.

"Hitherto I have regarded my blindness as a misfortune; but now, Romans, I wish I had been as deaf as I am blind. For then I should not have heard of your shameful counsels and decrees, so ruinous to the glory of Rome. Where now are your speeches so much echoed about the world, that if Alexander the Great had come into Italy when we were young, and your fathers in the vigor of their age, he would not now be celebrated as invincible, but either by his flight or his fall would have added to the glory of Rome? You now show the

vanity and folly of that boast, while you dread the Chaonians and Molossians, who were ever a prey to the Macedonians, and while you tremble at the name of Pyrrhus, who has all his life been paying his court to one of the generals of that Alexander. At present he wanders about Italy, not so much to succor the Greeks here, as to avoid his enemies at home; and he promises to procure us the empire of this country with those forces which could not enable him to keep a small part of Macedonia. Do not expect, then, to get rid of his presence by entering into alliance with him. That step will only open a door to many invaders. For who is there that will not despise you, and think you an easy conquest, if Pyrrhus not only escapes unpunished for his insolence, but gains the Tarentines and Samnites as a reward for insulting the Romans?"

No sooner had Appius finished this speech than the Senators voted unanimously for the war, and dismissed Cineas with this answer, that "when Pyrrhus had quitted Italy, they would enter upon a treaty of friendship and alliance with him if he desired it; but while he continued there in a hostile manner, they would prosecute the war against him with all their force, though he should have defeated a thousand Lævinuses."

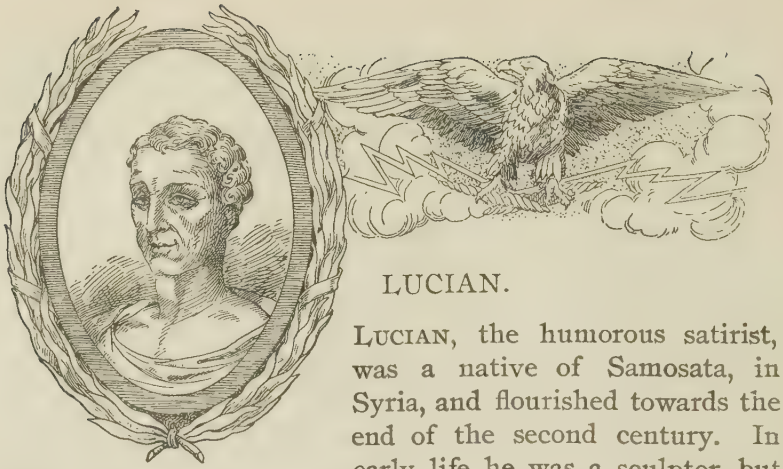
Cato's Warning Against Greek Learning.

When Cato was very far advanced in years, there arrived at Rome two ambassadors from Athens, Carneades the Academic, and Diogenes the Stoic. They were sent to beg off a fine of five hundred talents, which had been imposed on the Athenians for contumacy by the Sicyonians, at the suit of the people of Oropus. Upon the arrival of these philosophers, such of the Roman youth as had a taste for learning went to wait on them, and heard them with wonder and delight. Above all, they were charmed with the graceful manners of Carneades. The report ran that his eloquence, more than human, was able to soften and disarm the fiercest passions, and had made so strong an impression upon the youth, that, forgetting all other pleasures and diversions, they were quite possessed with an enthusiastic love of philosophy.

The Romans were delighted to find it so; nor could they

without uncommon pleasure behold their sons thus fondly receive the Grecian literature, and follow these wonderful men. But Cato, from the beginning, was alarmed at it. He no sooner perceived this passion for the Grecian learning prevail than he was afraid that the youth would turn their ambition that way, and prefer the glory of eloquence to that of deeds of arms. But when he found that the reputation of these philosophers rose still higher, and their first speeches were translated into Latin by Caius Acilius, a senator of great distinction, who had earnestly begged the favor of interpreting them, he had no longer patience, but resolved to dismiss these philosophers upon some decent and specious pretence.

He went, therefore, to the Senate, and complained of the magistrates for detaining so long such ambassadors as those, who could persuade the people to whatever they pleased. "You ought," said he, "to determine their affair as speedily as possible, that returning to their schools they may hold forth to the Grecian youth, and that our young men may again give attention to the laws and the magistrates." Not that Cato was induced to this by any particular pique to Carneades, which some suppose to have been the case, but by his aversion to philosophy, and his making it a point to show his contempt for the polite studies and learning of the Greeks. Nay, he scrupled not to affirm, that Socrates himself was a prating, seditious fellow, who used his utmost endeavors to tyrannize over his country by abolishing its customs and drawing the people over to opinions contrary to the laws. And to ridicule the slow methods of Isocrates' teaching, he said, "His scholars grew old in learning their art, as if they intended to exercise it in the shades below, and to plead causes there." To dissuade his own son from those studies, he told him in a louder tone than could be expected from a man of his age, and, as it were, in an oracular and prophetic way, that when the Romans came thoroughly to imbibe the Grecian literature, they would lose the empire of the world. But time has shown the vanity of that invidious assertion; for Rome was never at a higher pitch of greatness than when she was most perfect in the Grecian erudition, and most attentive to all manner of learning.



LUCIAN.

LUCIAN, the humorous satirist, was a native of Samosata, in Syria, and flourished towards the end of the second century. In early life he was a sculptor, but later applied himself to the study of literature and philosophy. He was an extensive traveler, and seems to have traversed Asia Minor, Greece, Italy and Gaul, teaching and studying human nature. After having amassed wealth as a wandering sophist, he settled down at Athens, when about forty years of age, and devoted himself to those satirical and humorous works which have made his name famous.

If Plutarch, as a moralist, may be called the last of the ancients, then Lucian, as a satirist, is the first of the moderns. Between the two there is a great contrast as to the objects they had in view and their methods of accomplishing them. Plutarch tried to promote well-doing by precepts and striking examples from early history; Lucian ridiculed the past, scorning alike its philosophy and religion. He was, in many respects, the Voltaire of his age, and used much the same weapons to effect his purpose. He was the avowed enemy of superstition, delusion, fanaticism and quackery, wherever he met them. The insolent presumption and unclean lives of the philosophical quacks of his time could not escape the lash of his satire and raillery. As a student of human character, in all its lights and shades, he had a wide field of observation; and much which he meant to be applied only to his own time and country, is applicable to every age and to every country. Sometimes, in exposing and denouncing the follies and vices of men, Lucian uses expressions revolting to modern ideas. For this reason, and for his attacks on the Christian

as well as the pagan religion, Suidas and later Christian writers have set him down as an immoral blasphemer. But these sweeping attacks rather go to prove that in his time Christianity was but little understood, and almost universally despised by the learned classes of society. In some of his dramatic narratives he attacks the power and the very existence of Zeus, and ridicules the exploits and attributes of the gods. The most important of Lucian's works are framed as Dialogues; among the most popular are the "Dialogues of the Gods," the "Dialogues of the Dead," the "Fisherman," and the "Banquet." Gibbon truly says, "A writer conversant with the world would never have ventured to expose the gods of his country to ridicule, had they not already been the objects of secret contempt among the polished and enlightened orders of society."

Apollo and Hephæstus.

From an early period the tricks of Hermes (Mercury) furnished a favorite subject to comic writers.

Hephæstus. Have you seen this new-born son of Maia, how pretty he is, and how archly he laughs at everybody? He is still but a baby, yet has every possible indication that something excellent must come of him.

Apollo. What shall I anticipate of a child, Hephæstus? or what good expect of him who in mischief is already much older than Iapetus?

Heph. How can a child scarcely come into the world be able to do mischief?

Apollo. Ask Poseidon (Neptune) whom he has robbed of his trident, or Ares (Mars) whose sword he privately stole out of the scabbard; not to mention that he filched my bow and arrows.

Heph. A new-born babe that can scarcely stir in his swaddling-clothes!

Apollo. You will soon have proof of it, whenever he comes to you.

Heph. He has been to me already.

Apollo. And are none of your implements carried off? Is everything there?

Heph. Everything, Apollo.

Apollo. Look narrowly.

Heph. By Zeus! I miss my tongs.

Apollo. You will infallibly find them in the little one's cradle.

Heph. He is so nimble-fingered that he must have already learned the art of stealing in his mother's womb.

Apollo. And have you not heard how cleverly he harangues, and how glibly his tongue runs? He has already a mind to be our page. And would you think it—no longer ago than yesterday he gave a challenge to Cupid, and in an instant, somehow or other, tripped up his heels, and laid him sprawling on the ground. And as we all applauded him for his victory, while Aphrodite (Venus) took him up in her arms and kissed him, he stole her girdle and Zeus' (Jupiter's) sceptre; and if the thunderbolt had not been too heavy and too hot, he would have run away with that also.

Heph. A notable youngster indeed!

Apollo. And what is more, he is a musician too.

Heph. How do you make that out?

Apollo. He found a dead tortoise somewhere. He immediately made an instrument of the shell, fitting pins into it, with a neck and keys and bars; and stretching on it seven strings, he played gracefully and masterly upon it, so that I myself was struck with admiration and envy, though I have so long applied myself to the cithara [lyre]. Besides, his mother informed us that she cannot keep him in heaven at night; but from his superfluous energy he privately sneaks down into Tartarus—I suppose to see whether there is anything to steal; for he has somehow got wings, and a certain wand which possesses such a surprising efficacy that he attracts souls with it, and conducts the dead down into Tartarus.

Heph. That he had from me. I gave it him for a plaything.

Apollo. And to requite your kindness he stole your tongs.

Heph. It is well you remind me of it. I will go directly, and fetch them back. I suppose as you say, I shall find them in his cradle.

Pluto and Hermes (Mercury).

Pluto. Are you acquainted with a certain excessively old and excessively rich Eucrates, who has no children, but in lieu of them fifty thousand good friends in full chase after his estates?

Hermes. I know him very well. You mean the wealthy Sicyonian? And what of him?

Pluto. I wish, Hermes, that to the ninety years he has already lived you would, if possible, deal him out ninety more, and up-

wards. But as to those parasites—young Charinus, Damon, and the rest—despatch them quickly to us, one after the other.

Hermes. That would carry a preposterous look with it.

Pluto. Not at all. Everybody would approve it, and think it right. For what reason have these fellows to wish for his death, and lie in wait for his wealth, being nowise related to him? The most preposterous part of it is, that, with such sentiments they profess to the world that they are the most zealously attached to him; and when he is sick, put up great prayers for his recovery, though everybody knows what they wish; in short, they are an infamous pack of hypocritical scoundrels, whose artifices ought not to succeed. Let him, therefore, be immortal! And as for them, let them have stretched gaping beaks in vain, by being forced to march off before him.

Hermes. What faces the scoundrels will make when they see themselves led away! But Eucrates plays his part very well; he knows how to cajole them, and lead them about by the nose. The old fox makes as if death were sitting on his lips, though in fact he is in better health than the young men who are already sharing his inheritance among them, and anticipating the happy life they shall lead after a little while.

Pluto. Let Eucrates, therefore, cast his old skin, and, like Iolaus, begin again to live; and let them receive their due reward by being snatched away while indulging delicious dreams of riches and pleasure.

Hermes. Put yourself to no trouble about it, Pluto. I will take care to conduct them hither in proper order. I think there are seven in all.

Pluto. Do so. The old man shall see them all despatched before him; and from a superannuated gray-beard let him be again a youth.

Charon's Boat.

(The following is one of the "Dialogues of the Dead.")

Charon. Look ye, gentlemen, thus affairs stand: we have but a small boat, as you see, and that half rotten and leaky in many places, if you lean it on one side or other we overset, and go to the bottom; and yet so many of you will press in, and every one carrying his baggage with him; if you do not leave it behind I am afraid you will repent it, especially those who cannot swim.

Dead Men. What must we do to get safe over?

Char. I will tell you; you must get in naked, and then my boat will scarce be able to carry you; you, Hermes, must take care and let none come in but those who are stark naked and have left all their trumpery behind them; stand at the head of the boat, and make them strip before they come on board.

Hermes. Right, Charon, so I will. Who is this first?

Menippus. I have thrown my pouch and my staff in before me, my coat I did right to leave behind me.

Her. My honest friend Menippus, come in, take you the first seat at the helm, near the pilot, and observe who comes. But who is this pretty fellow?

Charmoleus. I am the handsome Charmoleus of Megara; a kiss from me sold for two talents.

Her. Please to part with your beauty, your ponderous head of hair, your sweet kissing lips, rosy cheeks, and fine skin. It is well; you are fit to come in, and may now enter. But there comes a fine fellow, clothed in purple, with a diadem on his head. Who are you?

Lampichus. Lampichus, king of the Geloans.

Her. What is all that baggage you have brought with you?

Lam. Was it fitting that a king should come without anything?

Her. A king should not, but a dead man should: therefore down with them.

Lam. There; I have thrown away all my riches.

Her. Throw away your pride and ostentation also, for if you bring them in with you you will sink the boat.

Lam. At least let me keep my diadem and my cloak.

Her. By no means; off with them immediately.

Lam. Be it so. Now I have thrown away everything; what more must I part with?

Her. Your cruelty, your folly, your insolence and your anger.

Lam. Now I am stark naked.

Her. Come in, then. . . . You, Crates, too, must lay aside your riches, your luxury, and effeminacy; nor must you bring the epitaphs made upon you, nor your glory, nor your genealogy, nor the dignity of your ancestors. . . . Even so much as the recollection of these things is enough to weigh the boat down.

Crates. If I must, I must. What is to be done?

Her. What do you do with armor, and what are these trophies for?

Crates. Because, Hermes, I am a conqueror, and have done noble deeds, therefore did the city reward me with these honors,

Her. Leave your trophies on earth; here below we have always peace, and arms are of no use. But who is this, in that grave and solemn habit, so proud and haughty, wrapt in meditation, with a long beard and contracted brow?

Men. Some philosopher, I warrant you, some juggler, full of portents and prodigies. Strip him, by all means: you will find something purely ridiculous under that cloak of his.

Her. First, then, off with that habit, and then everything else. Oh, Zeus, what ignorance, impudence and vainglory, what a heap of ambiguous questions, knotty disputes, and perplexed thoughts, does he carry about him! what a deal of fruitless diligence, solemn trifles and small talk! Away with your riches, your pleasures, your anger, your luxury, your effeminacy, for I see it all, though you endeavor to conceal it,—your falsehood, pride, and high opinion which you have of yourself: should you come with all these, a five-oared bark would not be sufficient to carry you.

Philosopher. Your commands are obeyed. I have parted with them all. . . .

Men. He has got something monstrous heavy yet under his arm.

Her. What is it, Menippus?

Men. Flattery,—which, whilst he lived, was of no small service to him.

Phil. Do you, Menippus, lay aside your insolence, your flippant tongue, your mirth, your jests and ridicule: you are the only laugher amongst us.

Her. On no account, Menippus, part with them; no, no: keep them by all means, they are light and easily carried; besides, they may be useful in the voyage: but do you, Mr. Orator, lay aside those contradictions in terms, your antitheses, your labored periods, hyperboles, barbarisms, and all that weight of verbosity.

Rhetorician. There; I have put them down.

Her. It is well. Now cut your cable, let us weigh anchor and hoist our sails. Charon, mind the helm: away, let us be merry. What do you cry for, ye fools? Imprimis, you, Mr. Philosopher, without the beard there?

Phil. Because, Mercury, I thought the soul had been immortal.

Men. He lies: he grieves for another reason.

Her. What?

Men. Because he shall have no more grand suppers.

EPICTETUS.

EPICTETUS, of Hierapolis in Phrygia, was eminent among the Stoics of the first century of our era. He was originally the slave of Epaphroditus, one of Nero's body-guard, but having obtained his freedom, he applied himself with great ardor to the study of philosophy. In the year 89 the Emperor Domitian issued an edict banishing all philosophers, and Epictetus had then gained sufficient reputation as a teacher of philosophy to be thus compelled to retire to Nicopolis, in Epirus. Here he led an exemplary life, expounding the Stoic philosophy, and putting in practice the precepts which he taught. His doctrines are generally in accordance with those of Christianity, and moralists of modern times often refer to Epictetus as an authority. His great primary precept was, "Bear and forbear;" destroy the corrupt affections; subdue the will and make it subservient to conscience; we cannot rule the world without, therefore let us bear the evils of life; we are rulers of the world within, therefore let us refrain from evil.

Epictetus wrote nothing himself, but his pupil Arrian wrote down his master's lectures and published them in eight books, of which only four survive. He also published the "Enchiridion," or "Manual," which contains the substance of the Stoical doctrines taught by Epictetus.

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

AS in a voyage, when the ship is at anchor, if you go on shore to get water, you may amuse yourself with picking up a pretty shell or a mussel, in your way, but your thoughts ought to be bent towards the ship, and perpetually attentive, lest the captain should call; and then you must leave all these things, that you may not be thrown into the vessel, bound neck and heels, like a sheep: thus likewise in life, if, instead of a mussel or shell, such a thing as a wife or child be granted you, there is no objection; but if the captain calls, run to the ship, leave all these things, regard none of them. And if

you are old, never go far from the ship, lest, when you are called, you should be unable to come in time.

Contentment.

As it is better to lie straitened for room upon a little couch in health than to toss upon a wide bed in sickness, so it is better to contract yourself within the compass of a small fortune and be happy, than to have a great one and be wretched.

Sunshine.

As the sun does not wait for prayers and incantations to be prevailed on to rise, but immediately shines forth, and is received with universal salutation, so neither do you wait for applause, and shouts, and praises, in order to do good, but be a voluntary benefactor, and you will be beloved like the sun.

The Tyrant.

When a person is possessed of some either real or imaginary superiority, unless he has been well instructed he will be puffed up with it. A tyrant, for instance, says, "I am supreme over all." But what can you do for *me?* Can you exempt my desires from disappointment? How should you? For do you never incur your own aversions? Are your own pursuits infallible? Whence should *you* come by that privilege? Pray, on shipboard, do you trust to yourself, or the pilot? In a chariot, to whom but to the driver? And to whom in all other arts? Just the same. In what, then, does your power consist?

"All men pay regard to me." So do I to my desk. I wash it, and wipe it, and drive a nail for the service of my oil-flask. "What, then! are these things to be valued beyond *me?*" No: but they are of some use to me, and therefore I pay regard to them. Do not I pay regard to an ass? Do I not wash his feet? Do I not clean him? Do not you know that every one pays regard to himself, and to you, just as he does to an ass? For who pays regard to you as a man? Show that. Who would wish to be like *you?* Who would desire to imitate *you*, as he would Socrates? "But I can take off

your head." You say right. I had forgot that one has to pay regard to you as to a fever, or the colic, and that there should be an altar erected to you, as there is to the goddess Fever at Rome.

What is it, then, that disturbs and strikes terror into the multitude? The tyrant and his guards? By no means. What is by nature free cannot be disturbed or restrained by anything but itself. But its own principles disturb it. Thus, when the tyrant says to any one, "I will chain your leg," he who values his leg cries out for pity, while he who sets the whole value on his will and choice says, "If you imagine it for your interest, chain it." "What! do not you care?" No: I do not care. "I will show you that I am master." *You?* How should *you?* Zeus has set me free. What! do you think he would suffer his own son to be enslaved? You are master of my carcass. Take it.

MARCUS AURELIUS.

Marcus Aurelius Antoninus stands almost alone in the history of the world as a philosopher and philanthropist clothed in royal purple. He was born A.D. 121, adopted by Antoninus Pius in 138, became consul in 140, and succeeded his adoptive father as emperor in 161. Although Lucius Verus, his brother by adoption, was debarred from the succession on account of his irregular habits, Marcus magnanimously shared the throne with him, thus furnishing for the first time the spectacle of two Roman emperors acting together. Although Marcus Aurelius was the most pacific of men, his reign was not free from war, due to the aggressions of the restless barbarian tribes north of the Danube. For eight years the emperor was absent from his capital, and underwent all the fatigue and hardships of military life with unflinching fortitude. Scarcely had he overcome his barbarian foes, when he was called to Asia Minor by a usurping

general. Before the emperor's arrival, however, the traitor was slain. Here again Marcus Aurelius showed his magnanimity in his clemency towards all implicated in that conspiracy. On his return journey he visited Athens and proved the inherent liberality of his thought by founding a professorship for each of the four principal philosophical sects. The death of M. Aurelius, in the fifty-ninth year of his age and the twentieth of his reign, marks the period of Rome's transition from the Silver to the Iron age.

Although the early studies of M. Aurelius were chiefly confined to rhetoric, he soon showed a decided predilection for the philosophy of the Stoics, and read extensively in morals, metaphysics, mathematics, music and poetry. Never was a ruler more exemplary in his conduct, more just and generous in his thoughts, or more universally esteemed and beloved by his subjects. It seems a strange anomaly that he should have been a persecutor of the Christians. John Stuart Mill pronounces it one of the most tragical facts in all history; inasmuch as the emperor's writings do not perceptibly differ from the ethical teachings of Christ. In his reign Justin Martyr and Polycarp paid the penalty of their rejection of the national worship; but their death and the persecutions which followed did not stay the progress of Christianity. The work by which Marcus Aurelius is known to his posterity is the "Meditations," an abstract of the principles and maxims of the Stoic philosophy, written in the author's leisure moments, to console and uphold him in the hour of trial. It has been called the mirror of a soul overflowing with love for humanity. The suggestions in the "Meditations" are undoubtedly the principles by which the author's whole life was guided. In the first book he names his various teachers, and tells what he has learned from each of them. He thanks the gods that he had a good father, mother, and other kind relatives, and that he never caused them uneasiness. He also gives thanks for a wife loving, kind, and true; but history, unfortunately, proves that Faustina was the very reverse, and critics are at a loss whether to attribute his statements to gallantry or blindness.

The Vanity of Man's Life.

Art thou in love with men's praises, get thee into the very soul of them, and see!—see what judges they be, even in those matters which concern themselves. Wouldst thou have their praises after death, bethink thee, that they who shall come hereafter, and with whom thou wouldst survive by thy great name, will be but as these, whom here thou hast found so hard to live with. For of a truth, his soul who is aflutter upon renown after death, presents not this aright to itself, that of all whose memory he would have each one will likewise very quickly depart, and thereafter, again, he also who shall receive that from him, until memory herself be put out, as she journeys on by means of such as are themselves on the wing but for a while, and are extinguished in their turn.—Making so much of those thou wilt never see! It is as if thou wouldst have had those who were before thee discourse fair things concerning thee.

To him, indeed, whose wit hath been whetted by true doctrine, that well-worn sentence of Homer sufficeth, to guard him against regret and fear—

> Like the race of leaves
> The race of man is:—The wind in autumn strews
> The earth with old leaves: then the spring the woods with
> new endows—

Leaves! little leaves!—thy children, thy flatterers, thine enemies! Leaves in the wind, those who would devote thee to darkness, who scorn or miscall thee here, even as they also whose great fame shall outlast them. For all these, and the like of them, are born indeed in the spring season, and soon a wind hath scattered them, and thereafter the wood peopleth itself again with another generation of leaves. And what is common to all of them is but the littleness of their lives: and yet wouldst thou love and hate, as if these things should continue forever. In a little while thine eyes also will be closed, and he on whom thou perchance hast leaned thyself be himself a burden upon another.

Bethink thee often of the swiftness with which the things that are, or are even now coming to be, are swept past thee: that the very substance of them is but the perpetual motion of water; that there is almost nothing which continueth: and that bottomless depth of time, so close at thy side. It is folly to be lifted up, or sorrowful, or anxious, by reason of things like these! Think of infinite matter, and thy portion—how tiny a particle of it! of infinite time, and thine own brief point there; of destiny, and the jot thou art in it; and yield thyself readily to the wheel of Clotho, to spin thee into what web she will.

As one casting a ball from his hand, the nature of things hath had its aim with every man, not as to the ending only, but the first beginning of his course, and passage thither. And hath the ball any profit of its rising, or loss as it descendeth again, or in its fall? or the bubble, as it groweth or breaketh on the air? or the flame of the lamp, from the beginning to the ending of its brief history?

All but at this present that future is, in which nature, who disposeth all things in order, will transform whatsoever thou now seest, fashioning from its substance somewhat else, and therefrom somewhat else in its turn, lest the world should grow old. We are such stuff as dreams are made of—disturbing dreams. Awake, then! and see thy dream as it is, in comparison with what erewhile it seemed to thee.

And for me, especially, it were well to mind those many mutations of empire in time past; therein peeping also upon the future, which must needs be of like species with what hath been, continuing ever within the rhythm and number of things which really are; so that in forty years one may note of man and his ways little less than in a thousand. Ah! from this higher place, let us look down upon the shipwrecks and the calm! Consider, for example, how the world went under the Emperor Vespasian. They are married and given in marriage, they breed children; love hath its way with them; they heap up riches for others or for themselves: they are murmuring at things as then they are; they are seeking for great place; crafty, flattering, suspicious, waiting upon the death of others—festivals, business, war, sickness, dissolu-

tion: and now their whole life is no longer anywhere at all. Pass on to the reign of Trajan: all things continue the same: and that life also is no longer anywhere at all. Ah! but look again, and consider one after another, as it were the sepulchral inscriptions of all peoples and times, according to one pattern —What multitudes, after their utmost striving—a little afterwards!—were dissolved again into their dust.

Think again of life as it was far off in the old time; as it must be when we shall be gone; as it is now among the barbarians. How many have never heard your names and mine, or will soon forget them! How soon may those who shout my name to-day begin to revile it, because glory, and the memory of men, and all things beside, are but vanity—a sand-heap under the senseless wind, the barking of dogs, the quarreling of children, weeping incontinently upon their laughter.

This hasteth to be; that other to have been: of that which is now coming into existence, even now somewhat hath been extinguished. And wilt thou make thy treasure of any one of those things? It were as if one set his love upon the swallow, as it passeth out of sight through the air!

Bethink thee often, in all contentions public and private, of those whom men have remembered by reason of their anger and vehement spirit—those famous rages, and the occasions of them—the great fortunes and misfortunes of men's strife of old. What are they all now, and the dust of their battles? Dust and ashes indeed; a fable, a myth, or not so much as that. Yes! keep those before thine eyes who took this or that, the like of which happeneth to thee so hardly; were so querulous, so agitated. And where again are they? Wouldst thou have it not otherwise with thee?

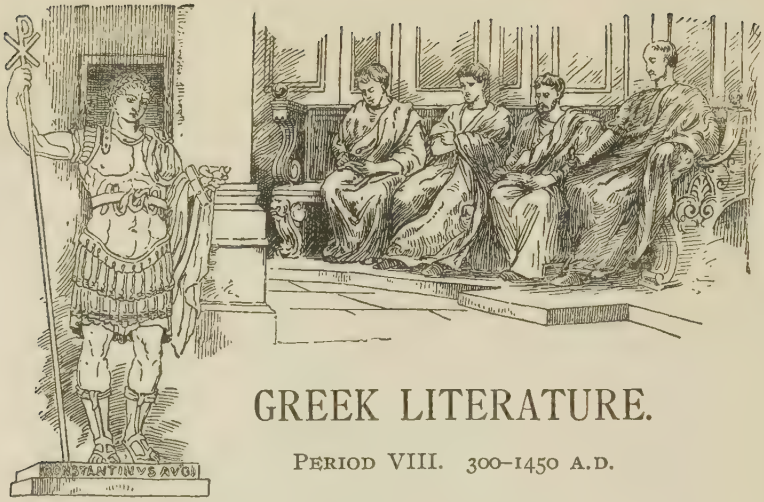
Consider how quickly all things vanish away—their bodily structure into the general substance of things; the very memory of them into that great gulf and abysm of past thoughts. Ah! 'tis on a tiny space of earth thou art creeping through life—a pigmy soul carrying a dead body to its grave. Consider all this with thyself, and let nothing seem great to thee.

Let death put thee upon the consideration both of thy body and thy soul—what an atom of all matter hath been distributed to thee; what a little particle of the universal

mind. Turn thy body about, and consider what thing it is, and that which old age, and lust, and the languor of disease can make of it. Or come to its substantial and casual qualities, its very type: contemplate that in itself, apart from the accidents of matter, and then measure also the span of time for which the nature of things, at the longest, will maintain that special type. Nay! in the very elements and first constituents of things corruption hath its part—so much dust, humor, stench, and scraps of bone! Consider that thy marbles are but the earth's callosities, thy gold and silver its fæces; this silken robe but a worm's bedding, and thy purple an unclean fish. Ah! and thy life's breath is not otherwise; as it passeth out of matters like these, into the like of them again.

For the one soul in things, taking matter like wax into its hands, moulds and remoulds—how hastily!—beast and plant and the babe, in turn: and that which dieth hath not slipped out of the order of nature, but, remaining therein, hath also its changes there, disparting into those elements of which nature herself, and thou too, art compacted. She changes without murmuring. The oaken chest falls to pieces with no more complaining than when the carpenter fitted it together. If one told thee certainly that on the morrow thou shouldst die, or at the farthest on the day after, it would be no great matter to thee to die on the day after to-morrow, rather than to-morrow. Strive to think it a thing no greater that thou wilt die—not to-morrow, but a year, or two years, or ten years from to-day.

I find that all things are now as they were in the days of our buried ancestors—all things sordid in their elements, trite by long usage, and yet ephemeral. How ridiculous, then, how like a countryman in town, is he, who wonders at aught! Doth the sameness, the repetition of the public shows, weary thee? Even so doth that likeness of events make the spectacle of the world a vapid one. And so must it be with thee to the end. For the wheel of the world hath ever the same motion, upward and downward, from generation to generation. When, when, shall time give place to eternity?



GREEK LITERATURE.

PERIOD VIII. 300–1450 A.D.

THE BYZANTINE PERIOD.

CONSTANTINE, the first Christian emperor, removed the capital of the world-empire from Rome to Byzantium, henceforth to be called Constantinople. Though the court, with all its splendor and power, was thus transferred to a city where Greek was the vernacular, the change did not retard, it rather hastened, the decline of literature. The old Pagan mythology had been so closely interwoven with all Greek culture, and the mutual hostility of the two religions which had for over two centuries been struggling for mastery was so intense, that Christianity could triumph only by trampling on the noblest works of the Greek genius. Plato, in his "Republic," had condemned even Homer for immorality in his stories of the gods; still more must Christian teachers, so long as those gods were accepted as popular objects of worship, oppose the literature which gave them glory. The first preachers of the Gospel were chiefly rude and unlettered men, and appealed to the toiling multitude rather than to the learned. When Christianity, in spite of the opposition of the wise and noble, became dominant, these unlearned men were raised to places of honor, and used their influence to banish the venerable poets and sages from the schools and the minds of men. Meantime rude soldiers and politicians, utterly careless of religion, but ambitious of

power, were easily brought to profess the creed of the sovereign. The gods of Olympus had already become objects of contempt to philosophers; they were now rejected by the mass of the people. The literature, which had been permeated by their praises, entirely lost its attractiveness. Finally the Emperor Justinian prohibited the teaching of philosophy and closed the schools of Athens.

The Greek language, spoken in Constantinople, had lost its Attic purity. The crowds which thronged the streets of the capital were of various races, and their barbarism infected the speech of the court. Oriental superstitions were mingled with the doctrines of Christ as well as with the discourses of the sophists. Heresies sprang up in the Christian Church, and much of its energy was spent in doctrinal controversy. The great library of Alexandria and the schools which had been established in connection with it were closed at the end of the fourth century by the edict of Theodosius. The Emperor Julian received the infamous surname of the Apostate from his endeavor to restore Paganism and Greek philosophy to their former position of honor. The result was still more bitter antagonism between the old faith and the new. A similar renewal of strife occurred at Alexandria, and made Hypatia (in 415 A.D.) a martyr of philosophy.

Much of the literature of the Byzantine period was theological and controversial. This, however, does not belong to the domain of literature proper, any more than the Code of Laws which gives fame to the reign of Justinian. The chief occupation of the sophists in Constantinople was the cultivation of rhetoric, and its highest achievements were fulsome eulogies of princes and generals. In Asia Minor there sprang up a new department of literature, which was probably due to Eastern influence. Iamblichus, said to be a Syrian freedman, had published about 120 A.D. a love story called "Babylonian Adventures." After a considerable interval Heliodorus, who in his old age was a Christian bishop, related the loves of Theagenes and Chariclea in his "Æthiopica," and Longus wrote the more celebrated "Daphnis and Chloe," called also "The Lesbian Tale," which has been the model of many modern romances.

The most voluminous department of the Byzantine period was that of historians of various grades, yet altogether rather plodding annalists and chroniclers than true historians deserving to be separately distinguished. One may be named as being a lady of the imperial family, Anna Comnena (1083–1148). There were in Constantinople, as formerly in Alexandria, many grammarians, who, besides compiling grammars and dictionaries, wrote commentaries on the classics, and thus preserved extracts or fragments from the noblest writings of antiquity.

A few poems belong to this closing period of Greek literature. Nonnus, said to be an Egyptian, wrote in the early part of the fifth century an epic on the conquest of India by Bacchus. It is a rehearsal of all the stories of this favorite deity in the old mythology. Much more interesting is the narrative poem of "Hero and Leander," which is attributed to Musæus, a poet of the fourth or fifth century, but bearing a name associated with the very beginning of Greek literature. This graceful pathetic poem has in the original but three hundred and forty lines. It has been expanded in the English translation by the two Elizabethan poets, Marlowe and Chapman. (See Volume IV., pp. 340–347.)

GREEK ROMANCES.

THE exact origin of Greek romance is obscure. General consent ascribes it to the East, although there is a mingling of European ideas with Eastern imaginativeness, resulting in the romances as they are presented to us. The writers of this new development of Greek literature belonged to Asia Minor and its vicinity. Clearchus is credited to Cilicia, Iamblichus and Heliodorus to Syria, and Achilles Tatius to Alexandria. Among the sophists and later Greek writers there was a prevailing tendency to ascribe their own compositions to famous writers of the remote past. Speeches were invented for Xenophon, orations for Demosthenes or Solon, and debates were invented as having been held between Alexander the Great and his generals. Stories of former periods, far removed from the actual life of the time, began to be embellished and to merge into the fantastic and impossible. Finally Greek intelligence found an outlet in fanciful love-scenes, intrigues, adventures and incidents. But the delineation of character and manners is an outgrowth of later times, and was never, except incidentally, attempted or attained by the Greek romance writers. There is no necessity for the portrayal of human character till after the reader has begun to look with equanimity upon assaults of robbers, pirates and wild beasts, knowing well that there is a loophole of escape a little way ahead.

One of the earliest writers of the so-called Greek romances was Antonius Diogenes, whose work entitled, "The Wonders beyond Thule," was epitomized by Photius, patriarch of Constantinople, in the ninth century. Next in order comes Iamblichus, whose work, "Babylonica," in sixteen books, was written in the reign of Marcus Aurelius. The exact place of Xenophon of Ephesus in the list is not well ascertained. He

is the author of the story of Antheia and Habrocomas. Very similar is the tale of Apollonius of Tyre.

By far the most important of the romances ascribed to this period, is the "Æthiopica" of Heliodorus, bishop of Tricca in Thessaly. The burden of the story is that "the course of true love never did run smooth." The hero is Theagenes, a Thessalian of noble birth, and the heroine Chariclea is a priestess of Diana at Delphi, who fall in love at first sight, and in due time elope together. They pass into the hands of pirates and robber chiefs, whom Chariclea's beauty always inspires with a desperate love. No sooner are they delivered from one danger than they fall into another. At last they are carried captive by a band of Ethiopians, and are about to be sacrificed, one to the sun and the other to the moon, when a mark on Chariclea's arm reveals her as the princess of the country to which they have been carried, and all ends happily in her marriage to Theagenes. Heliodorus excels in descriptive power. His descriptions of the bull-fight, the wrestling match, the Delphic procession, and the haunts of the pirates, are especially celebrated.

Next to Heliodorus in point of time comes Achilles Tatius of Alexandria, the author of "Leucippe and Cleitophon." But far more celebrated is the pastoral love story of Daphnis and Chloe by Longus, a charmingly told, yet artificial tale, the scene of which is laid near Mitylene in the island of Lesbos. It is evidently the source of the pastoral romance which spread from Italy over Western Europe.

The Sacrifice at Delphi.

In the "Æthiopica" of Heliodorus, otherwise known as the romance of "Theagenes and Chariclea" Calasiris, a priest, tells how the lovers first met at a sacrifice in honor of Neoptolemus (Pyrrhus), the son of Achilles. This sacrifice was offered at Delphi by an embassy of Ænianians every fourth year at the time of the Pythian games. Neoptolemus was said to have been slain by Orestes, the son of Agamemnon at the altar of Apollo at Delphi. The leader of the embassy on this occasion claimed descent from Achilles.

The young leader of the embassy entered with an air and aspect truly worthy of Achilles. His neck straight and erect,

his hair thrown back off his forehead; his nose and open nostrils giving signs of an impetuous temper; his eyes of a deep blue, inclining to black, imparting an animated but amiable look to his countenance, like the sea smoothing itself from a storm into a calm.

After he had received and returned our salutations, he said it was time to proceed to the sacrifice, that there might be sufficient space for the ceremonies which were to be performed to the Manes of the hero, and for the procession which was to follow them. "I am ready," replied Charicles, and rising, said to me, "if you have not yet seen Chariclea, you will see her to-day; for, as a priestess of Diana, she will be present at these rites and the procession."

But I had often seen the young woman before; I had sacrificed and conversed with her upon sacred subjects. However, I said nothing of it; and, waiting for what might happen, we went together to the temple. The Thessalians had prepared everything ready for the sacrifice. We approached the altar; the youth began the sacred rites; the priest having uttered a prayer, and from her shrine the Pythoness pronounced this oracle:

> Delphians, regard with reverential care,
> Both him the goddess-born, and her the fair;
> "*Grace*" [charis] is the sound which ushers in her name,
> The syllable wherewith it ends is "*Fame.*" [klea.]
> They both my fane shall leave, and oceans past,
> In regions torrid shall arrive at last;
> There shall the gods reward their pious vows,
> And snowy chaplets bind their dusky brows.

When those who surrounded the shrine heard this oracle, they were perplexed, and doubted what it should signify. Each interpreted it differently, as his inclinations and understanding led him: none, however, laid hold of its true meaning. Oracles indeed, and dreams are generally to be explained only by the event. And besides, the Delphians, struck with the preparations which were making for the procession, hastened to behold it, neglecting or deferring any farther scrutiny into the oracular response.

The procession began with a hecatomb of victims, led by some of the inferior ministers of the temple, rough-looking men, in white and girt-up garments. Their right hand and breasts were naked, and they bore a two-edged axe. The oxen were black, with moderately arched and brawny necks—their horns equal, and very little bent; some were gilt, others adorned with flowers—their legs bent inwards—and their deep dewlaps flowing down to their knees—their number, in accordance with the name, exactly a hundred. A variety of other different victims came afterwards, each species separate and in order, attended with pipes and flutes, sending forth a strain prelusive of the sacrifice. These were followed by a troop of fair and long-waisted Thessalian maidens, with disheveled locks—they were distributed into two companies; the first division bore baskets full of fruits and flowers; the second, vases of conserves and spices, which filled the air with fragrance: they carried these on their heads; thus, their hands being at liberty, they joined them together, so that they could move along and lead the dance. The key-note to the melody was sounded by the next division, who were to sing the whole of the hymn appointed for this festival, which contained the praises of Thetis, of Peleus, and their son Achilles, and of his son Neoptolemus.

The dance which accompanied this song was so well adapted to it, and the cadence of their steps agreed so exactly with the melody of the strain, that for a while, in spite of the magnificence of the spectacle, the sense of seeing was overpowered and suspended by that of hearing; and all who were present, attracted by the sounds, followed the advancing dancers. At length a band of youths on horseback, with their splendidly dressed commander, coming upon them, afforded a spectacle far preferable to any sounds. Their number was exactly fifty; they divided themselves into five-and-twenty on each side guarding their leader, chief of the sacred embassy, who rode in the midst: their buskins, laced with a purple thong, were tied above their ankles; their white garments, bordered with blue, were fastened by a golden clasp over their breasts. Their horses were Thessalian, and by their spirit gave token of the open plains they came from; they seemed

to champ with disdain the foaming bit, yet obeyed the regulating hand of their riders, who appeared to vie with each other in the splendor of their frontlets and other trappings, which glittered with gold and silver.

But all these, splendid as they were, were utterly overlooked, and seemed to vanish, like other objects before a flash of lightning, at the appearance of their leader, my dear Theagenes, so gallant a show did he make. He too was on horseback, and in armor, with an ashen spear in his hand; his head was uncovered; he wore a purple robe, on which was worked in gold the story of the Centaurs and the Lapithæ; the clasp of it was of electrum, and represented Pallas with the Gorgon's head on her shield. A light breath of wind added to the grace of his appearance; it played upon his hair, dispersed it on his neck, and divided it from his forehead, throwing back the extremities of his cloak in easy folds on the back and sides of his horse. You would say, too, that the horse himself was conscious both of his own beauty and of the beauty of his rider; so stately did he arch his neck and carry his head, with ears erect and fiery eyes, proudly bearing a master who was proud to be thus borne. He moved along under a loose rein, balancing himself equally on each side, and, touching the ground with the extremity of his hoofs, tempered his pace into almost an insensible motion.

Every one, astonished at the appearance of this young man, joined in confessing that beauty and strength were never before so gracefully mingled. The women in the streets, unable to disguise their feelings, flung handfuls of fruit and flowers over him, in token of their admiration and affection: in short, there was but one opinion concerning him—that it was impossible for mortal form to excel that of Theagenes. But now, when "rosy-fingered morn appeared," as Homer says, and the beautiful and accomplished Chariclea proceeded from the temple of Diana, we then perceived that even Theagenes might be outshone; but only so far as female beauty is naturally more engaging and alluring than that of men. She was borne in a chariot drawn by two white oxen—she was dressed in a purple robe embroidered with gold, which flowed down to her feet—she had a girdle round her waist, on which

the artist had exerted all his skill: it represented two serpents, whose tails were interlaced behind her shoulders; their necks knotted beneath her bosom; and their heads, disentangled from the knot, hung down on either side as an appendage: so well were they imitated, that you would say they really glided onward. Their aspect was not at all terrible; their eyes swam in a kind of languid lustre, as if being lulled to sleep by the charms of the maiden's breast. They were wrought in darkened gold, tinged with blue, the better to represent, by this mixture of dark and yellow, the roughness and glancing color of the scales. Such was the maiden's girdle. Her hair was not entirely tied up, nor quite disheveled, but the greater part of it flowed down her neck, and wantoned on her shoulders—a crown of laurel confined the bright and ruddy locks which adorned her forehead, and prevented the wind from disturbing them too roughly—she bore a gilded bow in her left hand; her quiver hung at her right shoulder—in her other hand she had a lighted torch; yet the lustre of her eyes paled the brightness of the torch.

After the procession had thrice compassed the sepulchre of Neoptolemus, and both men and women had raised over it their appropriate shout and cry; on a signal being given, the oxen, the sheep, the goats, were slaughtered at once, as if the sacrifice had been performed by a single hand. Heaps of wood were piled on an immense altar; and the victims being placed thereon, the priest of Apollo was desired to light the pile, and begin the libation.

"It belongs, indeed, to me," said Charicles, "to make the libation; but let the chief of the sacred embassy receive the torch from the hands of Diana's priestess, and light the pile; for such has always been our custom." Having said this, he performed his part of the ceremony, and Theagenes received the torch from Chariclea. From what now happened we may infer that there is in the soul something divine, and allied to a superior nature; for their first glance at each other was such, as if each of their souls acknowledged its partner, and hastened to mingle with one which was worthy of it.

They stood awhile, as if astonished; she slowly offering and he slowly receiving the torch; and fixing their eyes on

one another, for some space, they seemed rather to have been formerly acquainted, than to have now met for the first time, and to be returning gradually into each other's memory. Then softly, and almost imperceptibly smiling, which the eyes, rather than the lips, betrayed, they both blushed, as if ashamed of what they had done, and again turned pale, the passion reaching their hearts. In short, a thousand shades of feeling wandered in a few moments over their countenances; their complexion and looks betraying in various ways the movements of their souls.

These emotions escaped the observation of the crowd, whose attention was engaged on other things. They escaped Charicles too, who was employed in reciting the solemn prayers and invocations, but they did not escape me, for I had particularly observed these young people from the time that the oracle was given to Theagenes in the temple; I had formed conjectures as to the future from the allusion to their names, though I could not entirely comprehend the latter part of the prediction.

At length Theagenes slowly and unwillingly turning from the maiden, lighted the pile, and the solemn ceremony ended. The Thessalians betook themselves to an entertainment, and the rest of the people dispersed to their own habitations. Chariclea putting on a white robe, retired with a few of her companions to her apartment, which was within the precincts of the temple; for she did not live with her supposed father, but dwelt apart for the better performance of the temple services.

Daphnis and Chloe.

This pastoral of Longus is the first prolonged description of the rise and growth of the passion of love in the literature of the world. Though in parts a picture of ideal innocence, it is in other parts offensive on moral grounds. Both Daphnis and Chloe were of noble birth, but had been exposed in their infancy. After being nursed by beasts, they were brought up by shepherds as their foster-parents.

It was the beginning of spring, the flowers were in bloom throughout the woods, the meadows, and the mountains; there were the buzzings of the bee, the warblings of the

songsters, the frolics of the lambs. The young of the flock were skipping on the mountains, the bees flew humming through the meadows, and the songs of the birds resounded through the bushes. Seeing all things pervaded with such universal joy, Daphnis and Chloe, young and susceptible as they were, imitated whatever they saw or heard. Hearing the carol of the birds, they sang; seeing the sportive skipping of the lambs, they danced; and in imitation of the bees they gathered flowers. Some they placed in their bosoms, and others they wove into chaplets and carried them as offerings to the Nymphs.

They tended their flocks in company, and all their occupations were in common. Daphnis frequently collected the sheep which had strayed, and Chloe drove back from a precipice the goats which were too venturesome. Sometimes one would take the entire management both of goats and sheep, while the other was intent upon some amusement.

Their sports were of a pastoral and childish kind. Chloe sometimes neglected her flock and went in search of stalks of asphodel, with which she wove traps for locusts; while Daphnis devoted himself to playing till nightfall upon his pipe, which he had formed by cutting slender reeds, perforating the intervals between the joints, and compacting them together with soft wax. Sometimes they shared their milk and wine, and made a common meal upon the provision which they had brought from home; and sooner might you see one part of the flock divided from the other than Daphnis separate from Chloe.

While thus engaged in their amusements, Love contrived an interruption of a serious nature. A she-wolf from the neighborhood had often carried off lambs from other shepherds' flocks, as she required a plentiful supply of food for her whelps. Upon this the villagers assembled by night and dug pits in the earth, six feet wide and twenty-four feet deep. The greater part of the loose earth, dug out of these pits, they carried to a distance and scattered about, spreading the remainder over some long dry sticks, laid over the mouth of the pits, so as to resemble the natural surface of the ground. The sticks were weaker than straws, so that if even a hare

DAPHNIS AND CHLOE.

ran over them they would break, and prove that instead of substance there was but a show of solid earth. The villagers dug many of these pits in the mountains and in the plains, but they did not succeed in capturing the wolf, which discovered the contrivance of the snare. They, however, caused the destruction of many of their own goats and sheep, and very nearly, as we shall see, that of Daphnis.

Two angry he-goats engaged in fight. The contest waxed more and more violent, until one of them, having his horn broken, ran away bellowing with pain. The victor followed in hot and close pursuit. Daphnis, vexed to see that his goat's horn was broken, and that the conqueror persevered in his vengeance, seized his club and crook, and pursued the pursuer. In consequence of the former hurrying on in wrath, and the latter flying in trepidation, neither of them observed what lay in their path, and both fell into a pit, the goat first, Daphnis afterwards. This was the means of preserving his life, the goat serving as a support in his descent. Poor Daphnis remained at the bottom lamenting his sad mishap with tears, and anxiously hoping that some one might draw near and pull him out. Chloe, who had observed the accident, hastened to the spot, and finding that he was still alive, summoned a cowherd from an adjacent field to come to his assistance. He obeyed the call, but on seeking for a rope long enough to draw Daphnis out, no rope was to be fouud; upon which Chloe, undoing her head-band, gave it to the cowherd to let down; they then placed themselves at the brink of the pit and held one end, while Daphnis grasped the other with both hands, and so got out.

They then extricated the unhappy goat, who had both his horns broken by the fall, and thus suffered a just punishment for his revenge towards his defeated fellow-combatant. They gave him to the herdsman as a reward for his assistance, and if the family at home inquired after him, were prepared to say that he had been destroyed by a wolf. After this they returned to see whether their flocks were safe, and finding both goats and sheep feeding quietly and orderly, they sat down on the trunk of a tree, and began to examine whether Daphnis had received any wound. No hurt or blood

was to be seen, but his hair and all the rest of his person were covered with mud and dirt. Daphnis thought it would be best to wash himself before Lamon and Myrtale [his foster-parents] should find out what had happened to him; proceeding with Chloe to the grotto of the Nymphs, he gave her his tunic and scrip in charge.

He then approached the fountain and washed his hair and his whole person. His hair was long and black, and his body sun-burnt; one might have imagined that its hue was derived from the overshadowing of his locks. Chloe thought him beautiful, and because she had never done so before, attributed his beauty to the effects of the bath. The following day, upon returning to the accustomed pasture, Daphnis sat as usual under an oak, playing upon his pipe and surveying his goats,, lying down and apparently listening to his strains. Chloe, on her part, sitting near him, looked at her sheep, but more frequently turned her eyes upon Daphnis; again he appeared to her beautiful as he was playing upon his pipe, and she attributed his beauty to the melody; so that taking the pipe she played upon it, in order, if possible, to appear beautiful herself. As she returned home she mentally admired him, and this admiration was the beginning of love. She knew not the meaning of her feelings, young as she was, and brought up in the country, and never having heard from any one so much as the name of love. She felt an oppression at her heart, she could not restrain her eyes from gazing upon him, nor her mouth from often pronouncing his name. She took no food, she lay awake at night, she neglected her flock, she laughed and wept by turns; now she would doze, then suddenly start up; at one moment her face became pale, in another moment it burnt with blushes. Such irritation is not felt even by the breeze-stung heifer. Upon one occasion, when alone, she thus reasoned with herself: "I am no doubt ill, but what my malady is I know not; I am in pain, and yet I have no wound; I feel grief, and yet I have lost none of my flock; I burn, and yet am sitting in the shade: how often have brambles torn my skin, without my shedding a single tear! how often have the bees stung me, yet I could still enjoy my meals! Whatever it is which now wounds my

heart must be sharper than either of these. Daphnis is beautiful, so are the flowers; his pipe breathes sweetly, so does the nightingale; yet I take no account either of birds or flowers. Would that I could become a pipe, that he might play upon me! or a goat, that I might pasture under his care! O cruel fountain, thou madest Daphnis alone beautiful; my bathing has been all in vain! Dear Nymphs, ye see me perishing, yet neither do ye endeavor to save the maiden brought up among you! Who will crown you with flowers when I am gone? Who will take care of my poor lambs? Who will attend to my chirping locust, which I caught with so much trouble, that its song might lull me to rest in the grotto; but now I am sleepless, because of Daphnis, and my locust chirps in vain!"

Such were the feelings, and such the words of Chloe, while as yet ignorant of the name of love.

[Dorco, the cowherd who had rescued Daphnis, then tried to win the maiden's affections and brought her gifts. At first he gave some also to Daphnis, but afterwards neglected him. However, the two youths had an argument on their respective share of beauty and made Chloe umpire, who was to bestow on the victor a kiss. This prize she gave to Daphnis—"an artless, unsophisticated kiss."]

Daphnis, as though he had been stung instead of kissed, suddenly became grave, felt a shivering all over, and could not control the beating of his heart. He wished to gaze upon Chloe, but at the first glance his face was suffused with blushes. For the first time he admired her hair, because it was auburn; and her eyes, because they were brilliant; her countenance, because it was fairer than milk. One might have supposed he had just received the faculty of sight. . . .

Such were the sensations of Daphnis. He now first felt the power, and now first uttered the language of love.

LIBANIUS.

The writings of Libanius of Antioch have been characterized by Gibbon as the "idle compositions of an orator who cultivated the science of words." Yet he was the chief rhetorician of the fourth century. He pursued his studies first

at Athens, and soon gathered about him a large number of pupils. On removing to Constantinople his talents excited the jealousy of rivals, and he was obliged to retire to his native city, where he spent the remainder of his life. In his "Funeral Oration upon the Emperor Julian" he states that when he was lecturing at Nicomedia, Julian, although prohibited from being a pupil, secured by bribes the daily lectures. Evidently the Pagan emperor admired Libanius, and imitated his style. Both Basil and Chrysostom were his pupils, and maintained friendly relations with their former teacher in the heat of religious conflicts. Canon Farrar has composed an imaginary conversation between Chrysostom and Libanius, which indicates the attitude of cultured heathenism towards the Christian Church.

Eulogy of the Emperor Julian.

Thus the prince, both when present and when coming, was alike victorious: and these things he achieved just starting up from amidst his books; or rather, in marching against the adversary, he marched with his books, for he had always in his hands either books or arms, believing that war was wonderfully assisted by philosophy, and that a prince competent to give counsel threw more weight into the scale than a fighting one. For example, the two following things were assuredly of the greatest advantage to the public, and display a certain ingenuity of invention—his augmenting the zeal of the brave by the rewards that he obtained for them from him who awarded things of that sort; and his making those that plundered the possessions of the enemy masters of all that they should seize: for this very thing was clearly of a piece with the order, that whoever brought in the head of an enemy should receive a piece of gold for his bravery.

ST. THOMAS LIBRARY COLLEGE

His reputation spreading at once over the world, every soldier loved the man that was a lover of action; men of letters loved him also; and of those residing at Athens, such as were conscious of their merit, flocked to him, as of old the philosophers to Lydia, to the court of Crœsus. But Crœsus exhibited to Solon his treasures of money, because he possessed nothing more precious than those—whereas Julian unlocked to the comers the treasures of his soul, wherein lay the gifts of the Muses: the prince also composed verses with which to compliment his visitors; and even now you may meet with and read the same. Thus, then, did he hold revels with the servants of Hermes and of Zeus: but when the season gave the signal, he forthwith marched out, and overturning everything in the neighborhood of the Rhine, he so terrified the natives that they begged leave to change their residence and become a part of the Roman dominion, thinking it more desirable to live under him than in their own country: they asked for lands and they received some: and he employed barbarians against barbarians, deeming it a much finer thing to pursue with such means, than to fly in company with his own side. So much indeed was achieved without fighting: but having determined to cross the river, a second time, and in the absence of boats having obliged his horse and foot to swim the river, he advanced, laying waste and taking booty, for there was no one to hinder him: late at last did the unhappy natives sue for mercy, just before the fire touched.

But he, thinking that the day had now come which should heal all the wounds of the Gauls, at first dismissed the suppliants with contempt; but when they returned again, bringing their chiefs in person as suppliants, and they who bore the sceptre humbled themselves to the ground, then, reminding them of their long-continued insolence and their innumerable offences, he bade them purchase peace by healing the mischief they had done, by rebuilding towns, and bringing back people. They promised, and did not fail: timber and iron were brought in for the rebuilding of the houses; and every one of the captives was set at liberty, and caressed by the man that just before flogged him, in order that they should bear no malice: whilst they had to give proof of the death of all whom they

did not restore amongst those they had carried off; and the truth, in such cases, was judged of by the released captives. From the ten thousand soldiers of Xenophon, verily the first sight of the sea, after such a multitude of mountains crossed and toils endured, drew forth a shout and tears mingled with joy; and they embraced one another, the partners in so many dangers: but these men did the same, not when they saw the sea, but when they saw each other; some of them beholding relatives escaped out of slavery; the latter recovering again family and home: and all wept with them who, though not sharing in the relationship, yet beheld their embracings; and tears flowed, far sweeter than the former tears; some of which were shed for those long separated from home, some for those now once more united. Thus, on that occasion, did the war both tear asunder and bring together the natives of Gaul; the first part being brought about by the cowardice of the leaders, the second part by their bravery.

Now the town halls were filled, and population and trades, and revenues of money grew apace, and the betrothals of daughters, and marriages of young men, and journeys from home, and feasts and solemn assemblies, resumed their former order; so that were one to style this prince the founder of those cities, he would not be far wrong. For some towns he gathered together again after they were dispersed, to others that were all but emptied he restored the inhabitants; and the fact of no one's fearing his neighbor inspired fear into others. No longer therefore on the approach of winter did any of the barbarians sail out on their accustomed piratical expeditions; but they stayed at home, and fed on their own things, not so much truly out of respect for treaties as out of fear of war; since even those that had not obtained a truce, the terror hanging over them warned to keep quiet. That greatest of all islands under the sun, and which the ocean encompasses [Britain], he also inspected in his tour. He sent to Constantius the accounts of the expenditure, which by name was military, but in reality was the perquisite of the governors; and those who committed fraud he compelled to be honest.

GREEK FATHERS OF THE CHURCH.

JESUS CHRIST, when sending forth his apostles, said warningly: "Think not that I am come to send peace on earth; I come not to send peace, but a sword." His revelation, being opposed to the religion of the ancient Greek and Roman world, was obliged to fight for its very existence. It set its followers in array against the art and literature which had been the outgrowth and auxiliaries of Paganism. Not until the necessary work of destruction had been acomplished, and the Church had been widely established, could the new life develop its own art and literature. Yet from the beginning of the conflict there were many writers who defended the faith and exhorted the brethren. Greek being then the universal language, these writers, for a century after the apostles' time, all employed this tongue. Even Clement of Rome and others who lived in that capital wrote in Greek. Their writings are strikingly inferior, in form as in substance, to the contents of the canonical Scriptures; they are inferior in elegance to the decadent Pagan literature of the same period. Whatever be the reason—and many reasons have been alleged—the fact is beyond dispute.

Some of the early Christian writers, like the apostles themselves, were men of little or no learning; yet others, like the Apostle Paul, were highly educated. But both classes, in obedience to a higher impulse, neglected, in great measure, the cultivation of the beautiful. In the second century, Clement of Alexandria and Origen were noted for their thorough acquaintance with philosophy, yet their writings are perused only by those interested in church history. Gradually, however, the literary tone of the Christian writers became more humane and refined. The Church had created a new atmosphere, in which its life and beauty could be properly developed. In the fourth and fifth centuries Athanasius and Gregory of Nazianzus, and John Chrysostom produced writings superior in literary merit to those of their Pagan contemporaries. It must be admitted that much of the intellectual vigor and energy of these leaders was spent

in controversies which repel literary beauty. For the history and theology of the Church their writings are still studied, but their interest is limited.

A few of these Christian writers are called Apostolic Fathers, as having been personal disciples of the apostles. Such were Clement of Rome (about 100 A.D.), Ignatius (about 110), and Polycarp (69–155), who all wrote epistles on the model of St. Paul's. "The Shepherd" of Hermas, written about the same time, is a sort of didactic romance, containing visions, commandments and parables, calling the Church to repentance. There were also apocryphal Gospels, and similar writings ascribed to the apostles or to others of eminence. In the second century there were several who wrote "Apologies,"—that is, defences of Christianity against Judaism and Paganism. Of these Justin Martyr was the most distinguished. Others, as Irenæus, Bishop of Lyons, and Hippolytus, Bishop of the Port of Rome, contended against the heresies which quickly sprang up in the Church. In Alexandria, which was still a centre of philosophical study, the chief Christian teachers were the Platonist Clement and his disciple Origen. The latter, though famed for his wide learning, did not escape the charge of corrupting the truth by foreign admixture, and though he suffered for the faith, has been regarded as a heretic.

Reference may here be made also to Philo Judæus, the chief representative of the Hellenistic Jews. By an allegorical system of interpretation he infused Platonic philosophy into the Mosaic Law and other Scriptures, which he still recognized as authoritative and of Divine origin. He was born at Alexandria about 20 B.C., and lived to an advanced age. In 40 A.D. he was the head of an embassy which went to Rome to request the Emperor Caius to excuse the Jews from paying him Divine honors. His voluminous writings are entirely occupied with theological and philosophical speculations.

As Judaism had been strangely modified by Platonism in the works of Philo Judæus, Christianity now underwent somewhat similar changes. But still more remarkable was the combination of Greek philosophy and Oriental mysticism,

known as Neo-Platonism. This fantastic compound, which sought to reconcile superstition with culture, began with Ammonius of Alexandria (*d.* 243 A.D.), and was enlarged and propagated by Plotinus (*d.* 270), Porphyry of Tyre (*d.* 304), Iamblichus (*d.* 333), and Proclus of Constantinople (*d.* 485). This belief was widely held by the educated classes down to the end of the fifth century. In general it accepted some doctrines of Christ and reckoned Jesus among the sages, but it was practically an attempt to form a universal Pagan religion in opposition to Christianity. Porphyry wrote one of the fiercest attacks on the Christian religion, but as all copies of the book were ordered to be burnt in the fifth century, it is known now only by the replies of Christian authors. Other Neo-Platonist works have been preserved, and even in modern times have had considerable effect on leaders of thought.

Hardly had the Christian Church received the imperial sanction when it was shaken to its centre by the Arian controversy which arose in Alexandria. Constantine convoked the first general council at Nice (Nicæa), in Bithynia, in 325 A.D., to settle the creed of the Church. The doctrine of the Trinity was formulated, and the philosophical speculations of Arius were condemned.

Athanasius (296–373), the strenuous opponent of Arius, was a deacon at the Council of Nice, and afterwards rose to be Primate of Egypt. His stormy career was marked with numerous vicissitudes, and his frequent heroic isolation has given rise to the proverbial expression, "The world against Athanasius and Athanasius against the world." Bishops and emperors conspired to condemn him, and succeeded in banishing him from his see for twenty years. Yet through his valiant efforts orthodoxy eventually triumphed. His moral and intellectual preëminence has been set forth by the skeptic Gibbon even more graphically than by Church historians.

The other great Fathers of the Greek Church were Basil (329–379), who settled the monastic discipline which still prevails in the East, Gregory of Nazianzus (328–389), famous as a preacher, and John Chrysostom of Antioch (350–407), the "golden-mouthed" orator. But with these should be

joined other writers of hardly less importance. Eusebius Pamphilus (266–340) "the Father of Church history," Bishop of Cæsarea, friend and adviser of the Emperor Constantine, was appointed to deliver the opening address at the Council of Nice. Learned and tolerant, he was reluctant to condemn Arius, and used his influence to have that arch-heretic reinstated. Eusebius' chief work is his "Ecclesiastical History," but he wrote other histories, a "Life of Constantine," and two books in defence of Christianity, "The Evangelical Preparation" and "The Evangelical Demonstration."

The early Christians, following the practice of the Jews in their synagogues, used the Psalms of David in worship. Yet some critics see in the Epistles of St. Paul references to, and quotations from, hymns of the new dispensation. The "Angels' Song," the "Magnificat," and other parts of the New Testament, were sung or chanted in the public service. The oldest hymns are not ascribed to particular authors, but Clement of Alexandria composed a "Hymn to the Saviour Christ," adorned with epithets drawn from the Scriptures. Some Morning and Evening Hymns survive from the same period. In the third century hymns were prepared and used by both orthodox and heretical leaders to propagate their views. One of the orthodox, Ephraem Syrus (the Syrian) is the first voluminous hymn-writer whose verses are still extant. His hymns treat of all subjects of Christian faith and hope. The metres were Anacreontic and other light lyrical measures. After reaching a certain stage of development, the hymnody of the Eastern Church became fixed in the sixth century. At the present day a large part of it is in an obsolete dialect and style.

CLEMENT OF ALEXANDRIA.

Though bearing a completely Roman name, Titus Flavius Clemens was so closely connected with Alexandria that he is distinguished by its name. Here he was converted to Christianity after a thorough acquaintance with Greek philosophy; here, towards the end of the second century, he became a presbyter and the head of the catechetical school. His

most distinguished pupil was Origen. His extant works are a "Hortatory Address to the Greeks," urging them to forsake idols and accept Christ; the "Pædagogue," a manual for Christian life; and "Stromata" (Patchwork), a book of miscellanies, treating of chronology, poetry and philosophy, with reference to Christianity. To the "Pædagogue" two hymns are appended, interesting as the earliest Christian hymns of known authorship.

Hymn to the Saviour Christ.

Mouth of babes who cannot speak,
Wing of nestlings who cannot fly,
Sure Guide of babes,
Shepherd of royal sheep,
Gather Thine own
Artless children
To praise in holiness,
To sing in guilelessness
With blameless lips,
Thee, O Christ, Guide of children.

Christ, King of saints,
All-governing Word,
Of the Highest Father,
Chief of wisdom,
Support of toil,
Ever-rejoicing,
Of mortal race
Saviour, Jesus!
Shepherd, Husbandman,
Helm, Rein.

Heavenly wing
Of Thy all-white flock,
Fisher of men,
Of the saved,
From the sea of evil,
The helpless fish
From the hostile wave,
By sweet life enticing.

Lead, O Shepherd
Of reasoning sheep,
Holy One, lead,
King of speechless children!
The footsteps of Christ
Are the heavenly way.
Ever-flowing Word,
Infinite Age,
Perpetual Light,
Fountain of mercy,
Worker of virtue,
Holy sustenance
Of those who praise God, Christ Jesus.

The heavenly milk
Of the sweet breasts
Of the bride of graces,
Pressed out of Thy wisdom,
These babes
With tender lips
Nourished;
By the dew of the Spirit
Replenished;
Their artless praises,
Their true hymns,
O Christ our King,

Sacred rewards (products)
Of the doctrine of life,
We hymn together,
We hymn in simplicity,
The Mighty Child.
The chorus of peace,
The kindred of Christ,
The race of the temperate,
We will praise together the God
of peace.

BASIL THE GREAT.

Basilius was eminent as an opponent of the Arians, an improver of the Greek liturgy, and especially as the regulator of monastic discipline in the Eastern Church. Born at Cæsarea, in Cappadocia, about 330 A.D., he studied rhetoric at Constantinople and Athens. Attracted to asceticism, he became head of a convent, but was not ordained presbyter till 365. Five years later he was made bishop and exerted himself against the Arians who were supported by the civil rulers. Though severely threatened, he maintained his stand till his death in 379. He was a famous preacher and theologian, but his most interesting writings are his letters to his life-long friend, Gregory Nazianzen.

Pagan Literature.

(From Address to Young Men on reading Profane Authors.)

It is sufficiently proved that this pagan learning is not without use to the soul. Consequently, we now say in what manner it is needful for you to share in it. First, to commence with the works of the poets, as they offer discourses of every kind, the mind is not to fix upon all things in their order. When they show you a good man, whether they recount his actions or his words, it is necessary to love him, to take him for a model, and to make all effort to resemble him. Do they offer the example of a bad man? It is necessary to shun the imitating of such, shutting your ears, as they say that Ulysses did, so as not to hear the songs of the sirens. For the habit of hearing words contrary to virtue leads to the practice of vice. It is necessary, then, to watch incessantly in guarding our souls, lest that, charmed by the attraction of the words, we receive in our ignorance some bad impressions, and with the honey introduce into our bosoms poisonous fluids.

Thus, we do not approve the poets when they put into the mouths of their characters revilings and sarcasm, when they depict love or drunkenness, or when they make happiness to consist in a table well served and effeminate songs. Still less should we listen to them discoursing of their gods. . . . I am able to say as much of the historians. As to the orators, we should keep ourselves from imitating their art of lying: for falsehood can never become us, neither in the tribunal nor in anything—us, who have chosen the true and right way of life. But we should collect carefully the recitals of these authors when we see there the praise of virtue or the condemnation of vice. We rejoice only in the perfume and the colors of flowers, while the bees know how to find in them honey: so those who are not content to seek for the agreeable and the seducing in the works of the pagans, are able even to find in them treasures for the soul.

The Monastic Life.

(Basil, in a letter to Gregory Nazianzen, describes his manner of life.)

Although I have left behind me the diversions of the city as the cause of innumerable evils, I have not yet been able to leave myself. I am like those voyagers who are not accustomed to the sea; the motion of the vessel which bears them gives them an unendurable sickness; for, on quitting the land, they have not left upon shore the bile and the humors with which their stomachs are surcharged. That is precisely my case. So long as we bear about the germs of disease, we are everywhere subject to like disturbances. I have not found great fruits in my solitude. But what we are to do, and how we are to begin to be firm in the footsteps of Him who has pointed out the way of salvation—for He said, "If any one will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me"—is this: We must try to have a peaceful spirit. Our only escape is separation from worldly things.

What I call flying from the world is not merely to separate one's self from it in body, but to detach all one's affections; to be without country, home, business, society, property; to be poor, unoccupied, unsociable, untaught in human sciences,

prepared to receive in the heart the rules which spring from the divine teachings. Now, for this, it is necessary to begin by destroying in one's mind all anterior prejudice. You cannot impress upon wax new characters until after you have effaced the old: so divine instruction cannot have place in a heart preocupied by all the ideas which come from one's habits. To this end the desert is of the greatest benefit to us, soothing our passions and giving the reason the calm necessary for altogether rooting them out from the soul. For as wild animals, being stroked down, are easily controlled, so the lusts and passions and fears and pains, the venomous evils of the soul, soothed by quietude, and not exaggerated by continual rousing, are easily restrained by the power of the mind. The place should be such as this, far from all intercourse with human beings, where the pious exercises of the religious life are not interrupted by anything without.

The exercise of piety feeds the soul with divine reflections. What, then, is more blessed than to imitate upon earth the life of the angels: to rise at dawn to prayer and to the praise of the Creator in hymns and songs; then as the sun shines clearly, and work is undertaken, prayer going side by side with it, to season the labors with hymns as with salt? For the consolation of hymns confers a cheerful and untroubled state of the soul. Quiet, then, is the beginning of the cleansing of the soul; the tongue not uttering the things of men, the eyes not beholding the fine complexions and symmetry of bodies, the hearing not breaking down the strength of the soul through melodious strains conducive to pleasure, nor through the words of facetious and jesting men, which especially have the effect of impairing the vigor of the soul. For, not dissipated by things without, and not called away by the visible things of the world, the soul turns back upon itself; it elevates itself by its own efforts to the thought of God. Enlightened by His beauty, it forgets its own nature; it is not anxious, then, about food, is not weighed down by care for dress. Disengaged from earthly anxieties, it gives over its entire being to the possession of immortal good, whereby it may continually maintain self-control, manly vigor, righteousness, prudence, and the other virtues of this sort—

everything which makes for life, and leads one into the right way.

To know well the path of duty, a most effectual way is to meditate upon our God-given Scripture. . . . After the lesson comes prayer, and occupies the soul filled with new strength and power, and stirred with a longing for God. Prayer is effectual to awaken in the soul a clear apprehension of God. And therein consists the dwelling of God in us, that we have God enthroned in us by thought. Thus we become a temple of God when constant reflection is not interrupted by worldly cares, and the spirit is not disturbed by sudden desires; but when he who loves God flies all, and devotes himself to God who drives away the bad inclinations which lead him to intemperance, and employs himself in works which lead to virtue.

GREGORY NAZIANZEN.

GREGORY of NAZIANZUS, though the son of a bishop, was not baptized till his thirtieth year. Born in Cappadocia in 329 A.D., he studied rhetoric and philosophy at Cæsarea, Alexandria and Athens. He was inclined to a contemplative life, but being ordained presbyter about 361, became assistant to his father. His reputation for eloquence induced the orthodox party at Constantinople to invoke his aid in 379. Such crowds flocked to hear him that a splendid church was built called Anastasia (the Resurrection). His defence of Christ's divinity won for him the title "Theologus." In 381 Gregory was made metropolitan of Constantinople, but soon, on account of the bitter opposition to his promotion, he retired to his native Nazianzus, where he died in 389. His fame rests on his sermons, but his letters are more attractive. As a relief from his serious occupations he wrote poems, many of which were directed against the destroyers of ancient monuments; some say he composed a tragedy on Christ's passion.

FAREWELL TO THE CHURCH AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

WITH these last words I salute you. Farewell, Anastasia, named for thy piety; for thou didst rescue to us the faith until then despised, thou seal of our common triumphs, thou new

Shiloh in which first we rested the ark which had wandered forty years in the desert. And thou, this great and glorious temple [the Church of St. Sophia], thou new inheritance, having thy present grandeur from the Word, which, once a Jebus, we have made a Jerusalem. And you sacred edifices which rank next after this in beauty, and which, scattered throughout the various parts of the city, bind them together as so many bands, you which beyond all hope we, not of ourselves but by God's grace, have filled.

Farewell apostles, glorious colony, my masters in the contest. If I have not often celebrated your feasts, perhaps it is because, like your Paul, I have for my good a messenger of Satan in my body, by which I am now separated from you. Farewell, O throne, enviable and perilous seat; assembly of pontiffs: priests, venerable in majesty as in years; and all these ministers before the altar who draw near to God, who draws near to us. Farewell, choir of Nazarenes, harmonies of the psalms, nocturnal stations, sanctity of virgins, modesty of women, companies of widows and orphans, eyes of the poor turned toward God and toward me. Farewell homes friendly to the stranger and to Christ, and helpers in my infirmity. Farewell you who have loved my words, gathering crowds and styles [for writing down his words], seen and unseen, and barriers forced by those eager for my words. Farewell, O sovereigns, palace, courtiers, faithful perhaps to the sovereign—I know not—but unfaithful chiefly to God. Clap your hands, cry aloud, raise aloft your orator. That tongue depraved and loquacious to you is silenced; but it will not be silent altogether, it will combat through hand and pen. As to the rest we are now silent.

Farewell great city, friendly to Christ—for I will heed the truth—but whose zeal is not according to knowledge; the separation makes us more friendly. Come to the truth; even thus late be converted; honor God more than in the past. Change brings no shame, but continuance in evil is fatal. Farewell, Orient and Occident, for whom and with whom I have contended. He is witness who makes you at peace, whether any will imitate my conduct. For those will not lose God who renounce their thrones, but will have a seat

above far more exalted and secure than these. Finally and before all I cry, Farewell, angel protectors of this church, and of my sojourn and my departure, so only as my affairs be in God's hands.

Farewell, O Trinity, my care and my glory. Be safe among them and keep them safe, my people—for they are mine, though I am directed in a different way—and announce to me that thou art in every way exalted and glorified by word and act. Children, keep that which I have confided to you; remember my strivings. And may the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all!

Evening Hymn.

Christ, my Lord, I come to bless Thee,
Now when day is veiled in night;
Thou who knowest no beginning,
Light of the Eternal Light.

Thou the darkness hast dissolvèd,
And the outward light created,
That all things in light might be;
Fixing the unfixéd chaos,
Moulding it to wondrous beauty,
Into the fair world we see.

Thou enlightenest man with reason,
Far beyond the creatures dumb,
That light in Thy light beholding,
Wholly light he might become.

Thou hast set the radiant heavens
With Thy many lamps of brightness,
Filling all the vaults above,
Day and night in turn subjecting
To a brotherhood of service
And a mutual law of love.

By the night our wearied nature
Resting from its toil and tears;
To the works, Lord, that Thou lovest,
Waking us when day appears.

JOHN CHRYSOSTOM.

MOST famous among the Greek Fathers is that John of Antioch whose splendid eloquence won for him the surname Chrysostom, "golden-mouthed." Born in 347 A.D., he was trained in rhetoric by the sophist Libanius, whom he might have succeeded as teacher had not the Christianity of the age swept him into asceticism. Six years he spent in study and religious duties in the desert, and then was called by his bishop to active work. He was ordained deacon and presbyter at Antioch, and during his sixteen years of labor there won high reputation by his sermons; but he used unworthy stratagem to avoid being made bishop. Yet he obeyed the call to become archbishop at Constantinople. In the luxurious capital he preserved his monastic simplicity and austerity, insisting on a reformation of the corrupt practices prevailing among both clergy and laity. At last his opponents, with the Empress Eudoxia at their head, obtained from a synod the condemnation of Chrysostom on a false charge. The archbishop was arrested and banished to Nicomedia, but the citizens, inflamed to fury, besieged the emperor's palace, and compelled the restoration of their metropolitan. His return was celebrated as a triumph, yet within two months the empress, again excited by calumny, procured his exile. In a desolate place among the Taurus Mountains Chrysostom renewed his labors with greater zeal, and stimulated his friends with frequent correspondence. The emperor ordered him to be carried to a desert among the Caucasus Mountains, but the victim of persecution died on the way at Comana in Pontus. He was sixty years old.

Chrysostom's works are numerous, consisting of commentaries, sermons, epistles and religious treatises of various kinds. They shed a flood of light on the condition of the Church in the fourth century. By example and precept he supported the view that the true Christian life consists in deadness to the world. He founded a school of commentators who avoided the allegorical style which had passed over from the Jewish Rabbins into the Christian Church.

The Repentance of Antioch.

The people of Antioch in 386 A.D., provoked by excessive taxes, rose in revolt against the Emperor Theodosius, threw down the statues and committed other acts of violence. The emperor threatened to destroy the whole city. The aged Bishop Flavian went to Constantinople to intercede on behalf of the people. Meantime Chrysostom preached a series of sermons which are esteemed among his best.

THEODOSIUS THE GREAT.

If fear were not a good thing, fathers would not have set schoolmasters over their children, nor lawgivers magistrates for cities. What can be more grievous than hell? Yet nothing is more profitable than the fear of it; for the fear of hell will bring us the crown of the kingdom. Where fear is, there is no envy; where fear is, the love of money does not disturb; where fear is, anger is quenched, evil concupiscence is repressed, and every unreasonable passion is exterminated. And even as in a house where there is always a soldier under arms, no robber, nor housebreaker, nor any such evil-doer will dare to make his appearance; so also, while fear holds possession of our minds, none of the unruly passions will readily attack us, but all fly off and are banished, being driven away in every direction by the power of fear. And not only this advantage do we gain from fear, but also another which is far greater. For not only, indeed, does it expel our evil passions, but it also introduces every kind of virtue with great facility. When fear exists, there is zeal in almsgiving and intensity of prayer, and tears warm and frequent, and groans fraught with compunction. For nothing so swallows up sin, and makes virtue to increase and flourish, as the nature of a perpetual dread. Therefore, it is impossible for him who does not live in fear to act aright; as, on the other

hand, it is impossible that the man who lives in fear can go wrong.

Let us not, then, grieve, beloved; let us not despond on account of the present tribulation, but let us admire the well-devised plan of God's wisdom. For by these very means through which the devil hoped to overturn our city, hath God restored and corrected it. The devil animated certain lawless men to treat the statues of the emperor contemptuously, in order that the very foundations of the city might be razed. But God employed this same circumstance for our greater correction, driving out all sloth by the dread of the expected wrath, and the thing has turned out directly opposite to what the devil wished, by the means which he had himself prepared. For our city every day becomes more purified, and the lanes, and crossings, and places of public concourse are freed from lewd and effeminate songs; and turn where we will there are supplications and thanksgivings and tears, instead of rude laughter; there are words of sound wisdom instead of obscene language, and our whole city has become a church, the workshops being closed, all being engaged throughout the day in these general prayers, and calling upon God with much earnestness, with one united voice. What preaching, what admonition, what counsel, what length of time had ever availed to accomplish these things?

EPHRAEM SYRUS.

EPHRAEM THE SYRIAN, renowned as a teacher and hymnologist in the Eastern Church, was born at Nisibis in Mesopotamia, and dwelt chiefly at Edessa, where he died in 373 A.D. His life was spent in combatting heresy and commending godliness. Once he made a long journey to visit Basil at Cæsarea. His sermons and writings were chiefly in Syriac, but were quickly translated into Greek and widely circulated. Such was his facility in metrical composition, that even his sermons took that form and are known as "Rhythms." Some of his pieces are acrostics; others are odes on events in contemporary history. Seven of his homilies form a complete work called "The Pearl."

Children in Paradise.

To Thee, O God, be praises
From lips of babes and sucklings,
As in the heavenly meadows
Like spotless lambs they feed.

'Mid leafy trees they pasture,
Thus saith the Blessed Spirit;
And Gabriel, prince of angels,
That happy flock doth lead.

The messengers of Heaven,
With sons of light united,
In purest regions dwelling,
No curse or woe they see.

And at the Resurrection,
With joy arise their bodies;
Their spirits knew no bondage,
Their bodies now are free.

Brief here below their sojourn,
Their dwelling is in Eden,
And one bright day their parents
Hope yet with them to be.

STEPHEN THE SABAITE.

The following hymn was composed in the eighth century by Stephen the Sabaite, who belonged to the Monastery of St. Sabas, near the northwest corner of the Dead Sea. The English version is by the Rev. J. M. Neale, who did much to make the Eastern Church and its literature known in Western lands.

Art thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distressed?
"Come to me," saith One, "and, coming,
Be at rest!"

Hath he marks to lead me to him,
If he be my guide?

"In his feet and hands are wound-prints,
And his side."

Is there diadem as Monarch,
That his brow adorns?
"Yea, a crown in very surety,
But of thorns."

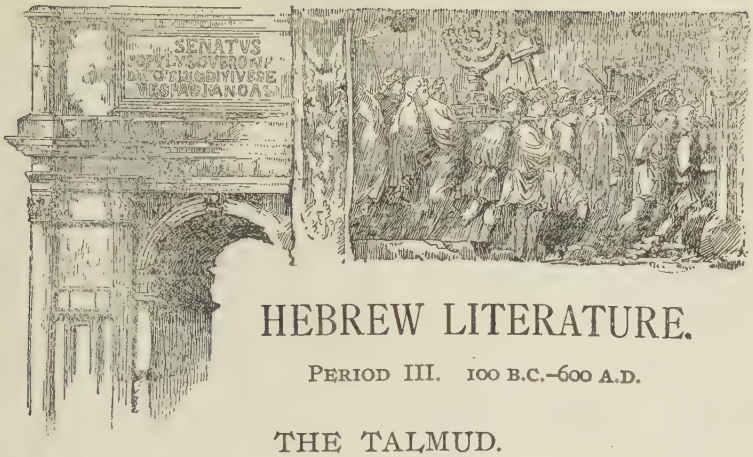
If I find him, if I follow,
What his guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."

If I still hold closely to him,
What hath he at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan passed."

If I ask him to receive me,
Will he say me nay?
"Not till earth, and not till heaven,
Pass away!"

Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is he sure to bless?
"Angels, martyrs, prophets, virgins,
Answer 'Yes!'"

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.
(From the Catacomb of St. Callisto at Rome.)



HEBREW LITERATURE.

PERIOD III. 100 B.C.–600 A.D.

THE TALMUD.

DOWN to the Babylonish captivity the Jews were still prone to lapse into idolatry and worship of false gods, from the example of the surrounding heathen. Against these sins the warnings of the prophets were especially directed. On the other hand, those Jews who did not yield to open idolatry, worshipped Jehovah in a proud, lukewarm, perfunctory way, until aroused by some great bereavement or desperate crisis. After the return from Babylon the cities of Judah were rebuilt, Jerusalem was fortified, a new temple was erected. The sense of their separation and distinction from the Gentiles was more deeply impressed on the hearts of the people. They became passionately devoted to the service of Jehovah, and to the observance of the *Torah*, or Law. The work of Ezra and Nehemiah, as the originators of this new national movement, was continued by other leaders. To it was due the foundation of a school called the "Great Synagogue," the duty of whose members was to guard the sacred text of the inspired Law; to preserve its words and letters, every jot and tittle, in order to protect the sacred deposit against corruption and interpolation. It was also their duty to interpret and expound this law for popular use; to translate the Pentateuch from the archaic Hebrew to the popular Aramaic speech. Those who devoted themselves to the former work were called Scribes or writers; those who excelled in exposition became Rabbis or Masters.

The period of intellectual activity in which the "Great Synagogue" flourished, produced the beginnings of the Talmud. Schools for the study of the Law arose in every Jewish town. After the dispersion of the nation they were founded also in Rome and other cities of the West, as well as in Babylonia and Persia. Hillel I., called the second Ezra, was president of the college in Jerusalem when Jesus was born. Hillel endeavored to reduce the enormous bulk of tradition from six hundred sections to six, but was unsuccessful. The destruction of the Temple and final overthrow of the Jewish nation intensified the devotion of the people to the Law and to the traditions attached to it. About 200 A.D. these traditions, comprising the unwritten law, were made into a formal code, though still oral only. This was not the work of one man, nor of one school, but of all. Hence it contained repetitions, diverse opinions, and even contradictions. But it was gradually received and studied in the various schools, and was called the "Talmud," or learning.

The Talmud consists of two parts—the Mishnah and the Gemara. The "Mishnah" is a written collection of rabbinical rules and precepts, designed to guard the sacred Law against neglect or violation, and to adapt its regulations to the new circumstances of the people. The "Gemara," meaning completion, consists of commentaries and explanations of difficult questions made by distinguished rabbis. The Talmud continued to increase as the discourses of successive generations of teachers were added to it. Eventually it became an encyclopædia, treating of all subjects, and depicting the social life of other nations as well as of the Jews. But owing to the manner of its compilation it was a vast and tangled wilderness, which could be explored only by those who devoted their lives to the task.

There are two Talmuds, one called the Jerusalem Talmud, probably finished about the end of the fourth century; and the other, called the Babylonian Talmud, which makes use of the Palestinian or Jerusalem Talmud, and was completed in the sixth century. From its beginning, in the time of Ezra, until the completion of the Babylonian Talmud, this vast mass of sayings and precepts had been preserved in the

memory of the learned with substantial authenticity, as the books of Homer were long preserved by the Greeks, and the sacred books of the Brahmans by the priests.

The legal enactments of the Talmud are called "Halachah," and go into bewildering minutiæ of details concerning the life of the Jews, which must have made their days a slavery to sacred and domestic ceremonial. On the other hand the "Haggadah" contains fairy tales, jests, parables, anecdotes, traditions and legends. The Jewish nation passed successively under the influence of Egypt, Assyria, Babylonia, Persia, Greece, Rome, and during all these centuries the Haggadah of the Talmud became a great river, bearing on its bosom the precious drift of the ages. Emanuel Deutsch, the eminent Jewish scholar, says: "Much that is familiar among ourselves in the circles of mediæval sagas, in Dante, in Boccaccio, in Cervantes, in Milton, in Bunyan, has consciously or unconsciously flowed out of this wondrous Haggadah of the Talmud; and the scientific investigations not only of Judaism and Christianity, but of Mohammedanism and Zoroastrianism turn to the Mishnah and Gemara in their dissections of dogma, and legend, and ceremony."

Perhaps the most remarkable effect of the Talmud was in its giving form and style to the Koran of Mohammed. Between the years 740 and 1040 the energetic, brilliant and victorious Arabs—themselves Semites—appropriated the learning of Hindus, Persians and Greeks. The Jews, always studious, always intellectual, were excited to new emulation, and there now sprang up among them physicians, astronomers, grammarians, commentators, and chroniclers. The great debt we owe to the Jews of the Middle Ages consists chiefly in the fact that, because of them learning never died; when Arab colleges were built all through the domains of the Mohammedans, they were supplied with Jewish professors, who taught not merely their Hebrew learning, but Greek philosophy.

The nature of Jewish literature may be determined by the titles of the 4420 volumes now in the British Museum: Bibles, Commentaries on the Bible, Talmud, Commentaries on the Talmud, Codes of Law, Decisions, Midrash, Cabbalah, Sermons, Liturgies, Divine Philosophy, Scientific Works,

Grammars and Dictionaries, History and Geography, Poetry and Criticism.

The word "Cabbalah" means that which is received, tradition; but in its technical sense it signifies a secret system of theology, metaphysics, and magic prevalent among the Jews. The Cabbalah sprang from weariness of the dead letter. It substituted an immanent God for the strict personal monotheism of the orthodox Jews, and seems to be allied to the Sufism of the Persians and the Pantheism of the Hindus. The authoritative documents of cabbalistic doctrine is the *Sepher Yetsirah*, or "Book of Creation," ascribed to Rabbi Akiba, who died 120 A.D., and the *Sepher Hazzohar*, the "Book of Brightness," ascribed to Simeon-Ben-Jochai, a contemporary of Akiba's. The true dates are uncertain.

Sayings from the Talmud.

Turn the Bible and turn it again, for everything is in it.

Bless God for the evil as well as the good. When you hear of a death, say "Blessed is the righteous Judge."

Even when the gates of heaven are shut to prayer, they are open to tears.

When the righteous die, it is the earth that loses. The lost jewel will always be a jewel, but the possessor who has lost it—well may he weep.

If a word spoken in its time is worth one piece of money, silence in its time is worth two.

The ass complains of the cold even in July.

Four shall not enter Paradise: the scoffer, the liar, the hypocrite, and the slanderer. To slander is to murder.

The camel wanted to have horns, and they took away his ears.

The soldiers fight, and the kings are heroes.

The world is saved by the breath of school-children.

When the thief has no opportunity of stealing, he considers himself an honest man. The thief invokes God while he breaks into the house.

Youth is a garland of roses; age is a crown of thorns.

The day is short and the work is great. It is not incum-

bent upon thee to complete the work: but thou must not therefore cease from it. If thou hast worked much, great shall be thy reward; for the Master who employed thee is faithful in his payment. But know that the true reward is not of this world.

Sayings about Wives.

The Talmudical writings have many sayings about wives, good and bad.

He who marries a woman congenial to himself is loved by the Almighty.

The loss of a first wife is like the loss of a man's sanctuary in his lifetime.

If a man divorces his wife, the altar itself sheds tears over him.

Everything in life can be replaced: the wife of early days is irreplaceable.

An honorable man honors his wife; a contemptible one despiseth her.

If thy wife be small, bend down to her and speak to her; do nothing without her advice.

Man and wife well matched have heaven's glory as their companion; man and woman ill matched are encircled by a devouring fire.

When a man loseth his wife, the world around him groweth dark, the light in his tent is dim, and the light before him is extinguished.

He who has no wife lives without comfort, without help, without joy, and without blessing.

Fourteen Hard Things.

There are fourteen things, each one harder than the other, and each struggles for mastery over the rest. The deep sea is an object of dread, but the land keeps it within narrow bounds. The open land is unyielding, but the mountains rise above it. The mountains seem irresistible, but iron proudly cleaves them asunder. Iron is hard, but fire fuses it. Fire is a fierce tyrant; water subdues and extinguishes it. Water is

difficult to restrain, but the clouds easily carry it aloft. Clouds are beyond control, but the storm disperses them. The storm rages mightily, yet the wall braves it. The wall forms a strong barrier, yet man can break it down. Man seems inflexible, but trouble lays him prostrate. Trouble appears insurmountable; wine dispels it, and causes it to be forgotten; but the pleasures of wine fade before illness, and illness itself is ended by the angel of death, who carries the soul away. But more ungovernable than any other evil is a bad wife!

Returning the Jewels.

Rabbi Meir was sitting on the Sabbath day and instructing the people in the synagogue. In the meantime his two sons died; they were both of fine growth and enlightened in the law. His wife carried the dead bodies into the upper room, laid them on the bed, and spread a white cloth over them.

In the evening Rabbi Meir came home. "Where are my sons," inquired he, "that I may give them my blessing?" "They went to the synagogue," was the reply. "I looked round," returned he, "and did not perceive them."

She reached him a cup; he praised the Lord at the close of the Sabbath, drank, and asked again, "Where are my sons, that they also may drink of the wine of blessing?" "They cannot be far off," said she, and set before him something to eat. When he had given thanks after the repast, she said: "Rabbi, grant me a request." "Speak, my love!" answered he.

"A few days ago a person gave me some jewels to take care of, and now he asks for them again; shall I give them back to him?" "This my wife should not need to ask," said Rabbi Meir. "Wouldst thou hesitate to return every one his own?" "Oh, no!" replied she, "but I would not return them without thy knowledge."

Soon after she led him to the upper room, approached, and took the cloth off the dead bodies. "O my sons!" exclaimed the father, sorrowfully, "My sons!" She turned away and wept. At length she took his hand, and said: "Rabbi, hast thou not taught me that we must not refuse to return that which hath been intrusted to our care? Behold, the Lord

gave, and the Lord hath taken away; praised be the name of the Lord."

"The name of the Lord be praised!" rejoined Rabbi Meir. "It is well said: 'He who hath a virtuous wife hath a greater treasure than costly pearls. She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and on her tongue is the law of kindness.'"

Hillel and Shamai.

A man should always be mild-tempered as Hillel, and not hasty as Shamai. A man once laid a wager of two hundred zuz [about thirty dollars] that he would excite Hillel to anger, agreeing to pay that sum if he failed to provoke him. It was on the day before the Sabbath, when the rabbi was bathing his head. The man went to Hillel's door and cried rudely: "Is Hillel here?" The rabbi cast a mantle over his shoulders, and, going to the door, said, "What dost thou wish, my son?" "I have a question to ask," said the man. "Ask it, my son," said the rabbi. "Why are the Babylonians round-headed?" asked the man. "This is an important question," answered the rabbi; "it is because the midwives in Babylon are not skillful." An hour later the man came again, calling: "Is Hillel here?" The rabbi came out again and said, "What dost thou wish, my son?" "I have a question to ask, said the man. "Ask it, my son," said Hillel. "Why have the Tarmudites narrow eyes?" "This is an important question," answered Hillel; "it is because they live in a sandy land, and must keep their eyes half-shut." An hour later the man called again in his insolent way, and said that he had a question to ask. Hillel, with his mild speech, encouraged him. The man asked, "Why do the Africans have large feet?" "This is an important question," answered Hillel; "it is because they live in a swampy land." "I have many more questions to ask," said the man, "but I fear that thou wilt be angry." Hillel then wrapped himself in his mantle and sat down, saying, "Ask me all the questions thou wishest." "Art thou that Hillel who is called a prince in Israel?" asked the man. "Yes, my son," answered Hillel. "If thou art the man, I wish that there be no more like thee."

"Why so, my son?" "Because thou makest me lose four hundred zuz." Then said Hillel, "Take care of thy temper. A Hillel is worthy that twice that sum should be lost for his sake. A Hillel must not get excited."

A Gentile came to Shamai and said, "How many laws have you?" "There are two laws," said the rabbi, "the written and the oral." "I believe as regards the written law, but I do not believe the oral law," said the Gentile; "I will become a Jew if thou teach me the written law." But Shamai rebuked him and drove him away.

The same Gentile came to Hillel and spoke in the same way, and Hillel accepted him as a pupil. He began teaching him the Hebrew alphabet. The next day he taught him the letters backward. "You did not teach me so yesterday," cried the man. "True, my son; now thou hast lost confidence in me as thy teacher." "No," said the man, "I am sure thou knowest the law." "Then thou canst trust that what I teach to-day is the same as I taught yesterday." And the man assented. Then said the rabbi, "So must thou have confidence in the oral law, though it seem different from the written law."

Another Gentile came to Shamai and said: "I will become a Jew if thou wilt teach me the whole law while I stand on one foot." But Shamai pushed him away with the rod he held in his hand. Thereupon the Gentile went to Hillel, who accepted him and told him: "Do not unto another what is unpleasant to thyself. This is the whole Law.* All the rest is a commentary on this Law. Go and learn it."

Another Gentile heard a Jewish teacher instructing his pupils about the vestments of the high priest. He liked that and said he would become a Jew that he might be made a high-priest. He went to Shamai and said: "Instruct me that I may be made a high-priest." But Shamai pushed him away with his rod. Then he went to Hillel with the same words and was accepted. Hillel said to the Gentile: "Do people honor a ruler who knows not the laws of their govern-

* With this summary of the Law, compare the Golden Rule given by Christ (Matthew vii. 12) and the precept of Confucius (see Volume I., p. 149).

ment? So thou must study our laws in order to become a ruler." The Gentile willingly began to study the Law. When he came to this passage: "A stranger who comes near to the vessels of the holy place shall die," he asked, "To whom does this refer?" Hillel answered: "To any one not a descendant of Aaron, even to David, King of Israel." Then, thought the proselyte, if this refers even to some of the people of Israel, who are called the children of the Lord, who said, "Israel is my first-born son," still more must it refer to the stranger who has just come to them with his staff and bag. He went to Shamai and said: "How can I be qualified to become a high-priest? Is it not written, 'A stranger that comes nigh shall die?'" Then he went to Hillel and said: "Great is thy mildness of temper, O Hillel. Blessings be upon thy head, for thou hast gathered me under the wings of the Almighty."

The three converts afterwards met and said: "The hastiness of Shamai would have sent us adrift, but the mildness of Hillel has brought us under the protection of the Lord."

THE JEW'S WAILING PLACE OUTSIDE OF JERUSALEM.

LATIN LITERATURE.

PERIOD V. 300–600 A.D.

ROME sank under the power of Barbarians because it had already ceased to be truly Roman. As the Empire was expanded, the city became a meeting-place of all races. The descendants of the old patricians became Hellenized; they welcomed the strange rites, the mysticism and divination of the East. The mass of the inhabitants had no interest in the early history and traditions of the city. The head of the state was the emperor, *imperator* or commander of the army, and that army was now recruited from all countries. Gauls, Spaniards, Dacians, Thracians, Africans, Syrians, were admitted to the ranks, and by their skill and prowess rose to command. The Emperor Trajan was a Spaniard, and after him other foreigners were invested with the imperial purple. The huge empire over which they ruled was an unwieldy mass of heterogeneous materials, and before Constantine, born in Mœsia and proclaimed by the army in Britain, came to the throne, the burden of responsibility had been shared among even four colleagues.

In the outlying provinces of the empire there was perhaps more reverence for the mighty mistress of nations than in Italy itself, more ambition to learn the art of government, and the laws and methods of the conqueror. Courts and schools were established in provincial cities, and the refinements of civilization were thence diffused.

In the Silver Age Spain had given a fresh impulse to the

languishing literature of Rome. Then succeeded a period in which the chief writers even at the capital used the Greek language. When Latin again emerged, the practical arts of rhetoric and oratory prevailed. Official writers compiled a tedious and insufficient history. Men of better talent wrote on law, medicine, grammar and practical subjects. Those who found most favor were smooth-tongued sophists and eulogistic declaimers. There were some poets, such as Nemesianus, who wrote on hunting and fishing, and Dionysius Cato, who wrote moral distichs, which were long afterwards attributed to the more famous Cato the Censor. Two prominent Christian writers of the third century belonged to North Africa—the able and fanciful Tertullian and the churchly Cyprian, both of whom engaged much in controversy.

The removal of the seat of empire to Constantinople gave renewed scope to Latin, and Christian writers came into greater prominence. Such were Arnobius of Numidia and Lactantius, who has often been called the Christian Cicero. Among the historians Ammianus Marcellinus is the most considerable after Tacitus, whose work he continued down to the time of Julian the Apostate. The poet Ausonius of Gaul, though he professed the Christian faith, wrote in his old age idyls retaining much of the Pagan mythology. Claudian was still more fond of the ancient usage, and has been called "the posthumous child of classic antiquity." No poet since the time of Virgil approached so near that master's style. Prudentius, on the other hand, was a pronounced Christian. He wrote long controversial poems, but is best known by his hymns for the stated hours of prayer, for various church occasions, and in honor of certain martyrs.

The last of the classic Roman writers was the upright liberal statesman Boëtius (470–525 A.D.). Long enjoying the esteem and confidence of Theodoric, King of the Goths, he thus was enabled to mitigate the barbarian oppression of the people of Italy. At last he fell a victim to the malice of his enemies. His genuine writings prove that he was a pious philosophical theist, but not a Christian, as certain spurious treatises attributed to him would indicate. His numerous text-books were used in the schools of the Middle Ages, but

his chief contribution to literature was "The Consolation of Philosophy," in mingled verse and prose.

The great Latin Fathers of the Church were Saints Ambrose of Milan, Jerome, and Augustine of Hippo. Ambrose was distinguished as the asserter of the rights of the Church against the Emperor, but he also wrote famous hymns. Jerome gave to the Church the Latin version of the Scriptures known as the Vulgate. The tender-hearted Augustine formulated the rigid system of doctrine with regard to man's fall and redemption which, with little variation, is known as Calvinism.

AUSONIUS.

In the middle of the fourth century Latin learning flourished in Southern Gaul. Decimus Magnus Ausonius was born at Burdigala (now Bordeaux), and at the age of thirty was made rhetorical professor in that city. He was afterwards appointed by Valentinian preceptor to his son Gratian, and attended that emperor in his German campaigns. Under Gratian he was raised to the consular dignity, and afterwards retired into Gaul. He has been pronounced a man of letters rather than a true poet. He wrote some happy epigrams and a fine description of the river Moselle.

The Lesson of Roses.

'Twas spring; the morn returned in saffron veil,
And breathed a nipping coolness in the gale.
A keener air had harbingered the dawn,
That drove her coursers o'er the eastern lawn.
The breezy cool allured my feet to stray,
And thus anticipate the fervid day.
Through the broad walks I trod the garden bowers,
And roamed, refreshed against the noontide hours.
I saw the hoary dew's congealing drops
Bend the tall grass and vegetable tops;
On the broad leaves played bright the trembling gems,
And airy waters bowed the laden stems.
There Pæstan roses blushed before my view,
Bedropped with early morning's freshening dew;

The sprinkled pearls on every rose-bush lay,
Anon to melt before the beams of day.
'Twere doubtful, if the blossoms of the rose
Had robbed the morning, or the morning those—
In dew, in tint, the same, the star and flower,
For both confess the queen of beauty's power.
Perchance their sweets the same: but this more nigh
Exhales its breath; and that embalms the sky:
Of flower and star the goddess is the same,
And both she tinged with hues of roseate flame.
I saw a moment's interval divide
The rose that blossomed from the rose that died.
This, with the cap of tufted moss, looked green;
That, tipped with reddening purple, peeped between:
One reared its obelisk with opening swell,
The bud unsheathed its crimson pinnacle;
Another, gathering every purfled fold,
Its foliage multiplied; its blooms unrolled;
The teeming chives shot forth; the petals spread,
The bow-pot's glory reared its smiling head:
While this, that ere the passing moment flew,
Flamed forth one blaze of scarlet on the view;
Now shook from withering stalk the waste perfume,
Its verdure stript, and pale its faded bloom.
I marveled at the spoiling flight of time,
That roses thus grew old in earliest prime.
E'en while I speak, the crimson leaves drop round,
And a red brightness veils the blushing ground.
These forms, these births, these changes, bloom, decay,
Appear and vanish, in the self-same day.
The flower's brief grace, O Nature! moves my sighs,
Thy gifts, just shown, are ravished from our eyes.
One day, the rose's age; and while it blows
In dawn of youth, it withers to its close.
The rose the glittering sun beheld, at morn,
Spread to the light its blossoms newly born,
When in his round he looks from evening skies,
Already droops in age, and fades and dies.
Yet blest, that, soon to fade, the numerous flower
Succeeds herself, and still prolongs her hour.
Oh virgins! roses cull, while yet ye may:
So bloom your hours, and so shall haste away.

CLAUDIAN.

CLAUDIUS CLAUDIANUS is thought to have been born about 365 A.D., at Alexandria, in Egypt. Going to Rome in the reign of Theodosius the Great, his talents and accomplishments procured for him official position. He was a military tribune and state secretary under Arcadius and Honorius. Though deficient in judgment and taste, Claudian has a gay fancy, and shows occasionally a command of agreeable imagery. He appears to best advantage in his imaginative works. His power of description is seen in "The Rape of Proserpine," the most generally interesting of his works; almost its only defect is the lack of human action. Addison says the faults and also the greatest beauties of Claudian are all attributable to the same source, his love of antithesis.

THE OLD MAN OF VERONA.

HAPPY the man who his whole time doth bound,
Within th' enclosure of his little ground:
Happy the man whom the same humble place
(Th' hereditary cottage of his race)
From his first rising infancy has known,
And by degrees sees gently bending down,
With natural propension to that earth
Which both preserved his life and gave him birth.
Him no false distant lights, by Fortune set,
Could ever into foolish wand'rings get;
He never dangers either saw or feared;
The dreadful storms at sea he never heard:
He never heard the shrill alarms of war,
Or the worse noises of the lawyer's bar:
No change of Consuls marks to him the year;
The change of seasons is his calendar:
The cold and heat winter and summer shows,
Autumn by fruits, and spring by flowers, he knows:
He measures time by landmarks, and has found
For the whole day the dial of his ground:
A neighboring wood, born with himself, he sees,
And loves his old contemporary trees;

He's only heard of near Verona's name,
And knows it, like the Indies, but by fame;
Does with a like concernment notice take
Of the Red Sea and of Benacus' lake.
Thus health and strength he to a third age enjoys,
And sees a long posterity of boys.
About the spacious world let others roam,
The voyage, life, is longest made at home.

Proserpine Captured by Pluto.

Ancient classical poetry closes brilliantly with Claudian's picturesque, though unfinished, narrative of "The Rape of Proserpine." This well-known myth is evidently a highly imaginative rendering of the changes of the natural year, but the fancy of the poets introduced various alterations after it had fully assumed a personal form. The maiden (Kore or Persephone in Greek and Proserpina in Latin) was a daughter of Zeus and Demeter (Mother Earth) or Ceres. She rejoices in the blooming of the flowers and clearly represents Spring. She is seized and swept from the earth by the relentless Aidoneus (Pluto), king of the nether world. Her sorrowing mother, having heard the echo of her cry as she disappeared, goes wandering over the lands in vain quest of her lost child. She learns something from Iris (the rainbow) and from Hecate (the moon), and is finally informed by Helios (the sun) that Zeus, having promised her daughter to his brother Aidoneus, had permitted him to carry her off, and that she was reigning as queen of the realms of darkness. Then Demeter, resenting the conduct of Zeus, forsakes Olympus and takes up her abode among men. In her anger she prevents the earth from bearing fruits. Hermes (Mercury) is therefore sent down to the nether world to obtain the restoration of Persephone. Aidoneus consents and the daughter rejoins her mother, who goes back to Olympus. It is found, however, that Persephone, while among the dead, had eaten a few seeds of a pomegranate, and therefore she is permitted to remain above only some months in each year, and must return to the shades for the rest of the time.

The story of Demeter is the subject of one of the so-called Homeric hymns. It was also retold by Ovid in his "Metamorphoses," and was referred to by other poets. No former writer related it at such length as Claudian, who enjoyed the benefit of the labors of his predecessors.

Now Proserpine, by thoughtless freedom led,
Forgetting what her tender mother said,
O'erran moist groves, in which the Queen of Smiles
(So willed the Parcæ [Fates]) set her treacherous wiles.

The door, when on the hinges turning round,
Three times aloud emitted boding sound;
And Ætna, conscious of the ills in store,
Thrice dolefully sent forth a hollow roar.
Yet presages nor signs her steps could stay;
From heaven the sisters joined her on the way.
First Venus, full of joy, dissembling art,
Moved on with promised triumphs in her heart;—
Drear realms o'ercome;—stern Pluto in her chains;—
And Shades subjected to her flowery reins.
Th' Idalian nymphs with joy prepared her hair;—
In numerous curls the tresses placed with care.
A clasp most rich, by Vulcan's art designed
And labor great, her purple robes confined.
Then came th' Arcadian goddess' charming face,
Who ranges Mount Lycæus' lofty space;—
And she who over Athens' domes presides:
In virgin celibacy each confides;
This, 'mid the battle, furious with her shield;
That, dreaded by the beasts which haunt the field.
On Pallas' helmet sparkling to the light,
Engraved in gold huge Typhon met the sight:
His bust deprived of life; while limbs below,
Still perfect animation seemed to show.
His spear above the clouds appeared to rise,
With fear beheld, a lofty tree in size:
A shining robe was o'er the serpents spread,
Which, hissing, twined around the Gorgon's head.
Engaging mildness showed Diana's mien:
In every feature was her brother seen;—
Apollo's cheek and eye her face displayed:
The goddess' sex alone distinction made.
Her naked arms and hands like lilies fair;
Each floating ringlet wantoned in the air;
Her bow aside was laid, the cord unstrung;
Behind, the arrows o'er her shoulders hung;
By double bands secured, a Cretan gown,
As far as bends the knee, extended down:
The wand'ring Delos, traced 'mid golden seas,
By threads inwoven, moving with the breeze.
Between these deities walked Ceres' child,
With equal step where grassy verdure smiled;

Nor beauty less divine the charmer showed;—
Her form as perfect:—cheek with roses glowed;
She might be Pallas thought, if armed with shield:
Or bearing arrows, Phœbe in the field.
The flowing robe around her frame disposed,
Together drawn a polished jasper closed.
More ingenuity was never shown,
Than in the fabric from her skill alone;
No loom the threads with such correctness placed:
Th' illusions woven truths expressive traced. . . .
Arrived, the goddesses their joy disclosed,
To them thus Venus culling flowers proposed:
"Now come, my sisters, ere Aurora's ray
The early dew from plants has swept away,
And while my Morning Star to yellow fields,
The day's precursor, grateful moisture yields."
When this was said the treasures round she sought,
Which sad remembrance to her bosom brought.
The rest through different groves and quarters strayed,
Like swarms of bees that Hybla's thyme invade;
When, by their sov'reign led, the wax to make,
They quit the beechen hive, rich perfumes take,
Extend their course where honeyed store abounds,
And enter choicest plants with buzzing sounds.
The lawns were stripped of ornamental hue;
The lily one conjoined with vi'lets blue;
Sweet-marjoram another gave delight;
This twined the rose; and that the privet white.
More eager than the rest appeared the Fair,
Sole hope of her, whose cares the harvests share.
Now, beauteous blossoms that the verdure graced,
In smiling baskets formed of twigs, she placed;
And for herself inwove a flow'ry twine,
Unconscious,—of her nuptials fatal sign! . . .
While these, in gayety, were ranging round,
Lo! earth began to roar with hollow sound;
To strike each other, tow'rs their place forsook;
And from foundations deep the cities shook.
The hidden cause of this tremendous scene
To one alone was known—the Paphian queen;
Through every sense a mixed emotion pressed:
Affright with joy internal filled her breast.

When Pluto's might had burst Sicilian chains,
And made a gate immense through rugged veins,
With sudden dread th' Ethereal Regions shook;—
Revolving stars their usual course forsook;
The horses used to feed in darkness drear,
Beheld the orb of day with shudd'ring fear;
Alarmed they stopped: the froth-clad bridle pressed,
Amazed at radiancy the air possessed;
Against the chariot-pole they fiercely drove,
And to return to realms infernal strove.
But soon receiving o'er their backs the lash,
The steeds began to bear the gleamy flash,
They forward rushed with more impetuous force,
Than wintry floods, or javelin's rapid course,
The Parthian's dart, the blast of Southern breeze,
Or sudden thoughts that on the senses seize.
With bloody stains the bits were covered o'er;
The air a pestilential vapor bore;
Th' offensive foam with which the ground was strewed,
In horrid poison all the dust imbrued.
The Nymphs, intimidated, fled the lawn;
In chariot Proserpine away was drawn;
Her cries made Pallas bare the Gorgon's head;
Diana, bending bow, to aid her sped;
Nor would they to their uncle Pluto bend,
Alike induced assistance prompt to lend;
Both virgins,—equally they anger showed:
T' avenge the spoiler's crime their bosoms glowed.
"O King of feeble Shades," Minerva cried,
"Most cruel brother of the three allied,
With impious flame, what Fiend has filled thy breast?
Why quit'st thou palaces by thee possessed,
And thus, with Stygian steeds, pollut'st the air?
The hideous Diræ [Furies] are thy proper care,—
The horrid deities of Lethé's strand,—
Fierce Furies worthy to obtain thy hand.
Leave, leave the empire of thy brother Jove,
No longer seek in others' realms to rove:
Go, be content where dreary regions lie;
Why dost the dead to mix with living try?
And let those coursers that thy chariot draw,
Our limits tread, not subject to thy law?"

This said she struck the horses with her shield,
Which eagerness disclosed to leave the field;
To stop their course, her buckler threat'ning, spread,
The serpents hissed: her plumes played round their head;
Upraised her lance to give the blow prepared,
Bright lustre o'er the sable chariot glared.
Her hand the weapon ready was to fling,
When Jove sent thunder on pacific wing,
From vaulted skies which through the welkin pressed,
And Pluto, for his son-in-law, confessed.
'Mid opening clouds the lightning's flash avowed,
The nuptial ties by Hymen were allowed.

BOËTIUS.

To Boëtius (often but less correctly called Boethius) Europe is indebted for a new presentation of Greek philosophy. He was the pioneer of the scholasticism of the Middle Ages. He was born about 480 A.D. His father had held offices of trust under Odovocar (Odoacer), but died while his son was yet a boy. Anicius Manlius Torquatus Boëtius (to give him his full name) was well cared for and educated by his noble relations. When he was about twenty years of age, Theodoric, the king of the Ostrogoths, paid a visit to Rome, and was received by priests and people with shouts of welcome. The versatility and great learning of the young scholar made a favorable impression on the barbarian king. At the early age of thirty he entered the senate with the title of patrician, and some years later was elected sole consul. The leisure of his consular life was devoted to literature. In 522 he had the satisfaction of seeing his two sons raised to the consulate. But his greatness was short-lived. Theodoric had promised to the Romans the enjoyment of their ancient rights, but had not performed that promise.

Then Boëtius began to inquire and study by what means the kingdom might be taken from the king. When this was discovered, Boëtius was sent to Pavia, where he was kept in prison until he was, by the king's orders, beheaded in 526. He was a scholar, better fitted for quiet study and meditation than the intrigues of a court.

His chief literary aim seemed to be to bring the whole of Greek science into the power of Roman readers. He translated freely from Pythagoras, Ptolemy, Euclid, Archimedes and Aristotle; but the great work on which his fame rests is the "Consolation of Philosophy," which he wrote in prison. It is divided into five books, and each book consists of alternate chapters of prose and verse. The argument takes the form of a dialogue, in which Boëtius states his complaints, and Philosophy discusses his difficulties and replies to his objections. The lesson is manifestly the duty of fortitude and firmness in adversity, and the transient nature of human happiness. The conclusion is, that all fortune is good because it comes of God's good will.

Dame Philosophy Enters.

Whilst in silence I recounted these things, and with the aid of my pen did describe my griefs and complaints, a woman of a most reverend countenance seemed to stand over my head, with sparkling eyes, which were of an extraordinary force and quickness; her color was lively, and her strength seemed to be unexhausted, although she was so old, that she could by no means be thought one of our time. It was difficult to judge of her stature; for sometimes she appeared to be of the common height of men, then she would seem to touch the clouds with her head; again, when she raised it higher, she pierced the very heavens, and was not to be followed by the eyes of those who looked after her. Her garments were most artistically made, of the finest threads and most durable material; which (as she herself afterwards told me) she had woven with her own hands: they also were overshadowed with such a mist and duskiness as usually covers old images, arising from antiquity and the neglect of time.

On the extreme part of these vestments below, the Greek letter *Π* [indicating Practice] was to be read; and upon the highest border the *Θ* [meaning Theory] was interwoven; and betwixt them certain steps were wrought in the form of a ladder, by which there was an ascent from the lowest to the highest letter. But this garment was defaced and torn by the hands of several violent persons, who had taken away what parts of it they could. In her right hand she carried books, and in her left she swayed a sceptre.

So soon as she saw the patronesses of poetry standing by my bed, and dictating to me words, in which I clothed my griefs; with a troubled countenance and inflamed eyes, she immediately broke out into these expressions: "What unwise person hath suffered these theatrical harlots to have access to this sick man; who are so far from abating his distemper with specific and natural remedies, that they only nourish and increase it by those sweet poisons which they infuse? These are they who, with the fruitless thorns of the passions, choke and destroy the hopeful crops of productive reason, and who only accustom the minds of men to bear and endure a disease, but never free them from it. If (continued she, directing herself to the Muses) your caresses had debauched and drawn aside, according to your custom, any profane or ignorant person, you should not have been blamed by me; nor could my labors, by such an attempt, have been eluded: but you have made an unhappy proselyte of him whom I have fed with my breasts, and brought up in Eleatic and Academic studies. Begone, therefore, ye Sirens, whose pleasures kill, whose embraces destroy, and leave this unhappy apostate to the care and skill of me and my muses."

This charming company, being thus rebuked, with dejected and blushing countenances left the room. But I, whose eyes were yet darkened with tears, not knowing who this imperious woman should be, was much astonished; and fixing my eyes upon the earth, I began silently to await what she would further do. She then approaching to me, sat down on the lower part of my bed, and seeing my face overspread with grief, and my eyes cast down, complained of the unsettled state of my mind.

Philosophy as a Physician.

Whilst my continued griefs forced me to breathe out these complaints, Philosophy, with a pleasant look, and not at all moved with my expression of them, addressed me thus: When I first saw thee, sad and weeping, I knew thee to be miserable and in banishment; yet at what distance from thy home I did not know, till I gathered it by thine own discourse: but indeed thou art not driven out of thy country, but hast wandered thus far from it; yet if thou hadst rather be thought to have been violently removed, thou hast done thyself this injury, for it was never in the power of any other person to have done it. For if thou dost call to mind of what country thou art, it is a country not governed by the fury and outbreaks of a giddy and passionate multitude, as that of the Athenians was heretofore; but where there is only one Lord, one King, the Almighty Governor of the universe, who wishes the increase and prosperity, and provides for the welfare of all his subjects and citizens, and loves not to lessen their number, by sending them into banishment: to obey whose laws, and to be governed by them, is the noblest liberty and greatest happiness. Knowest thou not that most ancient law of thy commonwealth, which does decree, that it shall not be lawful to banish any man from it, who had rather fix his abode there than in any other place? For whoever hath once attained to the happiness of being settled within the bounds of that territory, can never be presumed to deserve the punishment of exile; but whoever once leaves off to desire to be an inhabitant there, at the same time leaves off to deserve to be so. Therefore the appearance of this place, however dismal, does not move me so much as thine own looks. I do not here so much look for thy library, the walls of which were so well inlaid with ivory, and adorned with glasses, as that noble cabinet and curious repository of thy mind and thoughts. But I did deposit there that which makes even thy books valuable, these choice and observable sentences, which are the quintessence of my voluminous writings. Thou hast indeed spoken much truth upon the subject of thy great

merits from the public: but considering what, and how many they have been, all that thou hast said of them is but little. The particulars which thou hast recounted of thy integrity, and the falseness of thine accusation, are well known to all men: and thou hast done well in being short in the account of the frauds and villanies of thine accusers, because it will be found out better from the mouth of the people, who know all this. Thou hast also severely inveighed against the unjust decree of the senate. Thou hast been much concerned for the injury done to me, and thou hast bewailed the loss of the good esteem which men had of thee. Thy last complaint was against fortune, and that rewards and punishments were not equally distributed, according to the merits of men: and in the end, thy distempered muse wishes that the same peace which makes the felicity of the calm regions above, might also govern and reside upon earth. But because thy affections are yet tumultuous and disordered, and because the mutinous passions of grief, anger and sadness do variously and successively draw and distract thee: thy mind, I say, being in such a state, strong and vigorous medicines are not proper for thee; therefore, for the present, we will use more mild ones: so that those humors, which by frequent disturbances flowed in upon thee, being now gathered to a head, and come to a consistence, may, by gentle applications, be mollified, and be fitter to bear the more powerful workings of stronger remedies, which in time may dissipate them.

Philosophy. First then wilt thou suffer me to try the estate, and feel the pulse of thy mind, by a few questions; that so I may better understand thy malady, and prescribe the methods of thy cure?

Boëtius. Ask me what thou pleasest, and I will answer thee.

Phil. Thinkest thou that this world is managed by blind chance and fortune? or dost thou believe that reason hath any share in the government of it?

Boët. I do by no means believe or imagine that things, so certain in their methods, and so regular in their motions, should be moved and informed by so unsteady a cause: but I know that God, the master-workman, doth preside over his

work; nor shall any time or accident ever move me from the truth of this opinion.

Phil. So 'tis indeed; and of this, a little before, thy muse did sing, when thou didst also deplore the misfortune of man, whom alone thou didst believe not to be under the care of Providence; though, that every other thing was governed by reason, thou didst not doubt. But it is marvelous to me, that thou, who hast so just notions of all things, shouldst be in so ill a state of health; I will therefore search further, for I believe thou yet laborest under some notable defect: but tell me, because thou dost not at all doubt that the world is governed by God, by what kind of government are its affairs managed?

Boët. I cannot well comprehend thy question, therefore I cannot readily answer it.

Phil. I was not then deceived when I thought there was something wanting, some vacuity or breach by which this whole train of perturbations found a way into thy mind. But tell me, dost thou remember what is the chief end of all things, and whither the whole mass and body of nature doth tend?

Boët. I have heard what it is, but my griefs have dulled my memory, and erased almost everything out of it.

Phil. But how then dost thou know from whence all things have their being?

Boët. That I remember well, and told thee it was from God.

Phil. And how then doth it come to pass, that thou, knowing the cause and beginning of all things, shouldst be ignorant of their end? It hath ever been of the nature of these perturbations, to have a power to unsettle men's minds, and to interrupt the regular course of thinking; but they never yet could wholly alienate them from the genuine sentiments of true reason: but I pray thee answer me this, Dost thou remember that thou art a man?

Boët. I am not so much distempered but I remember that.

Phil. Canst thou then tell me what man is?

Boët. If thou askest me, if I know myself to be a rational and a mortal creature, I answer, I do know and confess myself to be so.

Phil. And dost thou not know that thou art somewhat more than that?

Boët. No.

Phil. Now I know another, and the greatest cause of thy distemper; which is, that thou hast lost the knowledge of thyself: so that I have plainly found the source of thy distemper, or rather the way of restoring thee to thy health: for because thou art confounded with the oblivion of thyself, thou complainest of thy banishment, and of the loss of thy estate. And because thou dost not know what is the end of things, thou dost believe wicked and lawless men to be powerful and happy. And because thou hast forgotten by what methods the world is governed, thou dost imagine that the many vicissitudes and changes of worldly affairs come to pass of themselves, and are not directed by any governor; and dost believe there are no causes of so important effects. These may certainly not only be great occasions of a disease, but even of death itself. But thanks be to the author of health, who hath not suffered thee to be wholly deserted by reason, the true opinion which thou hast of the government of the world, which thou believest not subject to human, but to divine wisdom, makes me not doubt of thy recovery: for by this small spark, there is to me a great assurance of vital heat: but because the time is not yet come for stronger remedies, and because it is natural to us to embrace false opinions; so soon as we have laid aside the true, from whence a mist of disturbances ariseth, which hinders us from a true perception of objects, I will endeavor, by lenitives and fomentations, to dissipate it; so that that darkness being removed, thou mayest easily perceive the brightness and glories of their true light.

PRUDENTIUS.

During the Middle Ages the works of Prudentius were second only to the Bible in popularity. But the time came when, even among the educated, he was little more than a name. The great English critic, Bentley, went so far as to call Prudentius "the Horace and Virgil of the Christians;" but he may more reasonably be called the Latin Dr. Watts. He was the first Christian poet, or rather the first Christian who

applied his poetry to religion. His contemporary, Ausonius, no mean poet, was undoubtedly a Christian by profession, but he did not, by his verses, recommend the doctrines of Christianity as Prudentius did. Taken as a whole, Prudentius exhibits that kind of failure, which seems to be the lot of all poets who attempt a religious theme. His language is easy, perspicuous, and often exquisitely charming by mere melody, but there is a fatal copiousness which overhangs whatever is graceful or spirited, and smothers it in prolixity and monotony. There is nothing in Prudentius which comes up to the great Latin mediæval hymns.

The life of Prudentius lies between 348 A.D. and 410. He was eight years younger than St. Ambrose and six years older than St. Augustine. He was an eye-witness of the final struggle between Paganism and Christianity. He testifies that when Theodosius put the question before a full senate, as to whether the worship of Jupiter or of Jesus Christ was to be the religion of Rome, Christianity was triumphant. He was a native of Spain, and early in life held a high position as an advocate and rhetorician, and subsequently received an important military appointment under Theodosius. At the age of fifty-seven he was filled with regret and shame over the follies of his youth and the worldliness of his later life, and henceforth resolved to devote himself to sacred poetry.

The two works on which his fame chiefly rests are the "Cathemerinon," the Christian's Day, and the "Peristephanon," the Martyrs' Garland. The latter is a sort of poetical martyrology in which some of the most noted legends of the saints are told in melodious verse. The martyrdom of St. Eulalia is remarkable for its beautiful simplicity and intense pathos. The "Cathemerinon" gives hymns for the daily hours of prayer. The hexameters of Prudentius are theological rather than poetical.

The Hymn of Dawn.

The bird, the messenger of day,
Cries the approaching light;
And thus doth Christ, who calleth us,
Our minds to life excite.

"Bear off," He cries, "these beds of ease
Where lie the sick and dumb;
And let the chaste and pure and true
Watch, for I quickly come."

We haste to Jesus at His word,
Earnest to pray and weep,
Such fervent supplication still
Forbids pure hearts to sleep.

Disturb our dream, thou holy Christ,
Break off the night's dark chain;
Forgive us all our sin of old,
And grant us light again.

LATIN FATHERS OF THE CHURCH.

In the fourth century, when Christianity became the religion of the empire, Church literature flourished, paying more regard to truth and right doctrine than to beauty of expression. The creed of the Church was definitely settled at the Council of Nice 325 A.D. Eminent as a leader among the Post-Nicene Fathers was Ambrose, Bishop of Milan, whose works became a mainstay of faith and discipline in the Catholic Church. After him lived Jerome, the great advocate of ascetic and monastic life, a voluminous writer, but especially famous as the reviser of the Latin version of the Bible called the Vulgate. But by far the most illustrious of the Latin Fathers was St. Augustine of Hippo. He surpasses all the others not only in liberality of views, candor and earnestness of character, but in his simple, clear and forcible style. Well endowed with imagination and reasoning faculty, he was eminently successful in adapting his genius to his work.

AUGUSTINE OF HIPPO.

St. Augustine has succeeded in commanding respect and admiration from parties hostile to each other. Both Protestants and Roman Catholics have regarded him as the most illustrious, learned and spiritually-minded representative of the early Church.

Aurelius Augustinus was born in 354 A.D. at Tagaste, in North Africa. His father, Patricius, was a pagan who embraced Christianity late in life; his mother, Monica, was a Christian noted for her piety and noble devotion to her son. At the age of sixteen the son removed to Carthage for the study of rhetoric and the sciences. After a brilliant educational course, marred by a vicious life, he returned to Tagaste. He displayed great ability as a teacher of rhetoric before he was twenty-three years of age. He admired greatly the eloquence of the pagan writers, and studied the doctrines of Manichæism. This dualistic, universal system seemed to have peculiar attractions for him. By his able advocacy, the Manichæan sect was strengthened, and multiplied in numbers for nine years. After a sojourn of three years in Carthage and a short stay in Rome, in both of which cities he taught rhetoric with much acceptance, he was appointed professor of rhetoric at Milan through the influence of some of his Manichæan friends. Here he came under the influence of the able Bishop Ambrose, and this was the turning point in his life. His mother's tears and prayers now at last prevailed. The decisive step, which he had long resisted, was now taken; he entered on a Christian life with hope not unmixed with fear. With his mother, who had followed him to Italy, he retired to a country house near Milan to decide his future course. In 387 he was baptized by Ambrose, and his illegitimate son Adeodatus and his bosom friend Alypius were baptized with him.

Having resolved to return to Africa, he had reached the seaport of Rome on the homeward journey when his mother died. On arriving at his native place he spent three years in retirement and wrote his book on "True Religion." In 395 he was made Bishop of Hippo. His ecclesiastical life was mostly spent in combating the various heresies of the time, the chief of which were those of the Manichæans, the Pelagians and the Donatists. Augustine's greatest work from a historical and philosophical point of view is "De Civitate Dei," "The City of God," in which he combats the charge that the acceptance of Christianity had brought about the downfall of the empire. He maintains that a new and higher

order of human society had been introduced by the Church. His work is probably the first attempt at a philosophy of history. But by far the most popular of Augustine's writings is the book of "Confessions," an autobiographical revelation which has been often compared with the "Confessions" of Rousseau, yet is far different. Pressensé has well observed that the one is characterized by reserve and delicacy, the other by arrogant defiance of God and man. Augustine's narrative is a candid record of the path by which a sinful soul was led from the seductions of paganism to the gospel of Christ. Another work which shows a love of truth is the "Retractions," written after years of experience and bravely acknowledging former errors. The vices and errors of Augustine's life, which he grieves over in his "Confessions," were the natural outgrowth of the pagan influences of his time. The good father had the mortification of seeing his country overrun with Vandals, but was removed by death, A.D. 430, before the fortress of Hippo fell into their hands.

Stage-Plays.

In confessing the sins of his youth at Carthage St. Augustine mentions his fondness for the theatre.

Stage-plays also carried me away, full of images of my miseries, and of fuel to my fire. Why is it that man desires to be made sad, beholding doleful and tragical things, which yet himself would by no means suffer? yet he desires as a spectator to feel sorrow at them, and this very sorrow is his pleasure. What is this but a miserable madness? for a man is the more affected with these actions, the less free he is from such affections. However, when he suffers in his own person, people call it misery: when he feels for the suffering of others, then it is mercy. But what sort of compassion is this for feigned and scenical passions? for the auditor is not called on to relieve, but only to grieve: and he applauds the actor of these fictions the more, the more he grieves. And if the calamities of those persons (whether of old times, or mere fiction) be so acted, that the spectator is not moved to tears, he goes away disgusted and criticising; but if he be moved to passion, he stays intent and weeps for joy.

Are griefs then too loved? Verily, all desire joy. Or, since no man likes to be miserable, is he yet pleased to be merciful? which because it cannot be without passion, for this reason alone are passions loved? This also springs from that vein of friendship. But whither goes that vein? whither flows it? wherefore runs it into that torrent of pitch bubbling forth those monstrous tides of foul lustfulness, into which it is wilfully changed and transformed, being of its own will precipitated and corrupted from its heavenly clearness? Shall compassion then be put away? By no means. Let griefs then be sometimes loved. But beware of uncleanness, O my soul, under the guardianship of my God, the God of our fathers, who is to be praised and exalted above all forever, beware of uncleanness. For I have not now ceased to pity; but then in the theatres I rejoiced with lovers, when they wickedly enjoyed one another, although this was imaginary only in the play. And when they lost one another, as if very compassionate, I sorrowed with them, yet had my delight in both. But now I much more pity him that rejoiceth in his wickedness, than him who is thought to suffer hardship, by missing some pernicious pleasure, and the loss of some miserable felicity. This certainly is the truer mercy, but in it, grief delights not. For though he that grieves for the miserable, be commended for his office of charity; yet he, who is genuinely compassionate, would rather there were nothing for him to grieve for. For if good will be ill willed (which can never be), then may he, who truly and sincerely commiserates, wish there might be some miserable, that he might commiserate. Some sorrow may then be allowed, none loved. For thus dost Thou, O Lord God, who lovest souls far more purely than we, and hast more incorruptibly pity on them, yet art wounded with no sorrowfulness. And who is sufficient for these things?

But I, miserable, then loved to grieve, and sought out what to grieve at, when in another's misery, and that feigned and personated, that acting best pleased me, and attracted me the most vehemently, which drew tears from me. What marvel that an unhappy sheep, straying from Thy flock, and impatient of Thy keeping, I became infected with a foul disease? And hence the love of griefs; not such as should sink deep

into me; for I loved not to suffer what I loved to look on; but such as, upon hearing their fictions, should lightly scratch the surface; upon which as from envenomed nails, followed inflamed swelling, impostumes, and a putrified sore. My life being such, was it life, O my God?

His Conversion.

This controversy in my heart was self against self only. But Alypius sitting close by my side, in silence waited the issue of my unwonted emotion. But when a deep consideration had from the secret bottom of my soul drawn together and heaped up all my misery in the sight of my heart; there arose a mighty storm, bringing a mighty shower of tears. That I might pour forth this wholly, in its natural expressions, I rose from Alypius: solitude was suggested to me as fitter for the business of weeping; so I retired so far that even his presence could not be a burthen to me. Thus was it then with me, and he perceived something of it; for something I suppose I had spoken, wherein the tones of my voice appeared choked with weeping, and so had risen up. He then remained where we were sitting, most extremely astonished. I cast myself down I know not how, under a certain fig-tree, giving full vent to my tears, and the floods of mine eyes gushed out, an acceptable sacrifice to Thee. And, not indeed in these words, yet to this purpose, spake I much unto Thee: And Thou, O Lord, how long? how long, Lord, wilt Thou be angry, forever? Remember not our former iniquities, for I felt that I was held by them. I sent up these sorrowful words: How long? how long, to-morrow, and to-morrow? Why not now? why is there not this hour an end to my uncleanness?

So was I speaking, and weeping in the most bitter contrition of my heart, when, lo! I heard from a neighboring house a voice, as of boy or girl, I know not, chanting, and oft repeating, "Take up and read; Take up and read." Instantly, my countenance altered, I began to think most intently, whether children were wont in any kind of play to sing such words: nor could I remember ever to have heard the like. So checking the torrent of my tears, I arose; interpreting it to be no other than a command from God, to open the book, and

read the first chapter I should find. For I had heard of Antony, that coming in during the reading of the Gospel, he received the admonition, as if what was being read, was spoken to him; Go, sell all that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven, and come and follow me. And by such oracle he was forthwith converted unto Thee. Eagerly then I returned to the place where Alypius was sitting; for there had I laid the volume of the Apostle, when I arose thence. I seized, opened, and in silence read that section, on which my eyes first fell: Not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying: but put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh, in concupiscence. No further would I read; nor needed I: for instantly at the end of this sentence, by a light as it were of serenity infused into my heart, all the darkness of doubt vanished away.

Then putting my finger between, or some other mark, I shut the volume, and with a calm countenance made it known to Alypius. And what was wrought in him, which I knew not, he thus showed me. He asked to see what I had read: I showed him; and he looked even further than I had read, and I knew not what followed. This followed, Him that is weak in the faith, receive; which he applied to himself, and disclosed to me. And by this admonition was he strengthened; and by a good resolution and purpose, and most corresponding to his character, wherein he did always very far differ from me, for the better, without any turbulent delay he joined me. Thence we go in to my mother; we tell her; she rejoiceth: we relate in order how it took place; she leaps for joy, and triumpheth, and blesseth Thee, Who art able to do above that which we ask or think; for she perceived that Thou hadst given her more for me, than she was wont to beg by her pitiful and most sorrowful groanings. For Thou convertedst me unto Thyself, so that I sought neither wife, nor any hope of this world, standing in that rule of faith, where Thou hadst showed me unto her in a vision, so many years before. And Thou didst convert her mourning into joy, much more plentiful than she had desired, and in a much more precious and purer way than she had sought.

ARABIAN LITERATURE.

PERIOD IV. 900–1450 A.D.

THE ARABIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENT.

THE Persian and Indian Aryans and the Semitic Arabs were alike eloquent, imaginative and intellectual; and when the religion of Islam became the common faith of all three nations, the literary treasures of one country fell, gradually, into the possession of the others. Persia and India interchanged enormously. The Arabs received and assimilated what pleased and attracted them; notably stories.

In this way the Arabian Nights' Entertainment, also called The Thousand and One Nights (or more exactly, "A Thousand Nights and a Night"), has come to be considered the chief product of Arabian literature, when it is really Persian in its origin, and such an Arabic translation from the Persian was mentioned by the historian Masudi as early as the year 943. It belongs to the period of the Sultans of Bagdad, yet it has undergone many alterations, and in its present form it shows traces of transfer to Egyptian soil. The date of the accepted version is not earlier than 1450 A.D.

The story is that a Persian king married a new bride every day, putting yesterday's bride to death. Meanwhile, the kingdom was full of anguish, for no mother knew when her daughter would be chosen, and no maiden was safe from the

fatal summons to wed and to die. Scheherazade, the daughter of the vizier, implored her parents to allow her to put a stop to this dreadful barbarity by a stratagem. She was to offer to marry the king, and, as she was very beautiful, there was no doubt about his complying—and then she would save herself and her companions. She would not tell how. They must trust to her wisdom and discretion. After many futile expostulations the parents tremblingly consented and bade the daughter, as they supposed, an everlasting farewell.

We all know the rest—the marvelous and interminable stories that could not be completed in one night; the kingly curiosity that must not be thwarted; the loving wife, who, in a thousand and one nights, so gained her husband's admiration and affection that he could not part with her; the joy of Scheherazade's parents; the relief of a kingdom.

To some unknown romancer then, who invented this legend of a kind and wise maiden, we owe the enchantments of our childhood—The Tale of the Forty Thieves, Aladdin's Lamp, Sinbad the Sailor, The Tent of Peri Banou, and all the rest. The Arabian Nights' Entertainment is valuable to older minds as showing the thoughts, habits, customs, something of the history, and all the minutiæ of daily life among the Persians and Arabs of several centuries. But religious and refined Mohammedans, having exalted views of the duty and mission of authors, refuse to accept this entertaining work as true literature. It has been left to the uneducated and the professional story-teller who seeks his audience among the vulgar. Thus passed from mouth to mouth, and from hand to hand, the text has varied much.

The book comes to us from a French translation from the Arabic, made by Antoine Galland in 1704–8. The MS. used by him was dated 1548, and there seems to be no older source. Sir Richard Burton's text is vigorous and accurate, and its learned notes increase its value, but its grossness in parts offends the taste of Western readers. Lady Burton issued an expurgated edition, prepared by J. H. McCarthy for household reading.

The Enchanted Horse.

The Nooroze, the first day of the year and of spring, is observed as a solemn festival throughout all Persia. On one of these festival days, just as the Sultan of Shiraz was concluding his public audience, which had been conducted with unusual splendor, a Hindu appeared at the foot of the throne, with an artificial horse richly caparisoned, and so spiritedly modeled, that at first sight it was taken for a living animal. Prostrating himself before the throne, he pointed to the horse and said to the sultan, "This horse is a great wonder. Whenever I mount him, be it where it may, if I wish to transport myself through the air to the most distant part of the world, I can do it in a very short time. This is a wonder which nobody ever heard speak of, and which I offer to show your majesty if you command me."

The Emperor of Persia, who was fond of everything that was curious, and who, notwithstanding the many prodigies of art he had seen, had never beheld or heard of anything that came up to this, told the Hindu that he was ready to see him perform what he had promised. The Hindu instantly put his foot into the stirrup, mounted his horse with admirable agility, and, when he had fixed himself in the saddle, asked the emperor whither he pleased to command him.

"Do you see that mountain?" said the emperor, pointing to it; "ride your horse there, and bring me a branch of a palm tree that grows at the bottom of the hill."

The Emperor of Persia had no sooner declared his will than the Hindu turned a peg, which was in the hollow of the horse's neck, just by the pommel of the saddle; and in an instant the horse rose off the ground and carried his rider into the air with the rapidity of lightning to a great height, to the admiration of the emperor and all the spectators. Within less than a quarter of an hour they saw him returning with the palm-branch in his hand; but before he descended, he took two or three turns in the air over the spot, amid the acclamations of all the people; then alighted on the spot whence he had set off. He dismounted, and going up to the

throne, prostrated himself, and laid the branch of the palm tree at the feet of the emperor.

The emperor, who had viewed with no less admiration than astonishment this unheard-of sight which the Hindu had exhibited, conceived a great desire to have the horse, and said to the Hindu, "I will purchase him of you, if he is to be sold."

"Sire," replied the Hindu, "there is only one condition on which I can part with my horse, and that is the gift of the hand of the princess your daughter as my wife; this is the only bargain I can make."

The courtiers about the Emperor of Persia could not forbear laughing aloud at this extravagant proposal of the Hindu; but the Prince Feroze-shah, the eldest son of the emperor and presumptive heir to the crown, could not hear it without indignation. "Sire," he said, "I hope you will not hesitate to refuse so insolent a demand, or allow this insignificant juggler to flatter himself for a moment with the idea of being allied to one of the most powerful monarchs in the world. I beg of you to consider what you owe to yourself, to your own blood, and the high rank of your ancestors."

"Son," replied the Emperor of Persia, "I will not grant him what he asked—and perhaps he does not seriously make the proposal; and, putting my daughter the princess out of the question, I may make another agreement with him. But before I bargain with him, I should be glad that you would examine the horse, try him yourself, and give me your opinion." On hearing this, the Hindu expressed much joy, and ran before the prince to help him to mount, and to show him how to guide and manage the horse.

The prince mounted without the Hindu assisting him; and as soon as he had got his feet in the stirrups, without staying for the artist's advice, he turned the peg he had seen him use, when instantly the horse darted into the air, quick as an arrow shot out of a bow by the most adroit archer; and in a few moments neither horse nor prince were to be seen. The Hindu, alarmed at what had happened, prostrated himself before the throne, and deprecated the anger of the sultan. The sultan turned to him, and asked, in a passion, why he did not call him the moment he ascended.

"Sire," answered the Hindu, "your majesty saw as well as I with what rapidity the horse flew away. The surprise I was then, and still am in, deprived me of the use of my speech; but if I could have spoken he was gone too far to hear me. If he had heard me, he knew not the secret to bring him back, which, through his impatience, he would not stay to learn. But, sire," added he, "there is room to hope that the prince, when he finds himself at a loss, will perceive another peg, and as soon as he turns that the horse will cease to rise, and descend to the ground, when he may turn him to what place he pleases by guiding him with the bridle."

Notwithstanding all these arguments of the Hindu, which carried great appearance of probability, the Emperor of Persia was much alarmed at the evident danger of his son. "I suppose," replied he, "it is very uncertain whether my son may perceive the other peg, and make a right use of it. May not the horse, instead of lighting on the ground, fall upon some rock, or tumble into the sea with him?"

"Sire," replied the Hindu, "I can deliver you from this apprehension, by assuring you that the horse crosses seas without ever falling into them, and always carries his rider wherever he may wish to go. And your majesty may assure yourself that if the prince does but find out the other peg I mentioned, the horse will carry him where he pleases. It is not to be supposed that he will stop anywhere but where he can find assistance and make himself known."

"Your head shall answer for my son's life, if he does not return safe in three days' time, or I should hear that he is alive." He then ordered his officers to secure the Hindu, and keep him close prisoner; after which he retired to his palace, in affliction that the festival of Nooroze should have proved so inauspicious.

In the meantime the prince was carried through the air with prodigious velocity. In less than an hour's time he ascended so high that he could not distinguish anything on the earth, but mountains and plains seemed confounded together. It was then he began to think of returning, and conceived he might do this by turning the same peg the contrary way, and pulling the bridle at the same time. But when

he found that the horse still continued to ascend, his alarm was great. He turned the peg several times in different ways, but all in vain. It was then he saw his fault, and apprehended the great danger he was in, from not having learned the necessary precautions to guide the horse before he mounted. He examined the horse's head and neck with attention and perceived behind the right ear another peg, smaller than the other. He turned that peg and presently perceived that he descended in the same oblique manner as he had mounted, but not so swiftly.

Night had overshadowed that part of the earth over which the prince was when he found out and turned the small peg; and as the horse descended, he by degrees lost sight of the sun, till it grew quite dark; insomuch that instead of choosing what place he would go to, he was forced to let the bridle lie upon the horse's neck, and wait patiently till he alighted, though not without the dread lest it should be in the desert, a river, or the sea.

At last the horse stopped upon some solid substance about midnight, and the prince dismounted, very faint and hungry, having eaten nothing since the morning, when he came out of the palace with his father to assist at the festival. He found himself to be on the terrace of a magnificent palace, surrounded with a balustrade of white marble, breast high; and groping about reached a staircase, which led down into an apartment, the door of which was half open.

The prince stopped at the door, and listening heard no other noise than the breathing of some people who were fast asleep. He advanced a little into the room, and by the light of a lamp saw that those persons were black mutes, with naked sabres laid by them; which was enough to inform him that this was the guard-chamber of some sultan or princess. Prince Feroze-shah advanced on tiptoe, without waking the attendants. He drew aside the curtain, went in, and saw a magnificent chamber containing many beds, one alone being on a raised dais, and the others on the floor. The princess slept in the first and her women in the others. He crept softly towards the dais without waking either the princess or her women, and beheld a beauty so extraordinary that he was

charmed at the first sight. He fell on his knees, and twitching gently the princess' sleeve, kneeling beside her, pulled it towards him. The princess opened her eyes, and seeing a handsome young man, was in great surprise, yet showed no sign of fear.

The prince availed himself of this favorable moment, bowed his head to the ground, and rising, said, "Beautiful princess, by the most extraordinary and wonderful adventure, you see at your feet a suppliant prince, son of the Emperor of Persia; pray afford him your assistance and protection."

The personage to whom Prince Feroze-shah so happily addressed himself was the Princess of Bengal, eldest daughter of the rajah of that kingdom, who had built this palace at a small distance from his capital, for the sake of the country air. She thus replied: "Prince, you are not in a barbarous country—take courage; hospitality, humanity, and politeness are to be met with in the kingdom of Bengal, as well as in that of Persia. I grant you the protection you ask—you may depend on what I say."

The Prince of Persia would have thanked the princess, but she would not give him leave to speak. "Notwithstanding I desire," said she, "to know by what miracle you have come hither from the capital of Persia in so short a time, and by what enchantment you have evaded the vigilance of my guards; yet as you must want some refreshment, I will postpone my curiosity, and give orders to my attendants to conduct you to an apartment, that you may rest after your fatigue, and be better able to answer my inquiries." The princess's attendants were much surprised to see the prince in the princess's chamber, but they at once prepared to obey her commands. They each took a wax candle, of which there were great numbers lighted up in the room; and after the prince had respectfully taken leave, went before and conducted him into a handsome hall; where, while some were preparing the bed, others went into the kitchen and prepared a supper; and when he had eaten as much as he chose, they removed the trays, and left him to taste the sweets of repose.

The next day the princess prepared to give the prince another interview, and in expectation of seeing him, she took

more pains in dressing and adjusting herself at the glass than she had ever done before. She tired her women's patience, and made them do and undo the same thing several times. She adorned her head, neck, arms, and waist with the finest and largest diamonds she possessed. The habit she put on was one of the richest stuffs of the Indies, of a most beautiful color, and made only for kings, princes, and princesses. After she had consulted her glass, and asked her women, one after another, if anything was wanting to her attire, she sent to tell the Prince of Persia that she would make him a visit.

The Prince of Persia, who by the night's rest had recovered the fatigue he had undergone the day before, had just dressed himself when he received notice of the intention of the princess, and expressed himself to be fully sensible of the honor conferred on him. As soon as the princess understood that the Prince of Persia waited for her, she immediately went to pay him a visit. After mutual compliments the prince related to her the wonders of the magic horse, of his journey through the air, and of the means by which he had found an entrance into her chamber; and then having thanked her for her kind reception, expressed a wish to return and relieve the anxiety of the sultan his father. When the prince had finished, the princess replied, "I cannot approve, prince, of your going so soon; grant me at least the favor I ask of a little longer acquaintance; and since I have had the happiness to have you alight in the kingdom of Bengal, I desire you will stay long enough to enable you to give a better account of what you may see here at the court of Persia." The Prince of Persia could not well refuse the princess this favor, after the kindness she had shown him, and therefore politely complied with her request; and the princess's thoughts were directed to render his stay agreeable by all the amusements she could devise.

Nothing went forward for several days but concerts of music, accompanied with magnificent feasts and collations in the gardens, or hunting parties in the vicinity of the palace, which abounded with all sorts of game, stags, hinds and fallow deer, and other beasts peculiar to the kingdom of Bengal, which the princess could pursue without danger. After the

chase the prince and princess met in some beautiful spot, where a carpet was spread, and cushions laid for their accommodation. There resting themselves, they conversed on various subjects.

Two whole months the Prince of Persia abandoned himself entirely to the will of the Princess of Bengal, yielding to all the amusements she contrived for him, for she neglected nothing to divert him, as if she thought he had nothing else to do but to pass his whole life with her in this manner. But he now declared seriously he could not stay longer, and begged of her to give him leave to return to his father.

"And, princess," observed the Prince of Persia, "that you may not doubt the truth of my affection, I would presume, were I not afraid you would be offended at my request, to ask the favor of taking you along with me."

The princess returned no answer to this address of the Prince of Persia; but her silence and downcast eyes were sufficient to inform him that she had no reluctance to accompany him into Persia. The only difficulty she felt was, that the prince knew not well enough how to govern the horse, and she was apprehensive of being involved with him in the same difficulty as when he first made the experiment. But the prince soon removed her fear, by assuring her she might trust herself with him, for that after the experience he had acquired, he defied the Hindu himself to manage him better. She thought, therefore, only of concerting measures to get off with him so secretly that nobody belonging to the palace should have the least suspicion of their design.

The next morning a little before daybreak, when all the attendants were asleep, they went upon the terrace of the palace. The prince turned the horse towards Persia, and placed him where the princess could easily get up behind him, which she had no sooner done, and was well settled with her arms about his waist, for her better security, than he turned the peg, when the horse mounted into the air, and making his usual haste, under the guidance of the prince, in two hours' time the prince discovered the capital of Persia.

The prince would not alight in the palace of his father, but directed his course toward a kiosk at a little distance from

the capital. He led the princess into a handsome apartment, where he told her, that to do her all the honor that was due to her, he would go and inform his father of their arrival, and return to her immediately. He ordered the attendants of the palace, whom he summoned, to provide the princess with whatever she had occasion for.

After the prince had taken his leave of the princess, he ordered a horse to be brought, which he mounted, and set out for the palace. As he passed through the streets he was received with acclamations by the people, who were overjoyed to see him again. The emperor, his father, was holding his divan when he appeared before him in the midst of his council. He received him with tears of joy and tenderness, and asked him what was become of the Hindu's horse.

This question gave the prince an opportunity of describing the embarrassment and danger he was in when the horse ascended into the air, and how he had arrived at last at the Princess of Bengal's palace, the kind reception he had met with there, and that the motive which had induced him to stay so long with her was the mutual affection they entertained for each other; also, that after promising to marry her, he had persuaded her to accompany him into Persia. "But, sire," added the prince, "I felt assured that you would not refuse your consent, and have brought her with me on the enchanted horse to your summer-palace; and have left her there, till I could return and assure her that my promise was not in vain."

After these words, the prince prostrated himself before the emperor to obtain his consent, when his father raised him up, embraced him a second time, and said to him, "Son, I not only consent to your marriage with the Princess of Bengal, but will go myself and bring her to my palace, and celebrate your nuptials this day."

The emperor now ordered that the Hindu should be fetched out of prison and brought before him. When the Hindu was admitted to his presence, he said to him, "I secured thy person, that thy life might answer for that of the prince my son. Thanks be to God, he is returned again. Go, take your horse, and never let me see your face more."

As the Hindu had learned of those who brought him out

of prison that Prince Feroze-shah was returned with a princess, and was also informed of the place where he had alighted and left her, and that the emperor was making preparations to go and bring her to his palace, as soon as he got out of the presence, he bethought himself of being revenged upon the emperor and the prince. He mounted his horse, and without losing any time, went directly to the palace, and addressing himself to the captain of the guard, told him he came from the Prince of Persia for the Princess of Bengal, and to conduct her behind him through the air to the emperor, who waited in the great square of his palace to gratify the whole court and city of Shiraz with that wonderful sight.

The captain of the guard, who knew the Hindu, and that the emperor had imprisoned him, gave the more credit to what he said, because he saw that he was at liberty. He presented him to the Princess of Bengal; who no sooner understood that he came from the Prince of Persia than she consented to what the prince, as she thought, had desired of her.

The Hindu, overjoyed at his success and the ease with which he had accomplished his villainy, remounted his horse, took the princess behind him, with the assistance of the captain of the guard, turned the peg, and instantly the horse mounted into the air.

At the same time the Emperor of Persia, attended by his court, was on the road to the palace where the Princess of Bengal had been left, and the Prince of Persia had gone in advance, to prepare the princess to receive his father; when the Hindu, to brave them both, and revenge himself for the ill-treatment he had received, appeared over their heads with his prize. When the Emperor of Persia saw the Hindu, he stopped. His surprise and affliction were the more sensible, because it was not in his power to punish so high an affront. He loaded him with a thousand imprecations, as did also all the courtiers, who were witnesses of so signal a piece of insolence and unparalleled artifice and treachery. The Hindu, little moved with their imprecations, which just reached his ears, continued his way, while the emperor, extremely mortified at so great an insult, but more so that he could not punish the author, returned to his palace in rage and vexation.

But what was Prince Feroze-shah's grief at beholding the Hindu hurrying away with the Princess of Bengal, whom he loved so passionately! He returned to the summer-palace, where he had last seen the princess, melancholy and broken-hearted. When he arrived, the captain of the guard, who had learned his fatal credulity in believing the artful Hindu, threw himself at his feet with tears in his eyes, accused himself of the crime which unintentionally he had committed, and condemned himself to die by his hand. "Rise," said the prince to him, "I do not impute the loss of my princess to thee, but to my own want of precaution. But not to lose time, fetch me a dervish's habit, and take care you do not give the least hint that it is for me." Not far from this palace there stood a convent of dervishes, the superior of which was the captain of the guard's particular friend. From him he readily obtained a complete dervish's habit, and carried it to Prince Feroze-shah. The prince immediately pulled off his own dress, put it on, and being so disguised, and provided with a box of jewels which he had brought as a present to the princess, left the palace, uncertain which way to go, but resolved not to return till he had found his princess and brought her back again, or else to perish in the attempt.

In the meantime, the Hindu, mounted on his enchanted horse, with the princess behind him, arrived early next morning at the capital of the kingdom of Cashmere. He did not enter the city, but alighted in a wood, and left the princess on a grassy spot close to a rivulet of fresh water, while he went to seek for food. On his return, and after he and the princess had partaken of refreshment, he began to maltreat the princess, because she refused to become his wife. As the princess cried out for help, the Sultan of Cashmere and his court passed through the wood on their return from hunting, and hearing a woman's voice calling for help, went to her rescue. The sultan, addressing himself to the Hindu, demanded who he was, and wherefore he ill-treated the lady. The Hindu, with great impudence, replied that she was his wife, and what had any one to do with his quarrel with her?

The princess, who neither knew the rank nor quality of the person who came so seasonably to her relief, exclaimed,

"My lord, whoever you are, whom Heaven has sent to my assistance, have compassion on me. I am a princess. This Hindu is a wicked magician, who has forced me away from the Prince of Persia, to whom I was going to be married, and has brought me hither on the enchanted horse you behold there." The Princess of Bengal had no occasion to say more. Her beauty, majestic air, and tears, declared that she spoke the truth. Justly enraged at the insolence of the Hindu, the sultan ordered his guards to surround him, and strike off his head, which sentence was immediately executed. The sultan then conducted the princess to his palace, where he lodged her in the most magnificent apartment, next his own, and commanded a great number of women slaves to attend her.

The Princess of Bengal's joy was inexpressible at finding herself delivered from the Hindu, of whom she could not think without horror. She flattered herself that the Sultan of Cashmere would complete his generosity by sending her back to the Prince of Persia when she should have told him her story and asked that favor of him; but she was much deceived in these hopes; for her deliverer had resolved to marry her himself the next day; and for that end had issued a proclamation commanding the general rejoicing of the inhabitants of the capital. At the break of day the drums were beaten, the trumpets sounded, and sounds of joy echoed throughout the whole palace.

The Princess of Bengal was awakened by these tumultuous concerts, but attributed them to a very different cause from the true one. When the Sultan of Cashmere came to wait upon her, after he had inquired after her health, he acquainted her that all those rejoicings were to render her nuptials the more glorious, and at the same time desired her assent to the union. This declaration put her into such a state of agitation that she fainted away.

The women slaves who were present ran to her assistance, though it was a long time before they succeeded in bringing her to herself. But when she recovered, rather than break the promise she had made to Prince Feroze-shah, by consenting to marry the Sultan of Cashmere, who had proclaimed their nuptials before he had asked her consent, she resolved

to feign madness. She began to utter the most extravagant expressions before the sultan, and even rose off her seat as if to attack him, insomuch that he was greatly alarmed and afflicted that he had made such a proposal so unseasonably. When he found that her frenzy rather increased than abated, he left her with her women, charging them never to leave her alone, but to take great care of her. He sent often that day to inquire how she did, but received no other answer than that she was rather worse than better. The Princess of Bengal continued to talk wildly, and showed other marks of a disordered mind next day and the following, so that the sultan was induced to send for all the physicians belonging to his court, to consult them upon her disease, and to ask if they could cure her.

When the Sultan of Cashmere saw that his court physicians could not cure her, he called in the most celebrated and experienced of the city, who had no better success. He then sent for the most famous in the kingdom, who prescribed without effect. Afterwards he dispatched to the courts of neighboring sultans, with promises of munificent rewards to any who should devise a cure for her malady. Various physicians arrived from all parts, and tried their skill; but none could boast of success.

During this interval Feroze-shah, disguised as a dervish, traveled through many provinces and towns, involved in grief, and making diligent inquiry after his lost princess at every place he came to. At last, passing through a city of Hindustan, he heard the people talk much of a Princess of Bengal, who had become mad on the day of the intended celebration of her nuptials with the Sultan of Cashmere. Roused by the name of the Princess of Bengal, and supposing that there could exist no other Princess of Bengal than the one upon whose account he had undertaken his travels, he hastened toward the kingdom of Cashmere, and, upon his arrival at the capital, took up his lodging at a khan, where, the same day, he was informed of the story of the princess and the fate of the Hindu magician. The prince was convinced that he had at last found the beloved object he had sought so long.

Being informed of all these particulars, he provided him-

self with a physician's habit, and his beard having grown long during his travels, he passed the more easily for the character he assumed. He went boldly to the palace, and announced his wish to be allowed to undertake the cure of the princess to the chief of the officers.

Some time had elapsed since any physician had offered himself; and the Sultan of Cashmere, with great grief, had begun to lose all hope of ever seeing the princess restored to health, though he still wished to marry her. He at once ordered the officer to introduce the physician he had announced. The Prince of Persia was admitted to an audience, but the sultan told him the Princess of Bengal could not bear the sight of a physician without falling into most violent transports, which increased her malady; and conducted him into a closet, from whence, through a lattice, he might see her without being observed. There Feroze-shah beheld his lovely princess sitting distressed, with tears in her eyes, and singing an air in which she deplored her unhappy fate, which had deprived her, perhaps forever, of the object she loved so tenderly: and the sight made him more resolute in his hope of effecting her cure. On his leaving the closet, he told the sultan that he had discovered the nature of the princess's complaint, and that she was not incurable; but added withal, that he must speak with her in private and alone, as, notwithstanding her violent agitation at the sight of physicians, he hoped she would hear and receive him favorably.

The sultan ordered the princess's chamber door to be opened, and Feroze-shah went in. As soon as the princess saw him (taking him by his habit to be a physician), she resorted to her old practice of meeting her physicians with threats and indications of attacking them. He made directly toward her, and when he was nigh enough for her to hear him, and no one else, said to her, in a low voice, "Princess, I am not a physician, but the Prince of Persia, and am come to procure you your liberty."

The princess, who knew the sound of the voice, and recognized his face, notwithstanding he had let his beard grow so long, grew calm at once, and felt a secret joy in seeing so unexpectedly the prince she loved. Feroze-shah told her as

briefly as possible his own travels and adventures, and his determination to find her at all risks. He then desired the princess to inform him of all that happened to her, from the time she was taken away till that happy moment, telling her that it was of the greatest importance to know this, that he might take the most proper measures to deliver her from the tyranny of the Sultan of Cashmere. The princess informed him of all that had happened, and that she had feigned to be mad that she might so preserve herself for a prince to whom she had given her heart and faith, and not marry the sultan, whom she neither loved nor could ever love.

The Prince of Persia then asked her if she knew what became of the horse after the death of the Hindu magician. To which she answered, that she knew not what orders the sultan had given; but supposed, after the account she had given him of it, he would take care of it as a curiosity. As Feroze-shah never doubted but that the sultan had the horse, he communicated to the princess his design of making use of it to convey them both into Persia; and after they had consulted together on the measures they should take, they agreed that the princess should next day receive the sultan. The Sultan of Cashmere was overjoyed when the Prince of Persia stated to him what effect his first visit had had towards the cure of the princess. On the following day, when the princess received him in such a manner as persuaded him her cure was far advanced, he regarded the prince as the greatest physician in the world, and exhorted the princess carefully to follow the directions of so skillful a physician, and then retired. The Prince of Persia, who attended the Sultan of Cashmere on his visit to the princess, inquired of him how the Princess of Bengal came into the dominions of Cashmere thus alone, since her own country was far distant.

The sultan at once informed him of what the princess had related, when he had delivered her from the Hindu magician, adding, that he had ordered the enchanted horse to be kept safe in his treasury as a great curiosity, though he knew not the use of it.

"Sire," replied the pretended physician, "the information which your majesty has given your devoted slave affords me a

means of curing the princess. As she was brought hither on this horse, and the horse is enchanted, she has contracted something of the enchantment, which can be dissipated only by a certain incense which I am acquainted with. If your majesty would entertain yourself, your court, and the people of your capital, with the most surprising sight that ever was beheld, let the horse be brought to-morrow into the great square before the palace, and leave the rest to me. I promise to show you, and all that assembly, in a few moments' time, the Princess of Bengal completely restored in body and mind. But the better to effect what I propose, it will be requisite that the princess should be dressed as magnificently as possible, and adorned with the most valuable jewels in your treasury." The sultan would have undertaken much more difficult things to have secured his marriage with the princess, which he expected soon to accomplish.

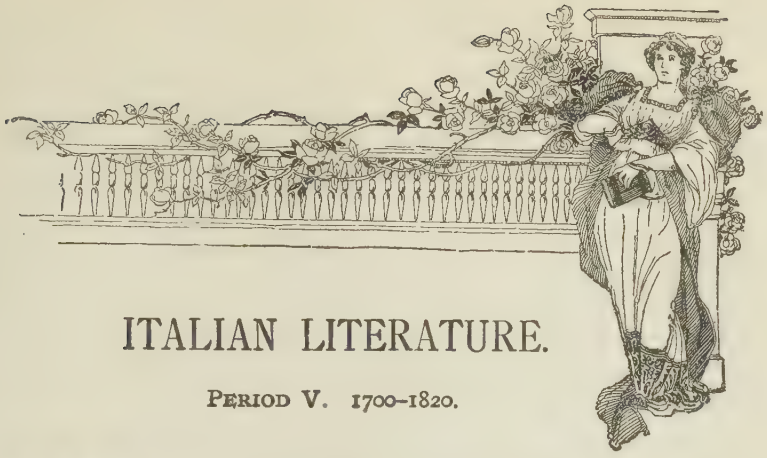
The next day the enchanted horse was, by his order, taken out of the treasury, and placed early in the great square before the palace. A report was spread through the town that there was something extraordinary to be seen, and crowds of people flocked thither from all parts, insomuch that the sultan's guards were placed to prevent disorder, and to keep space enough around the horse.

The Sultan of Cashmere, surrounded by all his nobles and ministers of state, was placed in a gallery erected on purpose. The Princess of Bengal, attended by a number of ladies whom the sultan had assigned her, went up to the enchanted horse, and the women helped her to mount. When she was fixed in the saddle, and had the bridle in her hand, the pretended physician placed round the horse at a proper distance many vessels full of lighted charcoal, which he had ordered to be brought, and, going round them with a solemn pace, cast in handfuls of incense; then, with downcast eyes and his hands upon his breast, he ran three times about the horse, making as if he pronounced some mystical words. The moment the pots sent forth a dark cloud of smoke—accompanied with a pleasant smell, which so surrounded the princess that neither she nor the horse could be discerned—watching his opportunity, the prince jumped nimbly up behind her, and reaching

his hand to the peg, turned it; and just as the horse rose with them into the air, he pronounced these words, which the sultan heard distinctly, "Sultan of Cashmere, when you would marry princesses who implore your protection, learn first to obtain their consent."

Thus the prince delivered the Princess of Bengal, and carried her the same day to the capital of Persia, where he alighted in the square of the palace, before the emperor his father's apartment, who deferred the solemnization of the marriage no longer than till he could make the preparations necessary to render the ceremony pompous and magnificent, and evince the interest he took in it.

After the days appointed for the rejoicings were over, the Emperor of Persia's first care was to name and appoint an ambassador to go to the Rajah of Bengal with an account of what had passed, and to demand his approbation and ratification of the alliance contracted by this marriage; which the Rajah of Bengal took as an honor, and granted with great pleasure and satisfaction.



ITALIAN LITERATURE.

PERIOD V. 1700–1820.

PATRIOTISM and noble thought had decayed in Italy while subject to the Spanish dominion in the seventeenth century. In the history of literature that period is known as the Secentismo; its chief representative was Marini, the prosperous poet who infected the French court as well as that of Naples with admiration for his extravagant, conceited style.* After a time a reaction set in, and the "Arcadians" strove to express in literature the supposed simplicity of the shepherds of the Golden Age. But their feeble and effeminate poetry was quite as artificial as the bombastic verse of the Marinists. The best of the Arcadians was Frugoni (1692–1768), the elegant laureate of the court of Parma. Apart from the rival schools of the conceited Marinists and the lackadaisical Arcadians, there were composers of that mock-heroic poetry to which Italian lends itself readily. The most noted example, Tassoni's "Captured Bucket," has already been treated. In such poems local dialects were employed, and vulgarisms served only to heighten the fun. There were also metrical satires of the same stamp. Perhaps the most notable were those of the celebrated painter, Salvator Rosa (1615–1673).

After a century of courtly artificialism there came a sudden sign of revival in literature when the invasion of Christendom by the Turks roused the slumbering genius of Filicaja. His

* For writers of the seventeenth century see Volume VI., pp. 101–132.

lofty odes on the siege of Vienna and its deliverance by Sobieski, though still marred by bombast, recall the sublime utterances of the prophets of Israel. When in the eighteenth century Italy was gradually freed from the Spanish dominion, the native intellect found itself again at liberty to work in congenial ways. Parini (1729–1799) was the pioneer in the reform of poetry. Though he began as an Arcadian, he quickly cut loose from the conventional trivialities of that school, and showed a desire to take his scenes from real life. His satire attacked the silly gallantry and shameless self-indulgence of the rich and noble. His chief work, "The Day," describes in tedious detail the trifles with which the Milanese patrician managed to kill time. Gasparo Gozzi (1713–1786) was another satirist, using prose as well as poetry, hardly less vigorous in his attacks on the vices and follies of the time.

To illustrate the peculiar growth of the Italian drama, we take the liberty to go back to the pastoral drama of the sixteenth century, which has already been referred to, but not exemplified. Guarini (1537–1612) was the leader in this direction, not only for Italy, but for all Europe. The success of his tragi-comedy, "Il Pastor Fido," called forth hosts of imitations. Partly from it, and partly from a more ambitious attempt to modernize and adapt to a court representation the ancient Greek tragedy, came that characteristic product of Italian art and intellect—the opera, in which music resumes the eminence long given to action and dialogue. In the eighteenth century this new form of art was fully determined by the enlistment of the talents of many poets and the astonishing progress of musical science. Apostolo Zeno (1669–1750), whose literary and artistic career was divided between Vienna and Venice, receives the credit of this innovation. But his efforts were surpassed by those of the brilliant and charming Metastasio (1698–1782), who entwined enchanting verse with soft Lydian airs.

From Venice again in the eighteenth century came the reform of Italian comedy. The career of Goldoni (1707–1793) recalls that of Molière a century earlier. Bred among actors, he studied medicine and law only to be better fitted for the

dramatic work to which his talents called him. Like his French prototype, he became a censor of manners and satirist of the follies of his countrymen, whom he delighted while reproving them. Yet in the latter part of his career his popularity was superseded by that of Carlo Gozzi (1722–1806), who defended the old style of the Italian stage, and won special favor by brilliantly dramatizing the fairy tales and familiar fictions of childhood, such as "Blue Beard."

The reform of tragedy had begun earlier than that of comedy, and is especially connected with the name of Scipione Maffei (1675–1755). His masterpiece, "Merope," was praised and imitated by Voltaire. But Italian tragedy reached its height in the works of Alfieri (1749–1803), who, after a restless youth, full of insatiable love of pleasure, undertook to restore tragedy to the severe simplicity of its Greek rules. For this purpose he aimed at unity—to bring the whole drama into one focus. No secondary or auxiliary characters were allowed to appear; seldom do more than four interlocutors take part. The usual motive—love—is rejected, and that of patriotism or freedom substituted. Thus Alfieri goes beyond the French dramatists in conformity to the severe restrictions of the Greek stage. Monti (1754–1828), but a few years younger than Alfieri, was his pupil in tragic art, but was more truly a poet, and surpassed his master in harmony and elegance of style. The work of both was profoundly affected by the great movement of the French Revolution.

GIOVANNI BATTISTA GUARINI.

As diplomatist and statesman, Guarini was a busy and notable man in his day, but in later times he is known only as the author of "Il Pastor Fido," which has been accepted as the type of the pastoral drama. He was born at Ferrara in 1537, and became professor in its university before he was sent on various embassies by Duke Alphonso II. At the age of fifty, after he had been Secretary of State for two years, he was driven from the court by the duke, who had become his enemy. Ten years later the poet was welcomed at Florence by the Grand-Duke Ferdinand, but eventually he returned

to his native city. A lawsuit, however, called him to Venice, where he died in 1612.

Guarini in his pastoral drama had imitated Tasso's "Aminta," but achieved greater success, as his piece was better suited to theatrical exhibition. The scene is laid in Arcadia, which country, for an offence to Diana, has been laid under a curse, and is compelled annually to offer a virgin in sacrifice. But a mysterious oracle declares that this penalty can be removed when two inhabitants of divine descent shall be joined in faithful love. Silvio and Amarillis are descended, the one from Pan and the other from Hercules, and are regarded by the people as those destined for this duty. But though they have been betrothed, Silvio proves insensible to love and delights only in the chase, while Mirtillo, a shepherd of obscure birth, loves Amarillis, and his affection is returned. The shepherdess Corisca likewise loves Mirtillo, and through jealousy causes Amarillis to be charged with unchastity; in consequence of which she is condemned to die. Her faithful lover offers himself in her stead and is accepted as the victim. But when the priest raises the sacrificial knife, Mirtillo's foster-father comes forward and proves that the youth is really the son of the priest, and the brother of Silvio, and is of divine descent. The oracle is thus fulfilled, the faithful shepherd being rewarded by union with his beloved. The hard heart of Silvio is softened by the charms of Dorinda, whom he had unintentionally wounded in the chase; and even Corisca, repenting of her evil deeds, is pardoned.

The success of this lyrical drama was due to its intense and pervading poetical exhibition of the passion of love. Even Voltaire declares that Guarini is among the first dramatic writers that affected their audience to tears. Later critics condemn the drama for want of connection between the scenes, its trite sentiments, and commonplace dialogues; and while they acknowledge the variety of the metre, the grace and harmony of the versification, they deplore its affectation and conceits.

The Lover's Stratagem.

In this scene from "Il Pastor Fido," Mirtillo is introduced by Corisca to the presence of his beloved Amarillis, while the latter, blindfolded, is expecting to play a game with other maidens. She innocently seizes Mirtillo, whom she had renounced in obedience to her parents' wish.

Amarillis. Indeed, Aglaura, I have caught thee now;
Thou fain wouldst fly, but I will hold thee fast.
Corisca (*aside*). Surely unless I had by violence
Thrust him upon her, I had toiled in vain
To rouse his courage.
Am. Thou wilt not speak, ah! art thou she or no?
Cor. (*aside*). Here I'll lay down his spear, and to the bush
To observe what will ensue. [*She retires.*
Am. I know thee now,
I know thee by thy tallness and short hair,
Thou art Corisca; and the very one
I wished to catch, that I might cuff thee well,
Just as I please; here then, take this
And this; this also; this again.—Not yet?
Not yet a word? But since 'twas thou that bound me,
Unbind me quickly now, my dearest heart,
And thou shalt have the sweetest kiss that e'er
Thou hadst before. But wherefore this delay?
Thy hand is trembling; art thou then so weary?
Join to thy hands th' assistance of thy teeth;
O silly thing, I shall unbind myself;
What knots on knots are here!
Why didst thou tie so hard?
Now 'tis thy turn, thou next must be the buff,—
So: now 'tis loosed. (*Seeing Mirtillo.*) Ah me! whom see
I here!
Leave me, thou traitor! Oh! I shall expire!
Mirtillo. My life, compose thyself.
Am. Leave me, I say,
Unhand me. What! make use of force to nymphs!
Aglaura! here Eliza! Ah! perfidious!
Where are ye fled? Unhand me, traitor!
Mir. I obey.

Am. Corisca laid this plot, now go to her,
And tell what thou hast gained. (*Going.*)
Mir. Where fly'st thou, cruel?
Behold at least my death; for lo! I pierce
My bosom with this steel!
Am. Ah me! I'm well nigh dead.
Mir. And if this action to thy hand be due,
Behold the weapon and the breast.
Am. In truth
Thou hast deserved it. What could move thy heart
To such presumption?
Mir. Love.
Am. Love should not cause
An act of rudeness.
Mir. Then believe my love,
Because I was not rude. If in thy arms
Thou first did catch me, then I cannot well
Be charged with rudeness, since with such a fair
Occasion to be bold, and use with thee
The laws of love, I yet preserved respect,
And almost had forgot I was a lover.
Am. Upbraid me not with what I did when blind.
Mir. And I in love was blinder far than thou.
Am. Prayers and fair words respectful lovers use,
Not cheats and thefts.
Mir. As a wild beast when pressed
By hunger, rushes furiously from the wood
Upon the traveller, so if I, who live
Upon the food of thy fair eyes alone,
Since by thy cruelty or my hard fate,
That pleasant food I've been so long denied;—
If I, a ravenous lover, rushing forth
At last to-day upon thee from my wood,
Where I had long been famished, did attempt
In hopes to save my life, one stratagem
Which the necessity of love did prompt,
Then, cruel, blame not me, but blame thyself.
For if, as thou hast said, prayers and fair words
Respectful lovers use, which never thou
Wouldst deign to hear from me; thou by thy flight
And cruelty hast robbed me of the power
To be discreet.

Am. If thou hadst quitted her
That fled from thee, then hadst thou been discreet.
But know thou persecutest me in vain.—
What wouldst thou have of me?
Mir. That only once
Thou wouldst vouchsafe to hear me ere I die.
Am. See thy good fortune; for as soon as asked
Thou hast received the gift. Now then begone.
Mir. Ah, nymph! all I have uttered yet,
Is scarce a single drop
Out of the boundless ocean of my woes.
If not for pity's sake, ah, cruel maid!
Yet for the pleasure it will give thee, hear
The last sad accents of a dying swain.
Am. To shun more trouble, and to show how false
The hopes thou cherishest, I now consent
To hear thee, but with this condition first:
Say little, quickly part, and come no more.
Mir. Within too narrow bounds, most cruel nymph,
Thy harsh command would limit such desires,
So boundless an extent of fervent love,
As scarce the thoughts of man can comprehend.
That I have loved, and love thee more than life,
If thou shouldst doubt, oh! cruel, ask these woods
And all their savage race, for they can tell.
Each field, each lonely bush, each aged tree,
The rugged rocks of these steep mountains, too,
Which have been wont to soften at the sound
Of my complaints, can all declare my love. . . .
Yet since 'tis thy command my words be few,
I shall obey, and only say—I die—
And shall do less in dying, since I see
How much thou wishest for my death; but still
I'll do, alas! all that can now remain
For me to do, of every hope bereft.
But, cruel maid, when I am in the dust,
Oh, wilt thou then feel pity for my woes? . . .
Am. If I had promised I would answer thee
As well as hear thee, then thou wouldst have cause
Thus to lament my silence as thou dost.
Thou call'st me cruel, hoping that to shun
Such charge, I might perchance reclaim my thoughts,

And show thee kindness; nor dost thou perceive,
Those flattering praises lavished by thy tongue,
So little merited, are less approved. . . .
Cease then, Mirtillo, longer to complain,
Or importune me more, but fly and live,
If thou be wise; for to abandon life
Through mad excess of grief, is not the mark
Of an heroic, but a timorous soul.
And 'tis the truest virtue to abstain
From what we love, if what we love be wrong,
And virtue's sacred laws forbid the flame.
Mir. He that has lost his heart, has not the power
To save himself from death.
Am. But he that takes
The shield of virtue conquers every passion.
Mir. Where love already triumphs, virtue yields.
Am. But he that cannot what he will, at least
Should do what's in his power.
Mir. Necessity of loving has no law.
Am. Distance and time will cure love's deepest wounds.
Mir. We fly in vain what in the heart is lodged.
Am. A new affection will expel the old.
Mir. Yes; if my heart and soul could be but changed!
Am. The great destroyer, Time,
Will kill love too at last.
Mir. But cruel love
Will kill the life or e'er that day arrive.
Am. Is there no cure then for thy malady.
Mir. No cure at all save death!
Am. Death!—hear me therefore now, and be my words
A law to thee. Although I'm well aware
When lovers speak of dying, it indicates
A custom rather of an amorous tongue,
Than a deliberate and fixed resolve;
Yet if so strange a frenzy e'er should seize thee,
Know that thou thus wouldst not alone destroy
Thy life, but my good name would also die.
Live then, if thou dost love me, and farewell.—
Henceforth I'll reckon it a token sure
Of wisdom in thee, if thou tak'st good heed
That we may ne'er hereafter meet again.
Mir. O cruel sentence! how can I survive

Without my life, or end my bitter woes,
Unless by death!
Am. Mirtillo, now 'tis time
Thou should'st depart; I've heard thee much too long;
Go, and console thyself with this at least:
Of hopeless lovers there's a numerous crowd;
There is no love but carries with it pain,
Many, as well as thou, of love complain. [*Exit Mirtillo.*
Mirtillo, O my life, my soul!
If here within thou couldst perceive
The secret feelings of the heart
Of Amarillis whom thou call'st so cruel,
Well do I know that she would find
From thee that pity thou implor'st from her!
O hapless souls bound by the ties of love!
Mirtillo has my heart, yet what avails
My love to him or his dear love to me!
Ah! wherefore, cruel destiny,
Dost thou divide whom Love has bound?
And wherefore bind'st thou those,
Perfidious Love! whom destiny divides? . . .

VINCENZO DA FILICAJA.

ITALIAN poetry had sunk into a tame artificial mannerism in the seventeenth century, yet the genuine poetic spirit was not lost, as the career of Filicaja testifies. It needed, however, the imminent crisis of Christendom to rouse the latent genius of this Pindar of modern Europe. Vincenzo da Filicaja was born at Florence in December, 1642, and educated at the University of Pisa. He was admitted to the best literary society of the times and devoted himself to their learned pursuits, after the death of a young lady to whom he was attached induced him to renounce the usual amatory strains. The siege and deliverance of Vienna

in 1683 stirred his spirit to its utmost depths, and his impassioned feeling found vent in six noble odes. While these poems bear traces of the affectations then in vogue, they rise in parts to the loftiest heights of inspiration. Their fame spread through the Catholic courts of Europe. Christina, who had abdicated the throne of Sweden and was living in splendor at Rome, hastened to bestow her generosity on the poet thus revealed. The Grand Duke of Tuscany, Cosmo III., also gave him substantial rewards, placed him in important offices, and raised him to the rank of senator. After twenty years of affluence, Filicaja died at Florence in 1707. In his minor poems he sometimes attained the elegance of Petrarch, but his fame rests on the sublimity of his odes.

The Deliverance of Vienna.

(Translated by Lord Macaulay.)

The chords, the sacred chords of gold,
Strike, O Muse, in measure bold;
And frame a sparkling wreath of joyous songs
For that great God to whom revenge belongs.
Who shall resist His might,
Who marshals for the fight
Earthquake and thunder, hurricane and flame?
He smote the haughty race
Of unbelieving Thrace,
And turned their rage to fear, their pride to shame.
He looked in wrath from high,
Upon their vast array;
And, in the twinkling of an eye,
Tambour and trump and battle-cry,
And steeds and turbaned infantry,
Passed like a dream away.
Such power defends the mansions of the just:
But, like a city without walls,
The grandeur of the mortal falls
Who glories in his strength and makes not God his trust.

The proud blasphemers thought all earth their own;
They deemed that soon the whirlwind of their ire
Would sweep down tower and palace, dome and spire,
The Christian altars and the Augustan throne.

And soon, they cried, shall Austria bow
To the dust her lofty brow.
The princedoms of Almayne [Germany]
Shall wear the Phrygian chain;
In humbler waves shall vassal Tiber roll;
And Rome, a slave forlorn,
Her laurelled tresses shorn,
Shall feel our iron in her inmost sou..
Who shall bid the torrent stay?
Who shall bar the lightning's way?
Who arrest the advancing van
Of the fiery Ottoman?

As the curling smoke-wreaths fly
When fresh breezes clear the sky,
Passed away each swelling boast
Of the misbelieving host.
From the Hebrus rolling far
Came the murky cloud of war,
And in shower and tempest dread
Burst on Austria's 'fenceless head:
But not for vaunt or threat
Didst thou, O Lord, forget
The flock so dearly bought, and loved so well.
Even in the very hour
Of guilty pride and power
Full on the circumcised thy vengeance fell.
Then the fields were heaped with dead,
Then the streams with gore were red,
And every bird of prey, and every beast,
From wood and cavern thronged to thy great feast.

What terror seized the fiends obscene of Nile!
How wildly in his place of doom beneath,
Arabia's lying prophet gnashed his teeth,
And cursed his blighted hopes and wasted guile!
When, at the bidding of Thy sovereign might,
Flew on their destined path
Thy messengers of wrath,
Riding on storms and wrapped in deepest night
The Phthian mountains* saw,

* Pelion and Ossa, mountains in Phthia, in Northern Greece.

And quaked with mystic awe:
The proud Sultana of the Straits* bowed down
Her jewelled neck and her embattled crown;
The miscreants, as they raised their eyes
Glaring defiance on Thy skies,
Saw adverse winds and clouds display
The terrors of their black array;
Saw each portentous star,
Whose fiery aspect turned of yore to flight
The iron chariots of the Canaanite,†
Gird its bright harness for a deadlier war.

Beneath Thy withering look
Their limbs with palsy shook;
Scattered on earth the Crescent banners lay;
Trembled with panic fear,
Sabre and targe and spear,
Through the proud armies of the rising day.
Faint was each heart, unnerved each hand;
And if they strove to charge or stand,
Their efforts were as vain
As his who, scared in feverish sleep
By evil dreams, essays to leap,
Then backward falls again.
With a crash of wild dismay
Their ten thousand ranks gave way;
Fast they broke and fast they fled;
Trampled, mangled, dying, dead,
Horse and horseman mingled lay;
Till the mountains of the slain
Raised the valleys to the plain.
Be all the glory to Thy name divine!
The swords were ours; the arm, O Lord, was Thine.

Therefore to Thee, beneath Whose footstool wait
The powers which erring men call Chance and Fate,
To Thee who hast laid low
The pride of Europe's foe,
And taught Byzantium's sullen lords to fear,
I pour my spirit out,

* Constantinople.

† "The stars in their courses fought against Sisera."—Judges v. 20.

In a triumphant shout,
And call all ages and all lands to hear.
Thou Who evermore endurest,
Loftiest, mightiest, wisest, purest;
Thou, Whose will destroys or saves,
Dread of tyrants, hope of slaves,
The wreath of glory is from Thee,
And the red sword of victory.

There, where exulting Danube's flood
Runs stained with Islam's noblest blood
From that tremendous field,
There, where in mosque the tyrants met,
And from the the crier's minaret
Unholy summons pealed,
Pure shrines and temples now shall be
Decked for a worship worthy Thee.
To Thee thy whole creation pays
With mystic sympathy its praise,
The air, the earth, the seas:
The day shines forth with livelier beam;
There is a smile upon the stream,
An anthem on the breeze.
Glory, they cry, to Him whose might
Hath turned the barbarous foe to flight,
Whose arm protects, with power divine,
The city of His favored line.
The caves, the woods, the rocks, repeat the sound;
The everlasting hills roll the long echoes round.

But if Thy rescued Church may dare
Still to besiege Thy throne with prayer
Sheathe not, we implore Thee, Lord,
Sheathe not Thy victorious sword.
Still Pannonia pines away,
Vassal of a double sway;
Still Thy servants groan in chains,
Still the race which hates Thee reigns.
Part the living from the dead;
Join the members to the head,
Snatch Thine own sheep from yon fell monster's hold:
Let one kind Shepherd rule one undivided fold.

To Italy.

Italia, O Italia! hapless thou,
Who didst the fatal gift of beauty gain,
A dowry fraught with never-ending pain,—
A seal of sorrow stamped upon thy brow:
Oh, were thy bravery more, or less thy charms!
Then should thy foes, they whom thy loveliness
Now lures afar to conquer and possess,
Adore thy beauty less, or dread thy arms!
No longer then should hostile torrents pour
Adown the Alps; and Gallic troops be laved
In the red waters of the Po no more;
Nor longer then, by foreign courage saved,
Barbarian succor should thy sons implore,—
Vanquished or victors, still by Goths enslaved.

FRANCESCO MAFFEI.

Marquis Francesco Maffei (1675–1755) was an archæologist and historian, but is more notable for his position in the history of the drama, not only in Italy, but in Europe. He desired to see the Italian stage remodelled after the French theatre. With this view he studied the native stage thoroughly, and edited a "Teatro Italiano." In defence of the drama, again assailed by Catholic writers as by the early Christians and the English Puritans, he was led to take up arms against a friar, Frate Consina. This controversy drew the attention of the Continent to him and to his own tragedy, "Merope" (1713), written in the Greek style, but without the customary chorus. Voltaire wrote Maffei a flattering letter, in which he declared that the author had rescued the Italian stage from the harlequins. But afterwards the Frenchman composed a drama on the same subject with the same title, and characteristically disparaged the original. Maffei wrote his play in noble verse, but even in Italy this was reduced to prose; while love scenes and interludes were inserted to cater to the lower tastes of the audiences. Nevertheless, until Alfieri's day the Italians praised it as their

tragedy *par excellence.* This opinion excited Alfieri, to quote his own words, "to the highest pitch of indignation and anger, at seeing Italy in such a state of theatrical misery and blindness;" and he wrote another "Merope," in which he sought to improve upon Maffei.

Maffei found the basis for his tragedy in Apollodorus, in the tale of Æpytus, who became Ægisthus in the drama. Ægisthus's father and two brothers have been killed by the tyrant Polyphontes, who has also usurped the throne of Messina. Merope, the widowed and orphaned mother, is kept in Polyphontes's power in the palace. The tyrant forces her to consent to marry him, but she gives assent only after learning that her son Ægisthus is still alive. The child had been reared in secret by a faithful attendant. At the moment when Polyphontes is about to espouse the queen, Ægisthus seizes a sacrificial axe, used in the nuptial ceremonies, and slays the tyrant. Alfieri protested that Maffei had depicted Merope as a "babyish mamma," and sought to ennoble her into his own ideal of "the queen-mother of tragedy."

The Mother's Lament for her Lost Son.

Allow it to be false, yet canst thou think
'Twill suffer me to harbor thoughts of joy
Barely to know that my Cresphontes wanders?
Alone, an inexperienced, homely youth,
And unapprised of ways, customs and dangers,
Who has no place of rest, poor and without
All hospitable succor, what will he not
Suffer for food, and for a place to rest?
What want? how often to a stranger's table
Shall he approach? and humbly asking bread,
Perhaps be driven away—he, whose great father
Spread his rich table for such numbers. Then
Should he fall sick, as that he may too easy,
Whose care will he then be? low on the ground
When he shall languid lie, afflicted sore,
A draught of water none shall hand to him.
O Heavens, might I at least but travel with him,
I think that I should suffer all in peace.

METASTASIO.

METASTASIO (1698–1782) was the Hellenized name of Pietro Trapassi, the talented son of a papal soldier who had become a grocer. The little Pietro's remarkable skill of improvisation attracted the attention of the learned Gian Vincenzo Gravina, who promptly adopted the youthful prodigy. Gravina not only instructed Metastasio in the art of the Italian drama as he himself understood it, but pledged his young protegé to devote himself to its serious study. On the death of his adoptive father Metastasio quickly spent the large fortune left him, and soon had poverty as a second stimulus to spur him on to redeem his promise. But, made timid by poverty, he turned for a while to law. and selected at Naples so stern a master of jurisprudence that he dared not openly woo the Muse. A splendid opportunity offered, however, in the viceroy's invitation to write a musical drama for the birthday celebration in honor of the escort of Emperor Charles VI. Having imposed a vow of secrecy on the composer, Metastasio produced the libretto for the opera, "Gli Orti Esperidi" (The Hesperides). The prima donna of the occasion, Marianna Bulgarelli, famous as "La Romanina," who had been the Venus of the opera, was so impressed by the genuine poetry of her words (an unheard-of thing) that she hunted out Metastasio and prevailed upon him to desert law for the opera. She practically adopted him, took him into her own home, and paved his way to fame. He took holy orders at Rome and was thenceforth known as Abbé Metastasio. He studied music and singing, and called the

male soprano Farinelli "his twin-brother." Under such training he became able to make poetry and music twin handmaids, and for his day he attained the zenith of his art. He himself played the harpsichord—"like a seraph," as he used to say. He was associated with the best musical composers of the time, for all of whom he wrote libretti. His themes were taken from history, mythology and romance, and his wide knowledge of different ages and countries supplied rich variety of local imagery, as well as decoration and costume. The charm, grace, melody and sweetness of his verse led composers to overlook the lack of contrast and strong passion, and some of his libretti were set to music as many as thirty and forty times. Mozart's "Clemenza di Tito" (Clemency of Titus) is the solitary example of Metastasio's "dramma per musica" to be heard on the operatic stage to-day. It was first set to music by Caldara. Voltaire esteemed its poetry worthy to be ranked with that of Corneille and Racine. The delicacy and tenderness of Metastasio's muse is well felt in his "Ode to Spring." Metastasio enjoyed the patronage of both Maria Theresa and Joseph II., having in 1730 succeeded Apostolo Zeno as court-poet at Vienna, where his house became for fifty years a Mecca of musical pilgrims. In the latter part of his life he gave up theatrical composition, but taught the Austrian princesses Italian. He died at the age of eighty-four.

The Emperor's Bride.

(From the Drama of "Titus.")

The scene represents the Roman Emperor Titus descending from the Capitol, preceded by Lictors, followed by the Prætors, and surrounded by a numerous crowd of people.

Chorus. O guardian gods! in whom we trust
To watch the Roman fate,
Preserve in Titus, brave and just,
The glory of the state!
For ever round our Cæsar's brows
The sacred laurel bloom;
In him, for whom we breathe our vows,
Preserve the weal of Rome!

Long may your glorious gift remain
Our happy times to adorn:
So shall our age the envy gain
Of ages yet unborn!

Publius. This day the Senate style thee, mighty Cæsar,
The Father of thy Country; never yet
More just in their decree.
Annius. Thou art not only
Thy country's father, but her guardian god:
And since thy virtues have already soared
Beyond mortality, receive the homage
We pay to Heaven! The Senate have decreed
To build a stately temple, where thy name
Shall stand enrolled among the powers divine,
And Tiber worship at the fane of Titus.
Publius. These treasures, gathered from the annual tribute
Of subject provinces, we dedicate
To effect this pious work: disdain not, Titus,
This public token of our grateful homage.
Titus. Romans! believe that every wish of Titus
Is centred in your love; but let not, therefore,
Your love, forgetful of its proper bounds,
Reflect disgrace on Titus, or yourselves.
Is there a name more dear, more tender to me,
Than father of my people? Yet even this
I rather seek to merit than obtain.
My soul would imitate the mighty gods
By virtuous deeds, but shudders at the thought
Of impious emulation. He who dares
To rank himself their equal forfeits all
His future title to their guardian care.
O fatal folly, when presumptuous pride
Forgets the weakness of mortality!
Yet think not I refuse your proffered treasures:
Their use alone be changed. Then hear my purpose.
Vesuvius, raging with unwonted fury,
Pours from her gaping jaws a lake of fire,
Shakes the firm earth, and spreads destruction round
The subject fields and cities; trembling fly
The pale inhabitants, while all who 'scape
The flaming ruin meagre want pursues.

Behold an object claims our thoughts! dispense
These treasures to relieve your suffering brethren;
Thus, Romans, thus your Temple build for Titus.
Annius. O truly great!
Publius. How poor were all rewards,
How poor were praise to such transcendent virtue!

Chorus. O guardian gods! in whom we trust
To watch the Roman fate;
Preserve in Titus, brave and just
The glory of the state!

Titus. Enough,—enough!—Sextus, my friend, draw near
Depart not, Annius; all besides, retire.
Annius (*aside to Sextus.*) Now, Sextus, plead my cause.
Sextus. And could you, Sir,
Resign your beauteous queen?
Titus. Alas, my Sextus!
That moment, sure, was dreadful,—yet I thought ——
No more,—'tis past; the struggle's o'er! she's gone!
Thanks to the gods, I've gained the painful conquest!
'Tis just I now complete the task begun;
The greater part is done, the less remains.
Sextus. What more remains, my lord?
Titus. To take from Rome
The least suspicion that the hand of Titus
Shall e'er be joined in marriage to the queen.
Sextus. For this the queen's departure may suffice.
Titus. No, Sextus, once before she left our city,
And yet returned; twice have we met,—the third
May prove a fatal meeting; while my bed
Receives no other partner, all who know
My soul's affection may with show of reason
Declare the place reserved for Berenice.
Too deeply Rome abhors the name of queen,
But wishes on the imperial seat to view
A daughter of her own;—let Titus then
Fulfill the wish of Rome. Since love in vain
Formed my first choice, let friendship fix the second.
Sextus, to thee shall Cæsar's blood unite;
This day thy sister is my bride ——
Sextus. Servilia?

Titus. Servilia.

Annius (*aside*). Wretched Annius!

Sextus (*aside*). O ye gods!

Annius is lost.

Titus. Thou hear'st not; speak, my friend,—
What means this silence?

Sextus. Can I speak, my lord?
Thy goodness overwhelms my grateful mind,—
Fain would I ——

Annius (*aside*). Sextus suffers for his friend!

Titus. Declare thyself with freedom,—every wish
Shall find a grant.

Sextus. (*aside*). Be just, my soul, to Annius!

Annius (*aside*). Annius, be firm!

Sextus. O Titus! ——

Annius. Mighty Cæsar!
I know the heart of Sextus: from our infancy
A mutual tenderness has grown between us.
I read his thoughts; with modest estimation
He rates his worth, as disproportioned far
To such alliance, nor reflects that Cæsar
Ennobles whom he favors. Sacred Sir!
Pursue your purpose. Can a bride be found
More worthy of the empire or yourself?
Beauty and virtue in Servilia meet;
She seemed, whene'er I viewed her, born to reign;
And what I oft presaged your choice confirms.

Sextus (*aside*). Is this the voice of Annius? Do I dream?

Titus. 'Tis well: thou, Annius, with despatchful care,
Convey the tidings to her. Come, my Sextus,
Cast every vain and cautious doubt aside;
Thou shalt with me so far partake of greatness,
I will exalt thee to such height of honor,
That little of the distance shall remain
At which the gods have placed thee now from Titus.

Sextus. Forbear, my lord! O moderate this goodness!
Lest Sextus, poor and bankrupt in his thanks,
Appear ungrateful for the gifts of Cæsar.

Titus. What wouldst thou leave me, friend, if thou deni'st me
The glorious privilege of doing good?

This fruit the monarch boasts alone,
The only fruit that glads a throne:
All, all besides, is toil and pain,
Where slavery drags the galling chain.

Shall I my only joy forego?
No more my kind protection show
To those by fortune's frown pursued?
No more exalt each virtuous friend,
No more a bounteous hand extend,
To enrich the worthy and the good?

Annius (*alone*). Shall I repent?—Oh, no!—I've acted well,
As suits a generous lover; had I now
Deprived her of the throne, to insure her mine,
I might have loved myself, but not Servilia.
Lay by, my heart, thy wonted tenderness!
She who was late thy mistress is become
Thy sovereign; let thy passion, then, be changed
To distant homage! But, behold she's here!
O Heaven, methinks she ne'er before appeared
So beauteous in my eyes!

Enter Servilia.

Servilia. My life! my love!
Annius. Cease, cease, Servilia; for 'tis criminal
To call me still by those endearing names.
Servilia. And wherefore?
Annius. Cæsar has elected thee—
Oh, torture!—for the partner of his bed.
He bade me bring, myself,—I cannot bear it!—
The tidings to thee. O my breaking heart!
And I—I have been once —— I cannot speak!—
Empress, farewell!
Servilia. What can this mean? Yet stay,—
Servilia Cæsar's wife? Ah! why?
Annius. Because
Beauty and virtue never can be found
More worthy of the throne. My life!—O Heaven!
What would I dare to say? Permit me, Empress,
Permit me to retire.

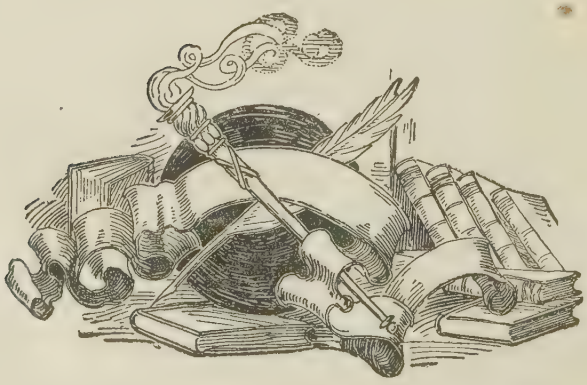
Servilia. And wilt thou leave me
In this confusion? Speak,—relate at full
By what strange means,—declare each circumstance——
Annius. I'm lost, unless I go. My heart's best treasure!

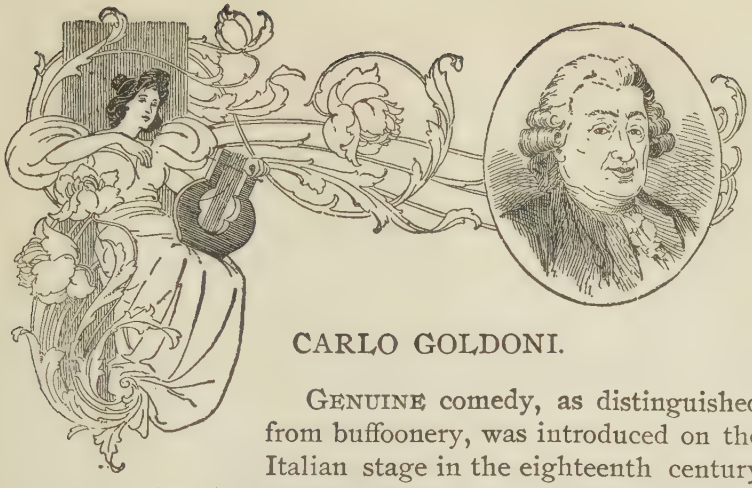
My tongue its wonted themes pursue,
Accustomed on thy name to dwell;
Then let my former love excuse
What from my lips unwary fell.

I hoped that reason would suffice
To calm the emotions love might raise:
But, ah! unguarded fond surprise
Each secret I would hide betrays. [*Exit.*

Servilia (*alone*). Shall I be wife to Cæsar? in one moment
Shake off my former chains? consign to oblivion
Such wondrous faith? Ah, no! from me the throne
Can never merit such a sacrifice!
Fear it not, Annius,—it shall never be!

Thee long I've loved, and still I'll love;
Thou wert the first, and thou shalt prove
The last dear object of my flame:
The love which first our breast inspires,
When free from guilt, such strength acquires,
It lasts till death consumes our frame.





CARLO GOLDONI.

GENUINE comedy, as distinguished from buffoonery, was introduced on the Italian stage in the eighteenth century by Carlo Goldoni (1707–1793). This "immortal comedian" of the Venetians was hailed by Voltaire as "the Italian Molière." In a letter to Goldoni himself the sage of Ferney declared, "Painter and son of Nature, I would entitle your comedies, 'Italy liberated from the Goths.'" It was indeed owing to Goldoni's persistent spirit and genial art that the Italian theatre became released from the bondage of the artificial and pantomime performances which in his youth passed for plays. The old-style *Commedie dell' arte*, or *a soggeto*, then held the boards. These pieces were mere sketches, acted by inferior actors in masks, who improvised and invented the greater part of the entertainment. The stock-characters, drawn from various Italian localities, comprised "the lean and slippered Pantaloon," Il Dottore (the Doctor), Brighella and Arlecchino (Harlequin), this last-named fool wearing a patchwork suit idealized in modern pantomime. Goldoni strove to reform this rude art. "I had no rivals to combat," he afterward remarked; "I had only prejudices to surmount." But he found these prejudices very difficult to conquer. His first play without masks proved an unmitigated failure in the popular estimation. Besides, Goldoni found it hard to get actors capable enough to perform anything outside of the old masked buffoonery. Even at the height of his fame he was bitterly attacked by the champions of the Commedia dell' arte—especially by Count Carlo Gozzi, who wrote fantastic farragoes for the mob, and went so far as to attack Goldoni

personally in his plays. Besides all this, Goldoni was obliged to bear the annoyances of his actors' complaints. They quarreled with him for presuming to dictate to them what they should do; for they had previously been accustomed to dictate to the playwrights. Goldoni has depicted these early trials in his "Memoirs," which he wrote at Versailles in his old age. Gibbon found these memoirs "more amusing than his very comedies."

Goldoni was well fitted by experience to effect this reform of the native Italian comedy. His youthful pastimes and study approximate almost exactly to those described by Goethe in his account of the childhood of Wilhelm Meister. Goldoni's grandfather was an extravagant lover of the play, and was continually giving private performances of dramas and operas under the roof of the family villa. The little Goldoni had a puppet-show for his sole delectation. Thus, despite the subsequent bankruptcy of the family and his own professional studies (those for the priesthood being interrupted by his writing of an ill-timed satire), Carlo Goldoni had a passion for the stage from his boyhood to the last day of his life. Goethe himself expressed amazement at Goldoni's mastery of stagecraft. It is not strange, therefore, that Goldoni did not follow up the law career before him, although at one time chancellor to a Podesta, and at another in the service of a Venetian ambassador. His remarkable facility for dramatic composition is evidenced in the fact that he wrote one hundred and fifty comedies. On a wager he once wrote sixteen comedies in a year, among them being two of his cleverest pieces.

He began with an ill-fated tragedy, "Amasalunta," which he burned in the room of a Milanese inn, whither he had gone for that very purpose. He then attempted the melodrama, influenced by Metastasio's example and fame. His first work of this kind was "The Venetian Gondolier," written for the troupe of actors kept by a prince of charlatans, the quack Buonafede, called the "Anonimo." This *intermezzo cantabile* was happily received at Milan. Although his first unmasked play was a failure, his second scored a palpable hit. Goldoni was gifted with a fertile invention. In his

plays he dealt with almost every phase of domestic life, and sketched the majority of human passions. His power of characterization is external, not internal like Molière's. He possessed scarcely any of Molière's psychology, and was not intellectually the Frenchman's peer. But his power of reproducing the scenes and surface individualities of every-day life has seldom, if ever, been surpassed. He utilized all his own experiences, as in "L'Amant Militaire" (The Military Lover), a reminiscence of the war of Don Carlos. His comedies do not depend, like the Spanish plays, on the intrigue of the plot; but the plots, in his case, turn rather upon the individualities of the dramatis personæ. He could justly boast of being the founder in Italy of the comedy of character.

Goldoni's most popular comedies are "La Locandiera" (The Hostess), played in America by Elenora Duse; "La Pamela," based on Richardson's novel, in the title rôle of which Ristori has achieved a reputation; and "Le Bourru Bienfaisant" (The Beneficent Bear), written in French for the wedding fête of Marie Antoinette and the Dauphin (Louis XVI.), at Versailles. "The Hostess" is a witty little coquette, who keeps an inn, and flirts with her amusing lodgers to the distraction of everybody. "The Beneficent Bear"—Geronte—is a gruff, blundering, old fellow, who is a curious personification of stupidity and good humor. Marriage on the sly is the motive of this plot, as well as of "The Curious Mishap," founded on a real episode, the scene of which is the Hague. Philibert, a Dutch merchant prince, is outwitted by his daughter Giannina and a poor French lieutenant, into actually hastening their marriage against his will. He gives the lieutenant a purse of money, under a mistaken idea that he is thus abetting another marriage which he is anxious to see consummated. Other comedies by Goldoni are "The Fan," with its many types of character; "The Woman of Tact," who becomes a chambermaid in order to win the love of the young man of the family; "The Ostentatious Miser;" and "The Father of the Family," in which convent-life is satirized in the chaperonage of an aunt. Goldoni also satirized the state-protected institution of gambling and the mediæval survival —*cavaliere sirvente* or *cicisbeo.*

His satire was not bitter, and yet was most keen. In "Pamela" it is amusing to note that Goldoni saw fit to humor Italian conventions by making Richardson's plebeian maid-servant turn out to be the daughter of a Scotch peer under attainder. Paolo Ferrari, a modern Italian comedian, has written a play on "Goldoni and his Comedies."

Robert Browning has paid a fine tribute to this brilliant dramatist.

> Goldoni,—good, gay, sunniest of souls,—
> Glassing half Venice in that verse of thine,—
> . . . . . .
> There throng the People: how they come and go,
> Lisp the soft language, flaunt the bright garb, see—
> On piazza, calle, under portico,
> And over bridge! Dear King of Comedy,
> Be honored! Thou that didst love Venice so,
> Venice, and we who love her, all love thee!

The Beneficent Bear.

(Act II., scene 4.)

Angelica (*aside*). What have I to do with Signor Dorval? I can go away.

Dorval. Mademoiselle Angelica!

Ang. Sir?

Dor. Have you seen your uncle? Has he told you nothing?

Ang. I saw him this morning, sir.

Dor. Before he went out of the house?

Ang. Yes, sir.

Dor. Has he returned?

Ang. No, sir.

Dor. (*aside*). Good. She knows nothing of it.

Ang. Excuse me, sir. Is there anything new in which I am concerned?

Dor. Your uncle takes much interest in you.

Ang. (*with modesty*). He is very kind.

Dor. (*seriously*). He thinks often of you.

Ang. It is fortunate for me.

Dor. He thinks of marrying you. (*Angelica blushes.*) What say you to it? Would you like to be married?

Ang. I depend on my uncle.

Dor. Shall I say anything more to you on the subject?

Ang. (*with a little curiosity*). But—as you please, sir.

Dor. The choice of a husband is already made.

Ang. (*aside*). O heavens! I tremble.

Dor. (*aside*). She seems to be pleased.

Ang. (*trembling*). Sir, I am curious to know—

Dor. What, Mademoiselle?

Ang. Do you know who is intended for me?

Dor. Yes, and you know him too.

Ang. (*with joy*). I know him too?

Dor. Certainly, you know him.

Ang. May I, sir, have the boldness—

Dor. Speak, Mademoiselle.

Ang. To ask you the name of the young man?

Dor. The name of the young man?

Ang. Yes, if you know him.

Dor. Suppose he were not so young?

Ang. (*aside, with agitation*). Good heavens!

Dor. You are sensible—you depend on your uncle—

Ang. (*trembling*). Do you think, sir, my uncle would sacrifice me?

Dor. What do you mean by sacrificing you?

Ang. Mean—without the consent of my heart. My uncle is so good—but who could have advised him—who could have proposed this match? (*With temper.*)

Dor. (*a little hurt.*) But this match—Mademoiselle—suppose it were I.

Ang. (*with joy*). You, sir? Heaven grant it!

Dor. (*pleased*). Heaven grant it!

Ang. Yes, I know you; I know you are reasonable. You are sensible; I can trust you. If you have given my uncle this advice, if you have proposed this match, I hope you will now find some means of making him change his plan.

Dor. (*aside*). Eh! this is not so bad. (*To Angelica.*) Mademoiselle—

Ang. (*distressed*). Signor?

Dor. (*with feeling*). Is your heart engaged?

Ang. Ah, sir—

Dor. I understand you.

Ang. Have pity on me!

Dor. (*aside*). I said so, I foresaw right; it is fortunate for me I am not in love—yet I began to perceive some little symptoms of it.

Ang. But you do not tell me, sir.

Dor. But, Mademoiselle—

Ang. You have perhaps some particular interest in the person they wish me to marry?

Dor. A little.

Ang. I tell you I shall hate him.

Dor. (*aside*). Poor girl! I am pleased with her sincerity.

Ang. Come, have compassion; be generous.

Dor. Yes, I will be so, I promise you; I will speak to your uncle in your favor, and will do all I can to make you happy.

Ang. (*with joy and transport*). Oh, how dear a man you are! You are my benefactor, my father. (*Takes his hand.*)

Dor. My dear girl! [*Enter Geronte.*

Geronte (*with animation*). Excellent, excellent! Courage, my children, I am delighted with you. (*Angelica retires, mortified; Dorval smiles.*) How! does my presence alarm you? I do not condemn this proper show of affection. You have done well, Dorval, to inform her. Come, my niece, embrace your future husband.

Ang. (*in consternation*). What do I hear?

Dor. (*aside and smiling*). Now I am unmasked.

Ger. (*to Angelica, with warmth*). What scene is this? Your modesty is misplaced. When I am not present, you are near enough to each other; when I come in, you go far apart. Come here. (*To Dorval, with anger.*) And do you too come here.

Dor. (*laughing*). Softly, my friend.

Ger. Why do you laugh? Do you feel your happiness? I am very willing you should laugh, but do not put me in a passion; do you hear, you laughing gentleman? Come here and listen to me.

Dor. But listen yourself.

Ger. (*to Angelica, and endeavoring to take her hand*). Come near, both of you.

Ang. (*weeping*). My uncle!

Ger. Weeping! What's the matter, my child? I believe you are making a jest of me. (*Takes her hand, and draws her forward; then turns to Dorval.*) You shall escape me no more.

Dor. At least let me speak.

Ger. No, no!

Ang. My dear uncle—

Ger. (*with warmth*). No, no. (*He becomes serious.*) I have been to my notary's, and have arranged everything; he has taken

a note of it in my presence, and will soon bring the contract here for us to subscribe.

Dor. But will you listen to me?

Ger. No, no. As to her fortune, my brother had the weakness to leave it in the hands of his son; this will no doubt cause some obstacle on his part, but it will not embarrass me. Every one who has transactions with him suffers. The fortune cannot be lost, and in any event I will be responsible for it.

Ang. (*aside*). I can bear this no longer.

Dor. (*embarrassed*). All proceeds well, but—

Ger. But what?

Dor. The young lady may have something to say in this matter. (*Looking at Angelica.*)

Ang. (*hastily and trembling*). I, sir?

Ger. I should like to know if she can say anything against what I do, what I order, and what I wish. My wishes, my orders, and what I do, are all for her good. Do you understand me?

Dor. Then I must speak myself.

Ger. What have you to say?

Dor. That I am very sorry, but this marriage cannot take place.

Ger. Not take place! (*Angelica retreats frightened; Dorval steps back.*) (*To Dorval.*) You have given me your word of honor.

Dor. Yes, on condition—

Ger. (*turning to Angelica*). It must then be this impertinent. If I could believe it! if I had any reason to suspect it! (*Threatens her.*)

Dor. (*seriously*). No, sir, you are mistaken.

Ger. (*to Dorval. Angelica makes her escape*). It is you, then, who refuse? So you abuse my friendship and affection for you!

Dor. (*raising his voice*). But hear reason—

Ger. What reason? what reason? There is no reason. I am a man of honor, and if you are so, too, it shall be done at once. (*Turning round, he calls*) Angelica!

Dor. What possesses the man? He will resort to violence on the spot. (*Runs off.*)

Ger. (*alone*). Where is she gone? Angelica! Hallo! who's there? Piccardo! Martuccia! Pietro! Cortese!—But I'll find her. It is you I want. (*Turns round and, not seeing Dorval, remains motionless.*) What! he treat me so! (*Calls.*) Dorval! my friend! Dorval—Dorval! my friend! Oh, shameful—ungrateful! Hallo! Is no one there? Piccardo! [*Enter Piccardo.*

Piccardo. Here, sir.

Ger. You rascal! Why don't you answer?

Pic. Pardon me, sir, here I am.

Ger. Shameful! I called you ten times.

Pic. I am sorry, but—

Ger. Ten times! It is scandalous.

Pic. (*aside and angry*). He is in a fury now.

Ger. Have you seen Dorval?

Pic. Yes, sir.

Ger. Where is he?

Pic. He is gone.

Ger. How is he gone?

Pic. (*roughly*). He is gone as other people go.

Ger. Ah, insolent! do you answer your master in this manner? (*Threatens him.*)

Pic. (*very angrily*). Give me my discharge, sir.

Ger. Your discharge—worthless fellow! (*Makes him retreat. Piccardo falls between the chair and the table. Geronte runs and helps him up.*)

Pic. Oh! (*He shows much pain.*)

Ger. Are you hurt? Are you hurt?

Pic. Very much hurt; you have crippled me.

Ger. Oh, I am sorry! Can you walk?

Pic. (*still angry*). I believe so, sir. (*He tries, and walks badly.*)

Ger. (*sharply*). Go on.

Pic. Do you drive me away, sir?

Ger. (*warmly*). No. Go to your wife's house, that you may be taken care of. (*Pulls out his purse and offers him money.*) Take this to get cured.

Pic. (*aside, with tenderness*). What a master!

Ger. Take it. (*Giving him money.*)

Pic. (*with modesty*). No, sir, I hope it will be nothing.

Ger. Take it, I tell you.

Pic. (*still refusing it*). Sir—

Ger. (*very warmly*). What! you refuse my money? Do you refuse it from pride, or spite, or hatred? Do you believe I did it on purpose? Take this money. Take it. Come, don't put me in a passion.

Pic. Do not get angry, sir. I thank you for all your kindness. (*Takes the money.*)

Ger. Go quickly.

Pic. Yes, sir. (*Walks badly.*)

Ger. Go slowly.

Pic. Yes, sir.

Ger. Wait, wait; take my cane.

Pic. Sir—

Ger. Take it, I tell you! I wish you to do it.

Pic. (*takes the cane*). What goodness! [*Exit.*

[*Enter Martuccia.*

Ger. It is the first time in my life that—Plague on my temper! (*Taking long strides.*) It is Dorval who put me in a passion.

Martuccia. Do you wish to dine, sir?

Ger. May the devil take you! (*Runs out and shuts himself in his room.*)

Mar. Well, well! He is in a rage: I can do nothing for Angelica to-day; Valerio can go away.

GIUSEPPE PARINI.

PARINI'S reputation depends upon a single work in blank verse, by which he recalled Italian poetry, long divided between affected grandeur and feeble sentimentality, to real life and playful irony. Born at Bosisio in 1729, he was educated at Milan and became a tutor in noble families. A volume of early poems procured for him enrolment among the Arcadians. But he turned from them when he began to use his intimate knowledge of aristocratic life in satire. "Il Mattino," The Morning, gives ironical advice to a young nobleman how to begin the day. The success of this venture led to its continuation in three parts—Noon, Evening and Night—thus completing the day—"Il Giorno." Meanwhile the cultivated author had become a professor of rhetoric and editor of an official gazette. When Napoleon entered Milan he was made for a brief period a magistrate. He died in 1799, after suffering from lameness, blindness and poverty.

A Noble Lord's Morning.

Already do the gentle valets hear
Thy tinkling summons, and with zealous speed
Haste to unclose the barriers that exclude
The garish day,—yet soft and warily,
Lest the rude sun perchance offend thy sight.

But now, behold, thy natty page appears,
Anxious to learn what beverage thou wouldst sip.
If that thy stomach need the sweet ferment,
Restorative of heat, and to the powers
Digestive so propitious,—choose, I pray,
The tawny chocolate, on thee bestowed
By the black Carib of the pluméd crown.
Or should the hypochondria vex my lord,
Or round his tapering limbs the encroaching flesh
Unwelcome gather, let his lip prefer
The roasted berry's juice, that Mocha sends,—
Mocha, that of a thousand ships is proud.
'Twas fate decreed that from the ancient world
Adventurers should sail, and o'er the main,
'Gainst storm and doubt, and famine and despair,
Should have achieved discovery and conquest;—
'Twas fate ordained that Cortes should despise
The blood of sable man, and through it wade,
O'erturning kingdoms and their generous kings,
That worlds, till then unknown, their fruits and flowers
Should cater to thy palate, gem of heroes!
But Heaven forfend, that, at this very hour
To coffee and to breakfast dedicate,
Some menial indiscreet should chance admit
The tailor,—who, alas! is not contented
To have with thee divided his rich stuffs,
And now with infinite politeness comes,
Handing his bill. Ahimè! unlucky!
The wholesome liquor turns to gall and spleen,
And doth at home, abroad, at play or park,
Disorganize thy bowels for the day.

But let no portal e'er be closed on him
Who sways thy toes, professor of the dance.

He at his entrance stands firm on the threshold;
Up mount his shoulders, and down sinks his neck,
Like to a tortoise, while with graceful bow
His lip salutes his hat's extremity.
Nor less be thy divine access denied
To the sweet modulator of thy voice,
Or him for whom the harmonious string vibrates,
Waked into music by his skillful bow.
But, above all, let *him* not fail to join
The chosen synod of my lord's levee,
Professor of the idiom exquisite:
He, who from Seine, the mother of the Graces,
Comes generous, laden with celestial sounds,
To grace the lips of nauseous Italy.
Lo! at his bidding, our Italian words,
Dismembered, yield the place unto their foe;
And at his harmony ineffable,
Lo! in thy patriot bosom rises strong
Hate and disgust of that ignoble tongue,
Which in Valchiusa* to the echoes told
The lament and the praise of hopeless love.
Ah! wretched bard, who knew not yet to mix
The Gallic graces with thy rude discourse;
That so to delicate spirits thou mightst be
Not grating as thou art, and barbarous!

Fast with this pleasant choir flits on the morn,
Unvexed by tedium or vacuity,
While 'twixt the light sips of the fragrant cup
Is pleasantly discussed,—What name shall bear,
Next season, the theatric palm away?
And is it true that Frine [Phryne] has returned,—
She that has sent a thousand dull *Milords*,
Naked and gulled, unto the banks of Thames?
Or comes the dancer, gay Narcissus, back
(Terror of gentle husbands), to bestow
Fresh trouble to their hearts, and honors to their heads?

* Vaucluse, celebrated by Petrarch.

VITTORIO ALFIERI.

ALFIERI, beyond dispute the greatest tragedian of the Italian drama, has been styled the Shakespeare of Italy. Without Shakespeare's abundant and rich ornamentation of verse, copiousness of by-play and extravagance of fancy, Alfieri possessed the supreme gift of tragic concentration. His style is severe and plain, he never indulges in a *coup de théâtre*, he confines his plot and cast to the direst exigencies of the theme; and yet he carries his tragedies through with such a passionate sweep of energy that Italian audiences sit spell-bound under their sway. His theme, too, is almost invariably that of heroic patriotism. When he began to write his tragedies he proclaimed himself in "Della tirannide" ("Of Tyranny") as an uncompromising advocate of liberty in politics, morals and literature. He thus became recognized by the Italian people as a patriot inspired by the dream of a united Italy. In choosing his plots he always had this heroic motive in view: "A liberty-breathing tragedy;" he described one of his works in a phrase which may be applied to practically all of them. Even his "Merope," a drama of maternal love, ends with the assassination of a usurping tyrant. Some of his tragedies have been styled "dialogues on liberty." As he banished the rabble of superfluous characters from the stage, so he was not particular concerning the actual characters chosen, so that there was a tyrant to slay and a patriot-hero to kill him.

And yet it is impossible not to detect a progressive development in his dramas toward that ideal of tragedy in his own mind. His tragedies are by no means uniform in merit, but

they reveal a steady growth in his expression of a definite tragic ideal. Nor did he hesitate to criticize some of his own tragedies in most candid fashion, thus forestalling the German critic, Schlegel, who savagely attacked the Alfierian theatre. The truth is that Alfieri became a tragedian partly by accident, that he had not been properly educated for the great rôle he was to play, and that when he started he was almost entirely ignorant of both the ancient Greek and the contemporary French stage.

Vittorio Alfieri (1749–1803) was the scion of a noble family, as Maffei had been, and had at first not deigned to stoop to literature. He spoke Lombard Italian, instead of the literary Tuscan, when he did not speak French. Inheriting a fine fortune he gave himself up for many years to the love of horses, travel and mistresses. This curious trio dominated his life to the end, and led to several scandals, a notorious duel, and a restless wandering life from Italy to Sweden. But by a fortunate chance Alfieri found the noblest inspiration of his life in a volume of Plutarch's "Lives." This worthy old biographer, whom Shakespeare found such a mine of treasure, seems also to have awakened Alfieri's true tragic spirit and ambition. And so, one day, while sitting by the bedside of a sick mistress, he whiled away the time by sketching the scene for a play in which Photinus, a woman ignorantly named by him Lachesis, and Cleopatra were the personages. A year later his first drama of "Cleopatra" was produced amid great applause at the Teatro Carignano, Turin. Alfieri awoke the next morning, like another Byron, to find himself famous. But with this somewhat unexpected fame came an embarrassing predicament: Alfieri suddenly realized with full force the scantiness of his equipment. With the characteristic energy of his impulsive nature he rushed forthwith to Florence to overcome his Lombardisms and Gallicisms at the well of Tuscan undefiled.

Alfieri studied carefully the previous dramas of Gravina (Metastasio's adoptive-father), Maffei, and Conti. Antonio Conti (1677–1749) had visited England and brought back to Italy an ardent admiration of Shakespeare. Conti had thus taken a step beyond Maffei. From Roman history Conti had

chosen the heroic themes of "Giunio Bruto" (Lucius Junius Brutus), "Marco Bruto," "Cesare," and "Druso." Alfieri strove to improve on Maffei's "Merope," that celebrated classic of the Italian stage of that day. Alfieri also profited by Conti's hint as to themes. By his more capable hand were reshaped the great tragedies of "The First Brutus," "The Second Brutus" (the tragedy of Julius Cæsar), "Antony and Cleopatra," "Virginia," "Octavia," and—as well—the Greek tragedies of "Agis," "Sophonisba," "Myrrha," "Philip," "Polynices," "Antigone," "Alcestis" (after Euripides), "Agamemnon," "Orestes," and "Timoleon." Other tragedies were, "Rosmunda," the plot of which was more than customarily of his own invention; "Abel," a curious biblical "musical tragedy;" "Saul," his masterpiece; "The Conspiracy of the Pazzi" and "Don Garcia," two Medicean episodes; and "Mary Stuart," in which he gives the Queen of Scots a suspicious, violent temper. All of these tragedies have been admirably translated by Edgar A. Bowring, with full historical introductions.

It will be seen that Alfieri entered upon the Shakespearean province in two of his Roman dramas. In Alfieri's "Cleopatra," Egypt's queen does not, however, die of the bite of a poisonous asp at the false report of Antony's death. Antony confronts her and curses her for her treachery. Octavius seizes her to drag at his chariot wheels in Rome, and she dies by that inevitable Italian dagger. In "The Second Brutus" Alfieri adopts the exploded scandal that Brutus was a son of Julius Cæsar.* In this drama Alfieri introduced the character of Cicero—very extraneously, as the dramatist himself afterward admitted.

In the tragedy of "The First Brutus" the overthrow of Tarquinius Superbus is related. Alfieri dedicated this drama to George Washington, "whose name alone," he explained, "can stand on the title page of a tragedy of the deliverer of Rome." In "Sophonisba" Scipio Africanus, the conqueror of Carthage, was brought upon the stage; the scene being laid during the second Punic war. "Myrrha" is founded on

* This scandal arose from a misinterpretation of a passage in Suetonius.

Ovid's tale of the guilty love of a maid for her father. In "The Conspiracy of the Pazzi" Alfieri takes for his hero, Raymond Pazzi, who, with his father Guglielmo, heads the conspiracy against Lorenzo and Julian de' Medici. Raymond is shown as the husband of Bianca, a sister of the Florentine tyrants, who is called upon to divide her heart and fears between her husband and her brothers. Raymond kills Julian, but stabs himself on being seized in Bianca's presence by Lorenzo's guards. Salviati, Archbishop of Pisa, is represented as one of the conspirators in this "liberty-breathing tragedy." In "Don Garcia" the hero is a later de' Medici, who perishes with a brother as the victim of a third brother's intrigues. Murder, craft, deceit—all the Italian vices of the Medici figure in this gloomy tragedy of family villainy and fratricide.

"Saul" is, however, Alfieri's masterpiece. It is founded upon the Biblical history, and has for its dramatis personæ King Saul, with the curse of madness already upon him; Jonathan, David, and his wife Michal, the evil Abner and Ahimelech the priest. The tragedy opens with the appearance of David at Gilboa, a fugitive fleeing from the wrath of Saul. But Saul, and not David, is the central figure of the impressive work. David represents throughout simply the compassionate mercy of God. The divine judgment is embodied in the stern priest Ahimelech, who warns Saul of the woes to come. In the second and third acts the dramatist reveals the mentally sinking monarch of Israel attracted to a trust in David by the latter's sincerity and pity, and yet over-influenced, after all, by Abner's evil counsels. In the third act David plays upon his harp and sings a series of lyrics, varied to suit the different emotions appealed to. Saul is won over by the divine strains, when David unfortunately strikes up a warlike psalm, and Saul turns suddenly upon him to kill him. The half-crazed king now adopts Abner's policy of waiting battle, and is surprised by the Philistines. Saul will not flee. He will die facing them as a king. As the Philistines rush into his tent with blazing torches and upraised swords, Saul falls on his sword and expires. Even Schlegel has praised the Oriental splendor achieved by Alfieri in this

tragedy and "the lyrical sublimity in which the troubled mind of Saul gives utterance to itself." Saul perishes a victim to his own remorse and terror, haunted by the spectres of his guilty soul. Alfieri's severe style fitted perfectly this patriarchal theme. "Saul" has been declared not unworthy a place beside the "Prometheus" of Æschylus.

Alfieri cannot be dismissed, however, without special notice of his "Abel." In this tragedy of Cain's murder of his brother, the dramatist introduces not only Adam and Eve, and Cain and Abel, but also Lucifer, Bel, Mammon, Ashtaroth, Sin, Envy, Death, choruses of Angels and Demons, and even the Voice of God! The tragedy opens in hell! Alfieri had the choruses use recitatives, and he styled the work a melo-tragedy. He thought he had invented a new art-form between the tragedy and the opera.

Of Alfieri's other poetical works, it only needs to be added that he wrote six comedies (none remarkable), some robust sonnets, and a few odes hardly equal to their subjects, among which was that of "America Liberata."

David Soothes Saul's Madness.

(From the tragedy of "Saul," Act iii. scene 4.)

Jonathan. Ah come, beloved father; to thy thoughts
Allow a little respite: the pure air
Will bring thee some refreshment; come and sit
A little while among thy children now.
Saul. What are those words I hear?
Michal. Beloved father!
Saul. Who, who are ye? Who speaks of pure air here?
This? 'tis a thick impenetrable gloom;
A land of darkness and the shades of death—
O see! Come nearer me; dost thou observe it?
A fatal wreath of blood surrounds the sun.
Heardst thou the singing of ill-omen'd birds?
The vocal air resounds with loud laments
That smite my ears, compelling me to weep.—
But what? Ye, ye weep also.
Jon. Mighty God
Of Israel, dost Thou thus Thy face avert

From Saul the king? Is he, Thy servant once,
Abandoned to the adversary thus?
Michal. Father, thy much-loved daughter is beside thee:
If thou art cheerful, she is also cheerful;
She, if thou weepest, weeps. But, wherefore now
Should we shed tears? For joy hath reappeared.
Saul. David thou meanest. Ah! Why doth not David
Also embrace me with my other children?
David. O father! I have been restrained by fear
Of importuning thee. Ah! why canst thou
Not read my heart? I evermore am thine.
Saul. Thou lovest then—the house of Saul?
David. I love it?
O Heavens! Dear as the apple of mine eye
To me is Jonathan; I neither know
Nor heed a peril in the world for thee;
Let my wife, if she can, say with what love,
And how much love, I love her.
Saul. Yet thyself
Thou mightily dost prize.
David. I prize myself?
No despicable soldier in the camp,
In court thy son-in-law, I deem myself;
And nothing, nothing in the sight of God.
Saul. Incessantly to me of God thou speakest;
Yet thou well knowest that the crafty rage,
Cruel, tremendous, of perfidious priests,
Has for a long time severed me from God.
Dost thou thus name Him to insult me?
David. I
Name Him, to give Him glory. Why dost thou
Believe that He no longer is with thee?
He doth not dwell with him who loves Him not:
But doth He ever fail to succor him
Who doth invoke Him, and who hath reposed
In Him implicit trust? He to the throne
Appointed thee; and on that throne He keeps thee:
And if in Him, in Him exclusively
Thou dost confide, He's thine, and thou art His.
Saul. Who speaks of Heaven? Is he in snowy vest
Enrobed who thus his sacred lip unseals?
Let's see him—No: thou art a warrior: thou

Graspest the sword: approach; and let me see,
If David thus or Samuel doth accost me.—
What sword is this? 'Tis not the same, methinks,
Which I, with my own hands, on thee bestow'd.
David. This is the sword that my poor sling acquired.
The sword that over me in Elah hung
Threatening my life; in fierce Goliath's hands
I saw it flash a horrid glare of death
Before my eyes: he grasped it: but it bears
Not mine, but his coagulated blood.
Saul. Was not that sword, a consecrated thing,
In Nob, within the tabernacle hung?
Was it not wrapped within the mystic ephod,
And thus from all unhallowed eyes concealed?
Devoted to the Lord of hosts forever?
David. 'Tis true; but—
Saul. Whence didst thou obtain it then?
Who dared to give it? who?
David. I will explain.
Powerless and fugitive to Nob I came:
Wherefore I fled, thou knowest. Every path
Was crowded with unhappy wretches; I,
Defenceless, found myself at every step
Within the jaws of death. With humble brow
I kneel'd within the tabernacle, where
God's Spirit doth descend: and there, these arms
(Which if a living man might to his side
Refit them, David surely was that man)
Myself demanded of the priest.
Saul. And he?
David. Gave them to me.
Saul. He was?
David. Ahimelech.
Saul. Perfidious traitor! Vile!—Where is the altar?
O rage! Ah, all are miscreants! traitors all!
The foes of God; are ye his ministers?
Black souls in vestments white!—Where is the axe?
Where is the altar? let him be destroyed.
Where is the victim? I will slay him.
Michal. Father!
Jon. O Heav'ns! What mean these words? Where dost thou fly?

Be pacified, I pray thee: there are not
Or altars here, or victims: in the priests
Respect that God who hears thee evermore.
Saul. Who thus restrains me? Who resists me thus?
Who forces me to sit?
Jon. My father—
David. Thou,
Great God of Israel, do Thou succor him!
Thy servant kneels to Thee, and this implores.
Saul. I am bereft of peace; the sun, my kingdom,
My children, and my power of thought, all, all
Are taken from me! Ah, unhappy Saul!
Who doth console thee? who is now the guide,
The prop of thy bewildered feebleness?
Thy children all are mute, are harsh and cruel.
And of the doting and infirm old man
They only wish the death: and nought attracts
My children, but the fatal diadem,
Which now is twined around thy hoary head.
Wrest it at once: and at the same time sever
From this now tremulous decaying form
Your father's palsied head.—Ah, wretched state!
Better were death. I wish for death.
Michal. O father!
We all desire thy life: we each of us
Would die ourselves, to rescue thee from death.
Jon. Now, since in tears his fury is dissolved,
Brother, do thou, to recompose his soul,
Exert thy voice. So many times already
Hast thou enthralled him with celestial songs
To calm oblivion.
Michal. Yes; thou seest now,
The breathing in his panting breast subsides;
His looks, just now so savage, swim in tears:
Now is the time to lend him thy assistance.
David. May God in mercy speak to him through me.—

Omnipotent, eternal, infinite,
Thou, who dost govern each created thing;
Thou, who from nothing mad'st me by Thy might,
Blest with a soul that dares to Thee take wing;
Thou, who canst pierce the abyss of endless night,

And all its mysteries into daylight bring;
The universe doth tremble at Thy nod,
And sinners prostrate own the outstretched arm of God.

Oft on the gorgeous blazing wings ere now
Of thousand cherubim wert Thou revealed;
Oft did Thy pure divinity endow
Thy people's shepherd in the martial field:
To him a stream of eloquence wert Thou;
Thou wert his sword, his wisdom and his shield:
From Thy bright throne, O God, bestow one ray
To cleave the gathering clouds that intercept the day.

In tears of darkness we ——

Saul. Hear I the voice
Of David? From a mortal lethargy
It seems to wake me, and displays to me
The cheering radiance of my early years.

David. Who comes, who comes, unseen, yet heard?
A sable cloud of dust appeared,
Chased by the eastern blast.—
But it has burst; and from its womb
A thousand brandished swords illume
The track through which it passed.
Saul, as a tower, his forehead rears,
His head a flaming circlet wears.
The earth beneath his feet
Echoes with tramp of horse and men:
The sea, the sky, the hills, the plain,
The warlike sounds repeat.

In awful majesty doth Saul appear;
Horsemen and chariots from before him fly:
Chilled by his presence is each heart with fear;
And god-like terrors lighten in his eye.

Ye sons of Ammon, late so proud,
Where now the scorn, the insults loud,
Ye raised against our host?
Your corpses more than fill the plain;
The ample harvest of your slain
Invalidates your boast.

See what it is thus to depend
On gods unable to defend.—
But wherefore from afar
Hear I another trumpet sound?
'Tis Saul's:—he levels with the ground
All Edom's sons of war.

Thus Moab, Zobah, by his arms laid low,
With impious Amalek, united fall:
Saul, like a stream fed by dissolving snow,
Defeats, disperses, overwhelms them all.

Saul. This is the voice of my departed years,
That from the tomb to glory now recalls me.
I live again in my victorious youth,
When I hear this—What do I say? Alas!
Should cries of war be now addressed to me?
Oblivion, indolence, and peace, invite
The old man to themselves.
David. Let peace be sung.—

Weary and thirsty, see he lies
Beside his native stream;
God's champion, whose past victories
Wake many a glorious dream.

The sighed-for laurel's evergreen
Doth screen his head from heat;
His children, all around him seen,
His sighs and smiles repeat.

They weep and smile, then smile and weep,
With sympathy endued;
And still a strict accordance keep
To every varying mood.

One daughter's gentle hand unfits
His crested helm and sword;
His consort fond beside him sits,
Embracing her loved lord.

The other doth clear water bring
From the pure ambient flood,
To cleanse his stately brows, where cling
Commingled dust and blood.

A cloud of odorous flowers she spreads,
Which breathe their perfumes near;
And on his honor'd hand she sheds
The duteous filial tear.

But why sits one apart reclined,
In pensive mood alone?
Alas, she mourns that others find
A task, while she has none.

But diff'rent thoughts, with eager haste,
Attract the band of boys;
Till his turn comes to be embraced,
One son himself employs
To make the blood-encrusted blade
From spot and blemish clear:
With envy fired, another said:
"When shall I poise that spear?

"That pond'rous lance when shall I wield,
That now defies my strength?"
Another grasps the blazoned shield,
And stalks behind its length.

Then tears of sweet surprise,
From forth the swimming eyes
Of Saul are seen to roll:
For of his blooming race,
So full of royal grace,
He knows that he's the soul.

The pleasure how entire,
How happy is the sire,
Whose waking thoughts inspire
Affections so sincere!
But now the day is o'er;
The zephyrs breathe no more;
And sleep's soft powers restore
The monarch we revere.

Saul. Happy the father of a race like this!
O peace of mind, how precious are thy gifts!
Through all my veins balsamic sweetness flows.

The Death of Saul.

Abner. O hapless king! Now whither dost thou fly?
This is a dreadful night.
Saul. But, why this battle?
Abner. The foe assailed us unawares: we are
Wholly discomfited.
Saul. Discomfited?
And liv'st thou, traitor!
Abner. I? I live to save thee.
Hither perchance Philistia's hordes are streaming:
We are compelled to shun the first attack:
Meanwhile the day will dawn. Thee will I lead,
With my few followers, to yonder slopes.
Saul. Shall I then live, while all my people fall?
Abner. Ah, come! Alas! the tumult grows: approaches.
Saul. My children—Jonathan—do they too fly?
Do they abandon me?
Abner. O Heavens! Thy children,—
No, no; they fled not—ill-starred progeny!
Saul. I understand thee: they are all destroyed.
Michal. Alas! My brothers!
Abner. Thou no more hast sons.
Saul. What now remains for me?—Thou, thou alone,
But not for me, remainest.—In my heart
Have I been long time finally resolved:
And now the hour is come. This, Abner, is
The last of my commands. My daughter now
Guide to some place of safety.
Michal. Father, no;
Around thee will I twine myself: the foe
Will never aim a sword against a woman.
Saul. O daughter! say no more: compel me not
To weep. A conquered king should never weep.
Save her, O Abner, go: but, if she fall
Within the foeman's hands, say not, O no,
That she's the child of Saul; but rather tell them
That she is David's wife; they will respect her.
Go; fly.
Abner. She shall, I swear to thee, be safe,
If I can aught avail; but thou meantime.

Michal. My father—ah!—I will not, will not leave thee.
Saul. I will it: and I yet am king. But see,
The armed bands approach. Fly, Abner, fly:
Drag her by force with thee, if it be needful.
Michal. O father!—and forever?
Saul (*alone*). O my children!
I was a father. See thyself alone,
O king; of thy so many friends and servants,
Not one remains. Inexorable God,
Is Thy retributory wrath appeased?—
But, thou remain'st to me, O sword: now come,
My faithful servant in extremity.—
Hark, hark! the howlings of the haughty victors:
The flashing of their burning torches glare
Before my eyes already, and I see
Their swords by thousands.—O thou vile Philistia,
Me thou shalt find, but like a king, here—dead!

As he falls transfixed on his own sword, the victorious Philistines come up with blazing torches and bloody swords, and rush with loud cries towards him.

Brutus and Cæsar.

(From the tragedy of "The Second Brutus," Act V., Scenes 1 and 2.)

Senators enter the Curia of Pompey and in succession take their places.

Cassius. It seems to me this meeting will be small;
Much smaller than the last.
Brutus. Provided that
The hearts of the remainder be but firm,
'Tis all we want.
Cas. Dost thou, O Brutus, hear
How the unquiet people, with their cries,
Already make the firmament resound?
Bru. Their cries they vary at each new event:
Leave them; e'en they perchance to-day may help us.
Cas. I never saw thee calm as thou art now,
And so secure.
Bru. The danger's near.
Cas. O Brutus!
Brutus, I yield to thee alone.
Bru. Great Pompey,

Who breathes in sculptured marble here, and seems
Now to preside o'er our few partisans,
Makes me secure as to the coming danger.
Cas. Behold, the tyrant's lictors now draw nigh.
Bru. Casca and Cimber, where?
Cas. They fiercely have
Forestalled by violence the post of danger:
They closely follow Cæsar.
Bru. Hast thou thought
Of hindering the impious Antony?
Cas. Yes; Fulvius and Macrinus will at length
Keep him engaged at distance from the senate;
If it be also needful to obstruct him,
This will they do by force.
Bru. Now all stands well.
Let each one take his place.—Farewell, O Cassius!
We from each other separate as slaves;
Soon, as free men, I hope, shall we embrace,
Or dying.—First shalt thou be witness here
To the last efforts of a son; and then
To the last efforts of a citizen.
Cas. O Brutus! on thy nod depends each weapon.

Enter Cæsar, preceded by the Lictors, who afterwards leave him; Casca, Cimber, and many others follow him. All rise at the entrance of Cæsar and continue standing till he has taken his seat.

Cæsar. What can this mean? Scarce half the senate here,
Though the appointed hour be past? But I
Beyond my duty have delayed my coming.—
Ye conscript fathers, I lament that thus
I have detained you. But yet, what can be
The cause that takes from me so many of you? [*All are silent.*
Bru. Does no one answer?—The demanded cause
Is known to all of us.—Is it not, Cæsar,
Fully divulged to thee by this our silence?—
But, wouldst thou hear it?—Those whom thou seest here,
Terror collected; those whom thou seest not,
Terror dispersed.
Cæs. I am not unaccustomed
To the intemperate harangues of Brutus;
As to the gen'rous clemency of Cæsar

Thou art not unaccustomed.—But in vain;
For here I came not to dispute.
Bru. Nor we
Thee idly to offend.—Those fathers surely
Were ill-advised who vanished from the senate
On such a joyful day: and ill act those,
Who in the senate now stand mute.—Myself,
Fully apprised of the high sentiments
Which Cæsar purposes to utter to us,
Can scarce restrain the impulses of joy;
And feel an eager wish to dissipate
The false alarm of others.—Ah! no, now
Cæsar doth not within his bosom cherish
Against his country any guilty purpose;
Ah, no! that gen'rous clemency of his,
With which to-day he has upbraided Brutus,
And which in future he should not exert
Tow'rds me, to trembling and afflicted Rome
He hath directed all of it already.
To-day, I swear to you, great Cæsar adds
A new one, and the most sublime of all,
To his so many triumphs; hence he here
Presents himself, the victor of himself,
And of the envy of his adversaries.
Yes, noble fathers, this I swear to you;
Cæsar to-day assembles you to this
His glorious triumph: he once more would be
The equal of his fellow-citizens;
This will he be spontaneously: and hence,
'Mid all the men that have been in the world,
There never was, nor will be, Cæsar's equal.
Cæs. I might, O Brutus, interrupt thy speech.
Bru. Nor let it seem to you rash arrogance
That I, when scarce a prætor, thus should dare
Anticipate the words of the dictator.
For Brutus now and the illustrious Cæsar
Are but one person.—I behold your brows
Arched with amazement: to the senators
My language is obscure; but speedily,
With but one single word, the mystery
Will I explain.—I am the son of Cæsar.

[*A universal cry of astonishment.*

Bru. Yes; I am born from him; and in this fact
No little pride I feel; since this day Cæsar
Becomes, from a perpetual dictator,
Perpetual and first of citizens. [*A universal cry of joy.*
Cæs. Yes, Brutus is my son; I told myself
Erewhile to him this secret. Yes, the boldness,
The eloquence, impetuosity,
I know not what of superhuman force
That breathes in his discourse, made on my heart
A deep impression: ardent, and aspiring,
My genuine son, is Brutus. Hence, O Romans,
I choose him, far more worthy than myself,
To do for you that service after me,
Which now no longer lies within my power:
I have decided to transfer to him
My whole authority; in him have I
Establish'd it: in him will ye have Cæsar.
Bru. I stand secure: not Brutus' enemies,
The most embitter'd and implacable,
Much less his friends then, ever will believe him
Of this e'er capable; ah no!—To me,
Cæsar, O Romans, yields his pow'r: he would
Imply by this, that Cæsar abdicates,
At the entreaties of myself, his son,
His pow'r unjust, and now replaces Rome
In liberty forever. [*A universal cry of joy.*
Cæs. 'Tis enough.
Thou as my son, and younger than myself,
Shouldest keep silence in my presence.—Now,
Cæsar, O fathers, speaks.—I have resolved
Irrevocably in my secret thoughts
To go against the Parthians. And to-morrow
I march 'gainst Asia with my faithful legions:
There have I long been summon'd, and by force
Dragg'd onward, by the unavengèd shade
Of Crassus. Antony I leave to Rome;
In him let Rome behold a second Cæsar:
Let Cassius, Cimber, Casca, now return
To their allotted provinces: my side
Brutus shall never quit. When I have slain
The enemies of Rome, I will return
And to my enemies submit myself:

Then, at her will, whichever she likes best,
Rome shall possess me as her citizen,
As her dictator, or discard me quite. [*Universal silence.*
Bru. These words which we have heard, were certainly
Not accents of a Roman, of my father,
Or e'en of Cæsar; but the harsh commands
Of a despotic king.—Ah! father, yet
Hear me once more; behold my tears, and hear
The entreaties of a son and citizen.
Hear me; all Rome by my mouth speaks to thee.
Behold that Brutus, whom no man e'er saw
Hitherto weep or supplicate; behold him
Prostrate before thee. Wouldst thou be to Brutus,
And not to Rome, a father?
Cæs. I will not
Listen to prayers which are a public insult.
Rise, and be mute.—He dares to call me tyrant;
But I am not one: if I were, had I
Myself permitted him to offer me
Such gross indignities before all Rome?—
What the dictator in his mind hath fix'd,
Should all be executed. Thus command
The interests of Rome; and ev'ry man
Who doubts now, or refuses to obey me,
Is enemy of Rome; to her rebellious,
He is an impious traitor.
Bru. Then let all
Of us now, as true citizens should do,
Obey dictators thus! [*He branishes his dagger.*
Cimber. Die, tyrant, die.
[*All rush forward with daggers.*
Cas. And let me smite him also.
Cæs. Traitors.
Bru. Ah!
And must I be the only one to spare him?
Some Senators. Die, let the tyrant die.
Other Senators, flying. O day of horrors!
Cæs. Son,—and thou too?—I die. [*He falls.*
Bru. O Rome! O father!
Cim. But, at the cries of the pale fugitives,
The people flock already in a crowd.
Cas. Let them come in: the tyrant is no more.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

PERIOD VI. 1700–1790.

VOLTAIRE in his brilliant dissertation on "The Age of Louis XIV.," thus extols its literary glory: "In eloquence, in poetry, in literature, in books both of morals and of amusement, the French were the lawgivers of Europe." The renown of this achievement is justly ascribed to the king as the modern Augustus. Yet literature, which formed part of the means of establishing absolutism, was destined in the succeeding century to be the chief agency of its overthrow. The Grand Monarch, to counteract the preponderance of the nobility, had fostered the Third Estate, promoted its wealth, and aroused its intelligence. Literature once almost the exclusive possession of the high-born, became part of the equipment of the rising bourgeois class. Public misfortunes clouded the last years of Louis XIV., and when he died in 1715 a strong reaction set in. The French critical and mocking spirit which had been repressed during the splendors of his reign reappeared more daring and vigorous than before.

Voltaire was the dominant figure of the new era. He was the living embodiment of the eighteenth century—keen, witty, learned, critical, cynical, unscrupulous, irreverent, blasphemous, yet not without an ardent love of justice and humanity. He wrote for his time and in the fashion of the time—fine tragedies, poor comedies, witty satires, cynical tales in verse and prose, sparkling poems, fugitive verses, an ambitious

epic, philosophical histories, scientific dissertations, and a voluminous correspondence. He not only wrote eighty or more volumes himself, but he set a score of other men writing for or against him. In a dangerous time for freedom of speech he attacked the Church with relentless animosity and directed his efforts against the spiritual power which hindered intellectual progress. Yet he preserved his life and health and wealth to extreme old age. He made alliance with sovereigns and placed himself under their protection. He corresponded with Catharine of Russia, and sojourned at the court of Frederick II. Ever choosing for residence a place where he could think freely, he finally established himself at Ferney, near Geneva, and thence sent abroad his numerous publications, which were speedily carried over all Europe. Voltaire was an object of intense hatred to the great mass of the Christian world, Catholic and Protestant. But the impartial student of literature and history recognizes the necessity of his work of emancipation and the consummate ability with which he achieved it.

Another writer destined to have profound effect on the political world was President Montesquieu (1689–1755). His "Persian Letters," published in 1721, were a severe satire on French society, but his chief work was "The Spirit of the Laws," in which he sought for the underlying reasons of civil and political laws, and also presented English constitutional liberty to the admiration of France.

Two of the most learned men of this age, Diderot and D'Alembert, seeking to give a general survey of human knowledge, founded the "Encyclopédie," but compiled it in such a critical spirit, as to threaten social order and the Christian religion. This great work was declared by Voltaire to be an edifice built half of marble and half of wood. Diderot's versatile talent was shown also in tales, dramas, essays and disquisitions. Other philosophers of the time, Helvétius and Baron Holbach, boldly avowed materialism and atheism.

But the writer who won the hearts of the French people was the celebrated Rousseau (1712–1778), who made seductive and sophistical attacks on the entire existing system of civilization and called for a return to an imaginary natural state of

man. His "Social Contract" advocated the "rights of man" as afterwards proclaimed in the French Revolution. His "Émile" laid out a new scheme of education, impracticable on the whole, yet not without attractive features, which have been incorporated in later plans. But his more purely literary works are the "Nouvelle Héloïse," which revealed an impassioned love, and his "Confessions," in which he lays bare his heart and life with unblushing frankness.

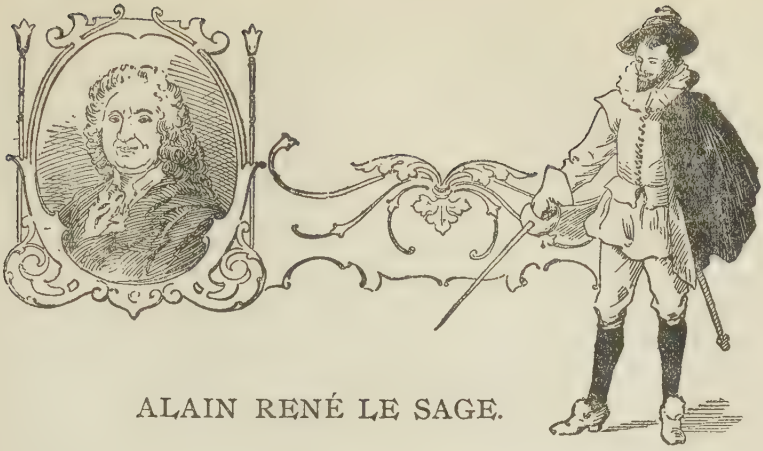
The corruption of French society in the early part of the eighteenth century is fully shown by the writers of fiction. When Le Sage introduced the picaresque or rogue novel, which had already been in vogue in Spain, his "Gil Blas" became for the world the type of this class. The Abbé Prévost wrote several tales of adventure, but has won fame by the postcript to one of them, whose merit long escaped full recognition. This pathetic story of "Manon Lescaut" is now regarded as the pioneer of the modern French novel. Towards the close of the century the gay and unprincipled Caron de Beaumarchais, courtier and financier, proved himself a clever follower of Molière. He gave to the world a new type of character in "The Barber of Seville" and the "Marriage of Figaro," the plot of which has been transferred to the opera by Mozart and Rossini. Equally amusing are the "Memoirs," in which Beaumarchais exposed the chicanery of the Paris courts. That the government should allow itself to be dragged in the mud by this impudent writer proves the precarious condition of public affairs.

In the drama of the eighteenth century Voltaire is commonly considered the chief figure. His "Zaïre" was an attempt to improve upon Shakespeare's "Othello," and his "Mérope" upon the Italian Maffei's tragedy of that name. Others of his dramas have lost their contemporary fame. A really loftier dramatist than Voltaire was Prosper Jolyot de Crébillon (1674–1762), who has been pronounced the leading dramatist in the tragic vein from Racine to Victor Hugo. In his old age he had a "duel of tragedies" with Voltaire, in which he came off the best, according to the verdict of posterity. His masterpiece is considered to be "Rhadamiste and Zénobie." Meanwhile, in comedy, a place only second

to Molière must be awarded to Destouches (1680–1754), whose "Boaster" (le Glorieux), "Married Philosopher" and "Spendthrift," rank among the classics of French comedy. "Le Mechant," a comedy of less merit, obtained for J. B. L. Grasset (1709–1777) admission to the French Academy, but he is better known by his "Ver-Vert," a burlesque story of a parrot which had been the pet of a convent, but had learned bad language while being carried to edify another community. For this merry poem the author was expelled from the Jesuits, yet he always remained so devout that he was ridiculed by Voltaire.

One scientific writer of this century won literary fame by the clearness and grandeur of his style. Comte de Buffon (1707–1788), like the Elder Pliny, undertook to frame an encyclopædia of the sciences under the title "Natural History." Its publication comprised forty-four volumes and extended over fifty years (1749–1804). This work by its brilliant though excessive generalizations attracted philosophic minds and inaugurated a new era in scientific literature.

THE ROYAL PRESS (1700).



ALAIN RENÉ LE SAGE.

CLOSE to Molière as the next great French prince of character-drawing ranks Alain René Le Sage (1668–1747). Indeed, Molière was rather a narrower student of manners; for in his master-piece, "Gil Blas," Le Sage revealed human character in its largest and most genuine sense. The hero is the perfect child of the world, who does not moralize, but simply accepts the conditions of society. From being duped, he learns to outwit others; from being deceived in his attempts at honesty (as in the case of the Archbishop whom he warns of failing powers, and then is dismissed for his faithful service), he learns to be the successful flatterer, valet and confidant. Gil Blas is, in a sense, Sancho Panza traveled and schooled, and he thus typifies shrewd human nature profiting by knowledge of human nature. But Le Sage has set this universal hero in a distinctively Spanish frame, so that the critics long censured him as a downright plagiarist, and for the stage machinery of his great novel he certainly owes the Spaniards an incalculable debt. At the outset of his apprenticeship to literature Le Sage was guided to Spanish fiction by the advice of Abbé de Lyonne, and became an omnivorous student of the characteristic picaresque romance of that country. He not only mastered the vein, but improved on the style, which in the Spanish originals is euphuistic and in Le Sage forcible, simple and straightforward. His very genius became dyed with the picaroon color. After translating, with modifications, the tale of "Guzman d'Alfarache," he evidently started

to do the same service for the "Diablo Cojuelo" of Luis Velez de Guevara. For two chapters he simply turned the Spanish narrative into French, then his own native genius took the spur and produced the powerfully impressive "Diable Boiteux" (Lame Devil, or Devil on Two Sticks). In Guevara a young student, Don Cleofas, escaping by way of the roof from the perfidious ambush laid for him by his mistress, steps into the garret laboratory of a magician. A voice from one of the phials implores him for pity, and the curious gallant liberates the imprisoned sprite, who turns out to be no other than the demon Asmodeus. This evil spirit is mentioned in the apocryphal Book of Tobit in the episode of Sara and her seven husbands. The Talmudists declared that King Solomon once summoned Asmodeus, who resisted the great magician's power. As he was irresistibly dragged along trees and houses fell before him, whereupon a poor widow begged this rather kind-hearted devil to spare her humble cottage. The obliging fiend turned aside so sharply that he broke his leg and had to go on crutches ever after. But after this beginning the Spanish author simply made his tale the story of Asmodeus's wanderings over Spain to escape the spirits who would recapture him, while Le Sage hit upon the more brilliant idea of having Asmodeus unroof all the houses of Madrid to the gaze of Don Cleofas, as they flew above them. Thus, a wonderful panorama of luxury, vice, swindling and crime unfolded itself. Finally the devil rescues a fair maid from a burning house and gets Don Cleofas the credit, the bride and the fortune. Le Sage's keen insight into human nature and his brisk dialogue (never rendered too wearisome, thanks to the petulant interruptions of the student) made this romance a palpable hit.

When "Gil Blas" appeared some years later, that really better work found its popularity actually hindered by the immense prestige of this initial story. And yet in "Gil Blas" Le Sage's smartness of satire (neither cynical nor yet moralizing) and his fluent, idiomatic, epigrammatic dialogue shone even more fully than in "Le Diable Boiteux." It is a lengthy recital of the adventures of a young fortune-seeker. It is thoroughly Spanish throughout. Le Sage was accused

of stealing "Gil Blas" outright from the "Marcos de Obregon" of Vicente Espinel, but this false accusation arose from the anger of Voltaire, who had been held up to ridicule. The author of "Zaïre" figures in "Gil Blas" as the much over-rated Don Gabriel Triaquero, and it is no wonder he was mad. But, while Le Sage undoubtedly drew upon his picaroon reading for perhaps the majority of his incidents, he owes nobody for his admirable conception of Gil Blas and his easy-going, worldly, forging-ahead philosophy. Nor in style can any writer of picaroon or cynical romance—not even Voltaire himself—equal him. Gil Blas is more universal than Voltaire's Candide. Le Sage was also a master of pretended autobiographic narrative.

Gil Blas de Santillane, the worldling, is only "as moral as experience." He profits by experience as he goes along through life. Aware even of his own faults, he is kindly disposed toward all men. He does wrong and repents, and repents and does wrong. The son of honest but poor domestics, he has learned a little Latin and Greek from his uncle, an old canon. At the age of seventeen he starts out into the world with a few coins and an old mule. From the very first he falls into scrapes; at the start, through the follies and sins of others. He falls into the hands of highwaymen, and enlists with the band. After some time in their cave he escapes with a beautiful female captive; for which deed of gallantry he manages to be thrown into prison. Thus, as has been said, almost his earliest lesson is that to do wrong without being found out is more advantageous than to act well when appearances are against one. Meeting later a friend, Fabrice, Gil Blas is persuaded to become, like him, a footman, and we see what his masters are like. One of them is the celebrated Doctor Sangrado, whose great art is the bleeding of patients—a consummate satire on the medicine of Le Sage's day. Gil Blas also turns quack and bleeder, and fills Valladolid with funerals. He is forced to flee, becomes a servant again, and at last joins a gang of organized sharpers. From swindler he rises to be a court favorite and coxcomb, but he himself is eventually thrown over and lands in a dungeon. Free once again, he repents, marries, and almost reforms; but his wife

dies and the widower undertakes new adventures. Even at the close he suffers a curious relapse into the earlier Gil Blas spirit.

In the course of this story Le Sage mercilessly satirized actors, and made scandal of their private lives. Early in his career—and the drama and novel were his financial crutches—Le Sage had quarreled with the Maison de Molière, whose members had refused a play of his. Thus it happened that he wrote for the Foire, the irregular but licensed fair-booth shows. "For five and twenty years," declares Saintsbury, "the best living comic dramatist of France gained his bread by the stage of the Foire." He composed numerous farces and operettas. His best farce was "Crispin Rival of his Master," in which a wily valet seeks, by impersonation of his master, to win the hand of an heiress. A genuine comedy, however, was his "Turcaret," which has been pronounced "the best French comedy, beyond all doubt, of the eighteenth century, and probably the best of its kind to be found outside the covers of Molière's works." Le Sage was hailed as Molière Redivivus, in fact, much to Boileau's disgust. "Turcaret" was aimed against the financiers, who, toward the end of the reign of Louis XIV., wished to make money at any price, and to one of whom Le Sage had acted as clerk. Turcaret is a swindler, who is himself swindled and cheated right and left by both his wife and his mistress. Despite Le Sage's assaults on the actors, one of his sons took to the stage and was actually disowned by his farce-writing parent.

Gil Blas to the Reader.

Before hearing the history of my life, listen, dear reader, to a story that I am going to tell you.

Two schoolboys were going from Pennafiel to Salamanca together. Being tired and thirsty, they stopped at the side of a spring that they found on their way While they were resting there, after having quenched their thirst, by chance they noticed near them some words written on a stone close to the ground, a little rubbed out by time and by the feet of the flocks brought to the spring to drink. They threw

GIL BLAS AND THE ARCHBISHOP.

some water over the stone to wash it, and they read these Castilian words: "Aquí está encerrada el alma del licenciado Pedro Garcias" (Here is confined the soul of the licentiate Peter Garcias).

The younger of these two schoolboys, a lively, giddy fellow, had not finished reading the inscription when he said, laughing with all his might: "What a good joke! Here is confined the soul!—A soul imprisoned! I should like to know what queer fellow could have composed such a ridiculous epitaph." So saying he got up to go away. His companion, being more thoughtful, said to himself, "There's some mystery here; I shall stay and try to make it out." Then letting the other one go, and without losing any time, he began to dig all around the stone with his knife. He did this so well that he raised it up. He found beneath it a leathern purse, which he opened. There were two hundred ducats in it, with a card on which these words were written in Latin: "Be thou mine heir, who hast had wit enough to discover the sense of the inscription, and make a better use than I have done of my money."

The boy, charmed with the discovery, replaced the stone as it was before, and went on his way to Salamanca with the soul of the licentiate.

Whoever you may be, dear reader, you will resemble one or other of these schoolboys. If you read my adventures without taking heed to the moral instructions they contain, you will reap no fruit from this work; but if you read it with attention, you will find, according to the precept of Horace, the useful mixed with the agreeable.

Gil Blas and the Archbishop of Grenada.

I found in the apartments of the archbishop a crowd of ecclesiastics and gentlemen of the sword, the greater part of whom were the officers of his Grace—his almoners, his gentlemen, his ushers, and *valets de chambre.* The laity were, almost all, so superbly dressed, that one would have taken them for noblemen rather than domestics, by their haughty looks and affectation of being men of consequence. Address-

ing myself to a grave, jolly personage that stood at the door of the archbishop's closet in order to open and shut it when there was occasion, I asked civilly if I could not speak with his Grace. "Wait," said he dryly, "till his Grace comes out to go to Mass, and he will give you a moment's audience in passing." I armed myself with patience, and endeavored to enter into conversation with some of the officers, but they began to examine me from head to foot, without deigning to speak one syllable; and then they looked at one another, smiling with disdain at the liberty which I had taken to mingle in their discourse. I was, I own, quite disconcerted at seeing myself treated in this manner by valets, and had scarce recovered from the confusion in which I was when the closet-door opened and the archbishop appeared.

Immediately a profound silence prevailed among his officers, who, all of a sudden, laid aside their insolent carriage and assumed a respectful look in presence of their master. The archbishop, immediately advancing towards me, with a voice full of sweetness asked what I wanted, and I told him that I was the young man of whom Don Fernando de Leyva had spoken to him. He gave me no time to proceed, but cried, "Oh, you are the person then of whom he spoke so handsomely. I retain you in my service. You are a valuable acquisition. You may stay where you are." So saying, he went out supported by two ushers, after having heard some clergymen, who had something to communicate. Scarce was he out of the room when the same officers who had disdained my conversation now courted it. They surrounded me, and with the utmost complaisance expressed their joy at seeing me become a commensal officer of the palace. Having heard what their master said to me, they had a longing desire to know on what footing I was retained; but I was so malicious as to balk their curiosity in revenge for their contempt.

His Grace, returning in a little time, made me follow him into his closet that he might talk with me in private. I concluded that his design in so doing was to try my understanding, and accordingly kept myself on my guard, and was resolved to weigh every word before I should speak it. He first of all examined me on what is called humanity, and I

did not answer amiss. He had occasion to see that I was pretty well acquainted with the Greek and Latin authors. He then put me upon logic, where I expected him, and found me quite master of that subject. "Your education," said he to me with some surprise, "has not been neglected; let us now see your handwriting." I thereupon took out of my pocket a sheet, which I had brought for the purpose, and the prelate seemed very well pleased with my performance. "I am satisfied with your hand," he cried, "and still more with your understanding."

. . . . . .

His Grace gave me a homily to transcribe, directing me to copy it with all possible exactness. This I performed minutely, without having forgot either accent, point, or comma, so that the joy he expressed was mingled with surprise. "Good Heaven!" cried he in a transport when he had surveyed all the sheets of my copy, "was ever anything seen so correct? You transcribe so well, that you must certainly understand grammar. Tell me ingenuously, my friend, have you found nothing that shocked you in writing it over? Some neglect, perhaps, in the style, or improper term?" "Oh, sir," answered I with an air of modesty, "I am not learned enough to make critical observations; and if I was, I am persuaded that the works of your Grace would escape my censure." The prelate smiled at my reply; and though he said nothing, discovered through all his piety that he was a downright author. . . . One evening he repeated in his closet, when I was present, with great enthusiasm, a homily which he intended to pronounce the next day in the cathedral; and not satisfied with asking my opinion of it in general, obliged me to single out the particular passages which I most admired. I had the good luck to mention those that he himself looked upon to be the best, his own favorite *morceaux;* by which means I passed in his judgment for a man who had a delicate knowledge of the true beauty of a work. . . . "The honor of being reckoned a perfect orator," said the archbishop, "has charmed my imagination. . . . But I wish, of all things, to avoid the fault of those good authors who write too long, and to retire without forfeiting the least tittle of my reputation.

Wherefore, my dear Gil Blas," continued the prelate, "one thing that I exact of thy zeal is, whenever thou shalt perceive my pen smack of old age, and my genius flag, don't fail to admonish me of it. . . . If it should come to my ears that the public says my discourses have no longer their wonted force, and that it is high time for me to repose myself, I frankly declare that thou shalt lose my friendship, as well as the fortune I have promised. Such will be the fruit of your foolish reserve."

. . . . . .

We had a hot alarm in the episcopal palace; the archbishop was seized with a fit of the apoplexy; he was, however, succored immediately, and such salutary medicines administered, that in a few days his health was re-established; but his understanding had received a rude shock, which I plainly perceived in the very next discourse he composed. I did not, however, find the difference between this and the rest so sensible as to make me conclude that the orator began to flag, and waited for another homily to fix my resolution. This, indeed, was quite decisive; sometimes the good old prelate repeated the same thing over and over; sometimes rose too high, or sunk too low. It was a vague discourse, the rhetoric of an old professor, a mere capuchin's exhortation.

I was not the only person who took notice of this. The greater part of the audience, when he pronounced it, as if they had been also hired to examine it, said softly to one another: "This sermon smells strong of apoplexy."

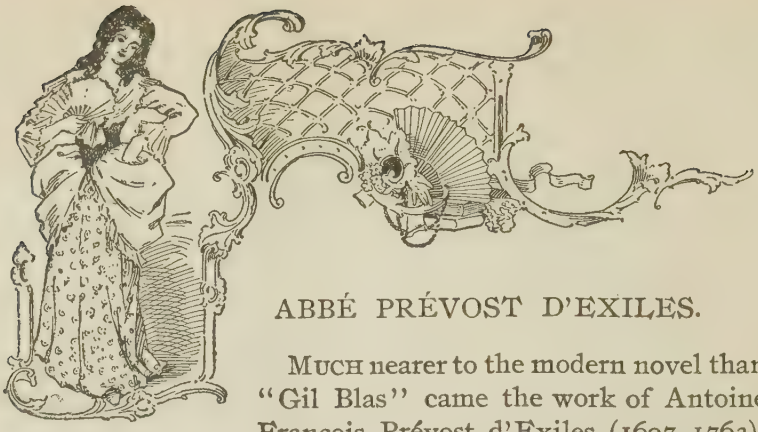
. . . . . .

The only thing that embarrassed me now was how to break the ice. Luckily the orator himself extricated me from that difficulty by asking what people said of him, and if they were satisfied with his last discourse. I answered that his homilies were always admired, but, in my opinion, the last had not succeeded so well as the rest in affecting the audience. "How, friend!" replied he with astonishment. "Has it met with any Aristarchus?" "No, sir," said I, "by no means. Such works as yours are not to be criticised; everybody is charmed with them. Nevertheless, since you have laid your injunctions upon me to be free and sincere, I will take the

liberty to tell you that your last discourse, in my judgment, has not altogether the energy of your other performances. Are not you of the same opinion?"

My master grew pale at these words, and said with a forced smile, "So then, Mr. Gil Blas, this piece is not to your taste?" "I don't say so, sir," cried I, quite disconcerted. "I think it excellent, although a little inferior to your other works." "I understand you," he replied; "you think I flag, don't you? Come, be plain. You believe it is time for me to think of retiring." "I should not have been so bold," said I, "as to speak so freely if your Grace had not commanded me. I do no more, therefore, than obey you; and I most humbly beg that you will not be offended at my freedom." "God forbid," cried he, with precipitation, "God forbid that I should find fault with it. In so doing I should be very unjust. I don't at all take it ill that you speak your sentiment; it is your sentiment only that I find bad. I have been most egregiously deceived in your narrow understanding."

Though I was disconcerted, I endeavored to find some mitigation in order to set things to rights again. But how is it possible to appease an incensed author, one especially who had been accustomed to hear himself praised? "Say no more, my child," said he; "you are yet too raw to make proper distinctions. Know that I never composed a better homily than that which you disapprove, for my genius, thank Heaven, hath as yet lost nothing of its vigor. Henceforth I will make a better choice of a confidant, and keep one of greater ability than you. Go," added he, pushing me by the shoulders out of his closet, "go tell my treasurer to give you a hundred ducats, and may Heaven bless you with them. Adieu, Mr. Gil Blas! I wish you all manner of prosperity, with a little more taste."



ABBÉ PRÉVOST D'EXILES.

MUCH nearer to the modern novel than "Gil Blas" came the work of Antoine François Prévost d'Exiles (1697–1763), a younger contemporary of René Le Sage. This abbé's now famous classic, "Manon Lescaut," really grew out of the "Sensibility" romances of Mme. de Lafayette and her school; but its semi-clerical author was remarkably true to life in his portrayals in contradistinction to the artificiality of the love-conceits of those bluestockings. "Manon" depicts the manners of church, camp and the outer court, so to speak; and for all these pictures Prévost had been fitted by experience. This young Picardy genius had taken orders in the learned Benedictine Brotherhood, and had previously weighed the pros and cons of a soldier's life. Even the Benedictines proved too much for the abbé, however, and he left his convent without the necessary permission at the age of twenty-four. For this ecclesiastical breach he was obliged to go into exile, and dwelt for seven years in England. Thus he obtained some idea, also, of sea life. He wrote several novels, but achieved his immortality by the postscript to his "Memoirs of a Man of Quality," the tale of Manon Lescaut, the ideal of luxurious, voluptuous feminine frailty.

The Chevalier Des Grieux tells, in sentimental style, how he met his fate in this bewitching little siren. He himself had chosen theology, and was about to take orders when he first met Manon. A guardian was taking her to a convent, much to her regret, when she encountered Des Grieux at an inn. It was love at first sight—"for Cupid would not rank among the gods if he could not perform miracles." An elopement (without any subsequent marriage) ensues. For a

time all goes happily with the billing and cooing pair. But the young man's purse gives out, and Manon—who has meanwhile coquetted with another—betrays him to his stern father. He is kidnapped forcibly and kept prisoner at home, while the volatile Manon pursues her amours. Finally she hears that her first love is to take orders. She visits St. Sulpice and entices him back to her side. She really loves him, but she also loves sunshine and luxury and unclouded enjoyment more. He burns his theological books and resigns himself (under the instruction of Manon's swaggering, brutal soldier-brother) to a gambler's life. Thus he earns money enough to keep Manon happy. But ever and anon misfortune and chance make Manon fickle and her cavalier miserable. At last, while he is actually aiding her to deceive a wealthy wooer, Manon comes to grief. She is doomed to be shipped to the new colony of Louisiana as a convict. Des Grieux is also sent over on the prison-ship. Their love gains them some sympathy, Manon has been cured of her folly by her trials and by her lover's constancy (all along in pitiful contrast to her inconstancy), and it looks as though the long-delayed happiness were, after all, to dawn in the New World. But unfortunately the governor's nephew falls in love with Manon; the lovers flee into the perilous wilds; the heroic Manon dies of fatigue and hunger; and the heart-broken Des Grieux has only the bitter-sweet memory to cherish as a souvenir of all his sufferings. Manon is a strikingly life-like figure. She breathes and moves. Why we admire and sympathize with her beyond her weak sisters—such as Flaubert's Mme. Bovary—is that Manon is artistic in temperament, never exactly vulgar. She is like a butterfly, born for sunlight and flowers; and she is a victim herself, as much as Des Grieux, of her luxurious nature. Mme. Bovary, on the contrary, is a harsh type, the woman worshiping mere money, parade and glitter. Manon could even for a while persuade herself that she was happy as the little humble housekeeper. There is something touching beneath her frailty. As for Des Grieux, he is more of a vague personality; but his friendly counselor, Tiberge, and Manon's brother, Lescaut, are drawn with a few firm strokes.

Prévost's death has been spoken of as "perhaps the most horrible in literary history." He was on his way from Paris to his cottage at Chantilly, in his sixty-seventh year, when he suffered a sudden stroke of apoplexy. A village quack thought him dead and began a post-mortem examination. The wretched Prévost revived under the knife only to die from the doctor's ghastly mistake.

Chevalier Des Grieux first sees Manon Lescaut.

I had fixed the day for my departure from Amiens. Alas! that I had not fixed it one day sooner! I should then have carried to my father's house my innocence untarnished.

The very evening before my expected departure, as I was walking with my friend, whose name was Tiberge, we saw the Arras diligence arrive, and sauntered after it to the inn, where these coaches stop. We had no motive but curiosity. Some women alighted, and immediately retired into the inn. One remained behind: she was very young, and stood by herself in the yard, while a man of advanced age, who appeared to have charge of her, was busy in getting her luggage from the vehicle. She struck me as being so extremely beautiful, that I, who had never before thought of the difference between the sexes, or looked on women with the slightest attention—I, whose conduct had been hitherto the theme of universal admiration, felt my heart, on the instant, inflamed with passion. I had been always excessively timid and easily disconcerted; but, now, instead of meeting with any impediment from this weakness, I advanced without the slightest reserve towards her, who had thus become, in a moment, the mistress of my heart.

Although younger than myself, she received my civilities without embarrassment. I asked the cause of her journey to Amiens, and whether she had any acquaintances in the town. She ingenuously told me that she had been sent there by her parents, to commence her novitiate for taking the veil. Love had so quickened my perception, even in the short moment it had been enthroned, that I saw in this announcement a death-blow to my hopes. I spoke to her in a way that made her at

once understand what was passing in my mind, for she had more experience than myself. It was against her consent that she was consigned to a convent, doubtless to repress that inclination for pleasure which had already become too manifest, and which caused, in the sequel, all her misfortunes and mine. I combated the cruel intention of her parents with all the arguments that my new-born passion and scholastic eloquence could suggest. She affected neither austerity nor reserve. She told me, after a moment's silence, that she foresaw, too clearly, what her unhappy fate must be; but that it was apparently the will of Heaven, since there were no means left her to avert it. The sweetness of her look, the air of sorrow with which she pronounced these words, or rather perhaps the controlling destiny which led me on to ruin, allowed me not an instant to weigh my answer. I assured her that if she would place reliance on my honor, and on the tender interest with which she had already inspired me, I would sacrifice my life to deliver her from the tyranny of her parents, and to render her happy. I have since been a thousand times astonished, in reflecting upon it, to think how I could have expressed myself with so much boldness and facility; but Love could never have become a divinity if he had not often worked miracles.

I made many other pressing and tender speeches; and my unknown fair one was perfectly aware that mine was not the age for deceit. She confessed to me that if I could see but a reasonable hope of being able to effect her enfranchisement, she should deem herself indebted to my kindness in more than life itself could pay. I repeated that I was ready to attempt anything in her behalf; but, not having sufficient experience at once to imagine any reasonable plan of serving her, I did not go beyond this general assurance, from which indeed little good could arise either to her or to myself. Her old Argus having by this time joined us, my hopes would have been blighted, but that she had tact enough to make amends for my stupidity. I was surprised, on his approaching us, to hear her call me her cousin, and say, without being in the slightest degree disconcerted, that as she had been so fortunate as to fall in with me at Amiens, she would not go

into the convent until the next morning, in order to have the pleasure of meeting me at supper. I at once comprehended the meaning of this ruse; and proposed that she should lodge for the night at the house of an innkeeper, who, after being many years my father's coachman, had lately established himself at Amiens, and who was sincerely attached to me.

I conducted her there myself, at which the old Argus appeared to grumble a little; and my friend Tiberge, who was puzzled by the whole scene, followed without uttering a word. He had not heard our conversation, having walked up and down the court while I was talking of love to my lovely mistress. As I had some doubts of his discretion, I got rid of him by begging that he would execute a commission for me. I had thus the happiness, on arriving at the inn, of entertaining alone the sovereign of my heart.

I soon learned that I was less a child than I had before imagined. My heart expanded to a thousand sentiments of pleasure, of which before I had not the remotest idea. A delicious consciousness of warmth diffused itself through my veins. I sank into a kind of ecstasy, which deprived me for a time of the power of utterance, and which found vent only through my glances.

Manon Lescaut (this she told me was her name) seemed gratified by the visible effect of her own charms. She appeared to me not less excited than myself. She acknowledged that she was greatly pleased with me, and that she should be enchanted to owe to me her freedom. She would insist on hearing who I was, and the knowledge only augmented her affection; for, being herself of humble birth, she was flattered by securing for her lover a man of family. We discussed by what means we might become possessed of each other.

After many reflections, we could distinguish no other resource than in flight. To effect this it would be requisite to elude the vigilance of Manon's guardian, who required management, although he was but a servant. We determined, therefore, that during the night I should procure a post-chaise, and return with it at break of day to the inn, before he was awake; that we should steal away quietly, and go straight to Paris, where we should get married on our

arrival. I had about fifty crowns in my pocket, my little savings; and she had about twice as much. We imagined, like inexperienced children, that such a sum could never be exhausted, and we counted, with equal confidence, upon the success of our other schemes.

After having supped more satisfactorily than ever before, I retired to prepare for our project. All my arrangements were the more easy, as, intending to return on the morrow to my father's, my luggage had been already packed. I had, therefore, no difficulty in removing my trunk and having a chaise prepared for five o'clock in the morning, at which hour the gates of the town would be opened.

I employed the night in settling some private matters, and on repairing to the inn at early dawn I found Manon waiting my arrival. She was at her window, which looked upon the street, and perceiving my approach, she came down and opened the door herself. We took our departure silently. She brought away merely a small bundle of linen, of which I took charge. The chaise was in readiness and we were soon at a distance from the town.

We made so much speed on our journey that before night we reached St. Denis. I rode alongside of the chaise, which gave us little opportunity for conversation, except while changing horses; but when we found ourselves so near Paris, and out of the reach of danger, we allowed ourselves time for refreshment, not having tasted food since we quitted Amiens. Passionately in love as I felt with Manon, she managed to convince me that she was equally so with me. So little did we restrain our fondness, that we had not even patience to reserve our caresses till we were alone. The postilions and hotel-keepers stared at us with wonder, and I remarked that they appeared surprised at such uncontrollable love in children of our age.

Our project of marriage was forgotten at St. Denis; we defrauded the Church of her rights, and became man and wife on the impulse of the moment. It is certain that with my tender and constant disposition I should have been happy for my whole life if Manon had remained faithful to me. The more I saw of her, the more I discovered in her new

perfections. Her mind, her heart, her gentleness and beauty, formed a chain at once so binding and so agreeable, that I could have found perfect happiness in being forever bound therewith. Terrible fatality! that which has been the source of my despair might, under a slight change of circumstances, have constituted my happiness. I find myself the most wretched of mankind from that very constancy from which I might fairly have expected to derive the most serene human bliss, and the most perfect recompense of love.

Banished to America.

I was surprised on entering this quiet town [Passy] to find all the inhabitants in commotion. They were rushing out of their houses in crowds towards the door of a small inn, before which stood two covered carts. . . . I stopped a moment to inquire the cause of the tumult, but received little satisfaction from the inquisitive populace, who paid no attention to my questions. At last an archer, with bandolier and carbine, coming to the door, I begged him to acquaint me with the cause of the commotion.

"It is nothing, sir," he said, "but a dozen frail girls that I and my comrades are conducting to Havre, where we will ship them to America [Louisiana]. There are some pretty ones among them, and that is apparently what is exciting the curiosity of these good townsmen." I should have passed on after this explanation, had I not been arrested by the exclamations of an old woman who was coming out of the tavern, with clasped hands, crying that "it was a barbarous thing, a thing to strike one with horror and compassion." "What is the matter?" I asked. "Ah, sir," said she, "enter and see if the sight is not enough to pierce one's heart." Curiosity made me alight from my horse. . . . I pushed myself, with some trouble, through the crowd, and in truth what I saw was affecting enough.

Among the dozen girls, who were fastened together in sixes, by chains around the middle of the body, there was one whose air and face were so little in comformity with her condition, that in any other circumstances I would have taken her

for a person of the first rank. Her sadness and the soiled state of her linen and clothing disfigured her so little that she inspired me with respect and pity. She tried, nevertheless, to turn herself around as much as her chains would permit, to hide her face from the eyes of the spectators. . . . I asked the chief of the guards for light on the fate of this beautiful girl. "We took her out of the hospital," said he to me, "by order of the lieutenant-general of the police. It is not likely that she was shut up there for her good actions. There is a young man who can instruct you better than I on the cause of her disgrace. He has followed her from Paris almost without stopping his tears a moment; he must be her brother or her lover." I turned to the corner of the room where the young man was sitting. He seemed buried in a profound reverie. I have never seen a livelier image of grief. . . .

"I trust that I do not disturb you," I said, seating myself beside him. "Will you kindly satisfy the curiosity I have to know who is that beautiful person, who does not seem made for the sad condition in which I see her?" He replied politely, that he could not tell who she was, without making himself known, and he had strong reasons for wishing to remain unknown. "I can tell you, however, what those miserable wretches do not ignore," continued he, pointing to the archers, "that is, that I love her with so violent a passion that I am the unhappiest of men. I have employed every means at Paris to obtain her liberty. Solicitations, intrigues, force, —all were in vain. I resolved to follow her, even should she go to the ends of the earth. I shall embark with her. I shall cross over to America. But what is a piece of extreme inhumanity, these cowardly rascals," added he, referring to the archers, "will not permit me to approach her. My plan was to attack them openly several leagues outside of Paris. I joined to myself four men who promised me their help for a considerable pay. The traitors abandoned me and departed with my money. The impossibility of succeeding by force made me lay down my arms. I proposed to the archers to permit me to follow them, offering to recompense them. The desire of gain made them consent. They wished

to be paid every time they gave me the liberty to speak to my mistress. My purse became exhausted in a short while; and now that I am without a cent, they have the barbarity to repulse me brutally every time I make a step towards her. Only an instant ago, having dared approach her despite their menaces, they had the insolence to raise their muskets against me. To satisfy their avarice, and to be able to continue the journey on foot, I am obliged to sell here the wretched horse which has hitherto mounted me."

Manon Lescaut in New Orleans.

After a passage of two months we at length reached the banks of the desired river. The country offered at first sight nothing agreeable. We saw only sterile and uninhabited plains, covered with rushes, and some trees rooted up by the wind,—no trace either of men or animals. However, the captain having discharged some pieces of artillery, we presently observed a group of the inhabitants of New Orleans, who approached us with evident signs of joy. We had not perceived the town; it is concealed upon the side on which we approached it by a hill. We were received as persons dropped from the clouds.

The poor inhabitants hastened to put a thousand questions to us upon the state of France, and of the different provinces in which they were born. They embraced us as brothers and as beloved companions, who had come to share their pains and their solitude. We turned towards the town with them, but were astonished to perceive, as we advanced, that what we had hitherto heard spoken of as a respectable town, was nothing more than a collection of miserable huts. They were inhabited by five or six hundred persons. The governor's house was a little distinguished from the rest, by its height and its position. It was surrounded by some earthen ramparts and a deep ditch.

We were first presented to him. He continued for some time in conversation with the captain, and then advancing towards us, he looked attentively at the women, one after another; there were thirty of them, for another troop of con-

victs had joined us at Havre. After having thus inspected them he sent for several young men of the colony who were desirous to marry. He assigned the handsomest women to the principal of these, and the remainder were disposed of by lot. He had not yet addressed Manon; but having ordered the others to depart, he made us remain. "I learn from the captain," said he, "that you are married, and he is convinced by your conduct on the passage that you are both persons of merit and of education. I have nothing to do with the cause of your misfortunes; but if it be true that you are as conversant with the world and society as your appearance would indicate, I shall spare no pains to soften the severity of your lot, and you may, on your part, contribute towards rendering this savage and desert abode less disagreeable to me."

I replied in the manner which I thought best calculated to confirm the opinion he had formed of us. He gave orders to have a habitation prepared for us in the town, and detained us to supper. I was really surprised to find so much politeness in a governor of transported convicts. In the presence of others he abstained from inquiring about our past adventures. The conversation was general; and in spite of our degradation Manon and I exerted ourselves to make it lively and agreeable.

At night we were conducted to the lodging prepared for us. We found a wretched hovel composed of planks and mud, containing three rooms on the ground, and a loft overhead. He had sent there six chairs and some few necessaries of life. Manon appeared frightened by the first view of this miserable dwelling. It was on my account, much more than upon her own, that she distressed herself. When we were left to ourselves she sat down and wept bitterly. I attempted at first to console her; but when she enabled me to understand that it was for my sake she deplored our privations, and that in our common affliction she only considered me as the sufferer, I put on an air of resolution, and even of content, sufficient to encourage her.

"What is there in my lot to lament?" said I; "I possess all that I have ever desired. You love me, Manon, do you not? What happiness beyond this have I ever longed for?

Let us leave to Providence the direction of our destiny; it by no means appears to me so desperate. The governor is civil and obliging; he has already given us marks of his consideration; he will not allow us to want for necessaries. As to our rude hut and the squalidness of our furniture, you surely have noticed that there are few persons in the colony better lodged or more comfortably furnished than we are: and then you are an admirable chemist," added I, embracing her, "you transform everything into gold."

"In that case," she answered, "you shall be the richest man in the universe; for as there never was love surpassing yours, so it is impossible for man to be loved more tenderly than you are by me. I well know," she continued, "that I have never merited the almost incredible fidelity and attachment which you have shown for me. I have only caused you troubles, which nothing but excessive fondness could have induced you to pardon. I have been thoughtless and volatile, and even while loving you, as I have always done to distraction, I was never free from a consciousness of ingratitude. But you cannot believe how much my nature is altered; those tears, which you have so frequently seen me shed since quitting the French shore, have not been caused by my own misfortunes. Since you began to share them with me, I have been a stranger to selfishness: I only wept from tenderness and compassion for you. I am inconsolable at the thought of having given you one instant's pain during my past life. I never cease upbraiding myself with my former inconstancy, and wondering at the sacrifices which love has induced you to make for a miserable and unworthy wretch, who could not, with the last drop of her blood, compensate for half the torments she has caused you."

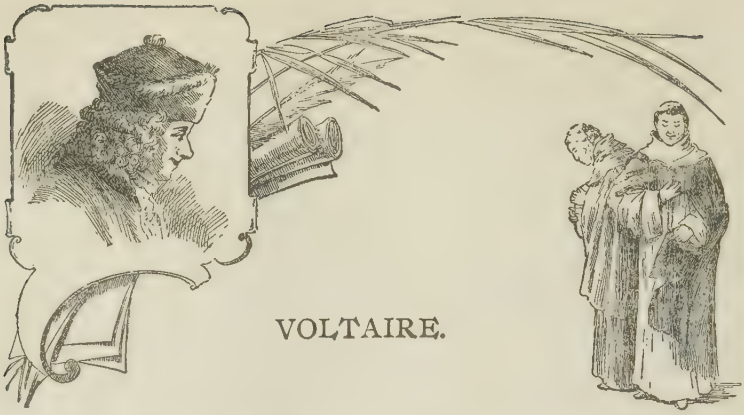
Her grief, the language, and the tone in which she expressed herself, made such an impression that I felt my heart ready to break within me. "Take care," said I to her, "take care, dear Manon; I have not strength to endure such exciting marks of your affection; I am little accustomed to the rapturous sensations which you now kindle in my heart. O Heaven" cried I, "I have now nothing further to ask of you. I am sure of Manon's love. That has been alone

wanting to complete my happiness; I can now never cease to be happy: my felicity is well secured."

"It is, indeed," she replied, "if it depends upon me, and I well know where I can be ever certain of finding my own happiness centred."

With these ideas, capable of turning my hut into a palace worthy of earth's proudest monarch, I lay down to rest. America appeared to my view the true land of milk and honey, the abode of contentment and delight. "People should come to New Orleans," I often said to Manon, "who wish to enjoy the real rapture of love! It is here that love is divested of all selfishness, all jealousy, all inconstancy. Our countrymen come here in search of gold; they little think that we have discovered treasures of inestimably greater value."

[The lovers cultivated the friendship of their new neighbors, and soon obtained their confidence. Then they felt that one thing was wanting to complete their happiness—the benediction of Heaven on their union. The governor's permission was asked to have the marriage ceremony performed. But Synnelet, the governor's nephew, had already cast longing eyes upon Manon, and when it was found that she was not married, she was assigned to the nephew, as the governor had power to do so. A duel ensued, and Synnelet was apparently killed. Then Manon and her wounded lover fled into the wilderness, where the delicate woman soon perished. Her companion dug her grave, and two days later was found stretched upon it. Yet he recovered, as did also Synnelet, was pardoned and returned to France.]



VOLTAIRE.

By a partial anagram François Marie Arouet (1694–1778) renamed himself Voltaire and thus has become famous.* He was the literary arbiter of his day. Not only was he hailed as the grandest poet of his time, who had given to France her long-sought national epic in the "Henriade;" not only did his tragedies hold the boards to such extravagant applause that the envious Le Sage ridiculed the poet as Don Gabriel Triaquero in "Gil Blas;" not only did Voltaire, with unflagging wit and a prodigality of ingenuity, keep himself abreast of his own generation in all forms of literature, even imitating Montesquieu's "Spirit of the Laws;" but he enjoyed a Continental prestige as a king of philosophers in that age of philosophers and encyclopædists. He was crowned as an Academician, in spite of his bad savor at court; lived as a companion of Frederick the Great at Sans Souci for three years, and was the affectionately flattered correspondent of the Semiramis of the North—the great Russian Empress Catherine.

But it was especially to Voltaire's "Deism," to his uncompromising antagonism to all dogmatic and traditional ecclesiasticism, that he owed, and still owes, his primary claim to eminence. So fierce was his destructive and iconoclastic spirit that he may be loosely described as the greater Tom Paine of his era. Born "ugly as Pope, and sickly as Pascal," he drew forth one day in England—while decrying Milton's

* Voltaire is a transposition of *Arouet l. j.* (or *i*), the last letters standing for *le jeune*, equivalent to Junior.

"Paradise Lost"—the following epigram from Dr. Young, the author of "Night Thoughts:"

> "You are so witty, profligate and thin,
> At once we think thee Milton, Death and Sin."

The pious-minded Dr. Samuel Johnson, who ruled literature in England as Voltaire did in France, attacked this "atheist" in his conversation and writing with his usual bear-like energy. Voltaire, to the orthodox folk of his time, appeared, indeed, to be the very incarnation of impiety and impishness; and even Victor Hugo, in his poem, "A Glimpse into an Attic," styles him "that ape of genius to whom hell lent all its powers."

Posterity cannot endorse this harsh verdict. Despite the profligacy of Voltaire's youth, and the "small immoralities of his life which he shared universally with his age," it is impossible to judge so mercilessly the kind-hearted heretic who battled against the cruel courts and bigoted judges of that benighted epoch, to prevent judicial murders, and to wipe away the stains of ignominy from the robes of widows and orphans. John Morley, his arch-eulogist in our day, has declared: "To Voltaire reason and humanity were but a single word, and love of truth and passion for justice but one emotion. None of the famous men who have fought that they themselves might think freely and speak truly, have ever seen more clearly, that the fundamental aim of the contest was that others might live happily. Who has not been touched by that immortal word of his, of the three years in which he labored without remission for justice to the widow and descendants of Calas (unjustly executed): 'During that time not a smile escaped me without my reproaching myself for it, as for a crime.'" Voltairism, as this critic has pointed out, may be said to have begun from the flight of its founder from Paris to London.

Voltaire, the younger son of a wealthy notary, had been born with a bold, independent temper, even if with a sickly frame. In his childhood he could not brook his Jesuit tutors, and as debutant into the gay world of the infamous Regency, he soon plunged into countless dissipations and quarrels. On

one occasion he was beaten by the Chevalier de Rohan's bullies. Thrice he was sent to the Bastile, and only released at last on the promise of quitting the country. No wonder the frail Ninon de l'Enclos, a friend of his mother, left him her library; the very bequest was later seized upon to give point to an epigram. Orgies with the Duke of Sully had been succeeded by a love scandal into which he fell on a diplomatic journey to the Hague. The real brunt of ire which the Regency made him feel, however, was for no fault of conduct, but on account of his suspected authorship of certain biting satires. But it was really by his light lyric verses that Voltaire had acquired his social fame in roistering Paris.

In May, 1726, he landed in England, in the thirty-third year of his age. As Mr. Morley remarks: "The mere spectacle of such free, vigorous, many-sided, and truly social and public activity of intellect, as was visible in England at that time, was in itself enough to fix the gaze of one who was so intensely conscious of his own vast energy of intellect, and so bitterly rebellious against the system which fastened a gag to his lips." Bolingbroke gave him a home; King George a gift of money. Voltaire met Pope, his fellow "wasp," at Twickenham, and also the English Rabelais—as he called him—Dean Swift. The Frenchman made the acquaintance of the works of Shakespeare, who impressed him as "a savage," but yet an inspired savage; and he afterwards, as in "Zaïre," borrowed from Shakespeare with a free hand. In return for all this, Voltaire remained a eulogist of England to the end, and dedicated to the British Queen his "Henriade," with the remark: "It is the fate of Henry the Fourth to be protected by an English queen."

Returning to France he became, at the advice of Richelieu, a courtier, and agonized for some time through panegyrics to Louis XV., whom he compared to Trajan. He repented this brief fit of sycophancy later, and spoke of it as "une farce de la foire." Meanwhile Frederick II. urged him to visit Sans Souci, and in 1750 Voltaire left for the German court, not to return again to Paris for twenty-eight years, and then only to die there. Visitors to Sans Souci can still see the green-parrot room in which Voltaire lived; and Carlyle

has shown in what curious relationship he dwelt there with the "victorious king, poet and musician." It was unpleasant enough even before Voltaire in a satirical "Letter" heaped ridicule on the President of the Berlin Academy, Maupertuis; after three years had elapsed Voltaire left his royal patron, who had proved so uniquely condescending. Through the advice of Paris-Duvernay, who also helped Beaumarchais, Voltaire had now acquired a comfortable fortune. He lived henceforth the retired life of a sage at Les Délices and Ferney, on the Swiss border. There, in his old age, he was visited by the admiring and the curious, who have left us odd pictures of the octogenarian poet sitting in the wings at the performance of his own plays, and weeping like a young girl at all the sentimental or tragic parts.

There is, in fact, not a little of the grotesque, and quite an appreciable amount of the absurd, in the contrast between the Voltaire of reality and the Voltaire of contemporary imagination. Voltaire, the great poet, has ceased to be for this generation. Prof. Saintsbury's highest praise for his tragedies is, that they are "prodigies of literary cleverness." He even scouts the idea of Voltaire's philosophical importance, and there can be no doubt that in his "Essai sur les Mœurs" (Essay on Customs), in imitation of Montesquieu, as in his historical works as a rule, Voltaire shows a lack of true historical criticism and of profundity of understanding of the social organization. He has only contempt for the Middle Ages, as being the cradle of superstition and bigotry. It took Montesquieu to correct this view. Voltaire's "Philosophical Dictionary" is only a heterogeneous collection of thoughts. His bulky legacy of letters contains not one great thought—as Carlyle has unjustly asserted concerning all Voltaire's writings. His "Henriade" is a stiff and artificial epic around the French Henry the Fourth; while his "La Pucelle"—an imitation burlesque epic after Ariosto—though more natural than the "Henriade," is a coarse, scandalous poem, in which France's national heroine and saint, Joan of Arc, is disgustingly vilified. And yet even his severest critics are forced to admit that Voltaire's writings, in their entirety, constitute a very mine of wit, an arsenal of satire and persiflage. As for

the prose *conte*, he made it his own, so to speak. Even in gallant verses he had a brilliancy and felicity of expression that still charms.

His short tales were all related for a moral, political, social or theological purpose. "Micromegas" is a satire on certain forms of science; "Babouc" is a social study; "Memnon," an ethical tale. In "Zadig" he draws the picture of a wealthy young Babylonian, whose career goes to exemplify Voltaire's theory, that the events of life are beyond human control. All of these tales, however, he summed up in "Candide," the most daring and the most cynical. The titular hero proves how ridiculous, in Voltaire's opinion, is philosophical optimism. This work was written shortly after the Lisbon earthquake, and is the supreme romance of pessimism. "Religion, political government, national peculiarities, human weakness, ambition, love, loyalty, all come in for the unfailing sneer." The moral of it all is, simply, "Be tolerant, and cultivate your garden"—that is, do the best you can in your appointed lot. Candide's tutor, Dr. Pangloss, is a satire on the optimistic philosopher, who persists in the face of all misfortunes to maintain that "all is for the best in this best of all possible worlds."

Mr. Morley maintains that Henry the Fourth was a hero with Voltaire, for no better reason than that "he was the first great tolerant, the earliest historic indifferent." Voltaire's "Écrasez l'infâme" has been interpreted to mean "Crush out religion;" but he really meant by the phrase the crushing out of persecuting superstition.

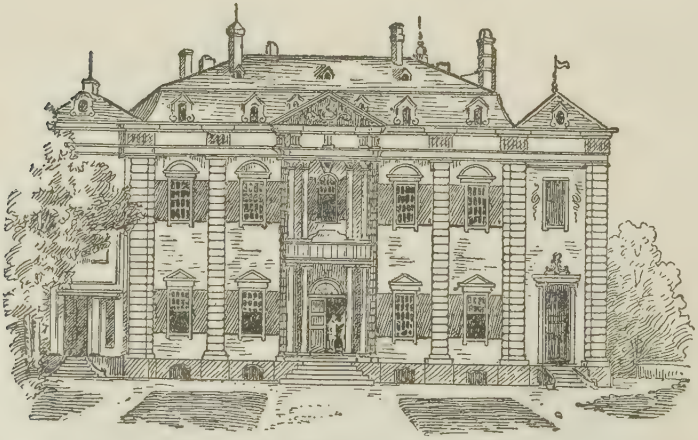
Voltaire himself boasted that he had accomplished more in his time than either Luther or Calvin. Let us see what John Morley has to say of Voltaire's service to humanity: "When the right sense of historical proportion is more fully developed in men's minds, the name of Voltaire will stand for as much as the names of the great decisive movements in the European advance, like the Revival of Learning or the Reformation. The existence, character and career of this extraordinary person constituted in themselves a new and prodigious era. . . . A new type of belief—and of its shadow, disbelief—was stamped into the intelligence and feeling of his own and

following times. We may think of Voltairism somewhat as we think of Catholicism, or the Renaissance, or Calvinism. . . . . Voltairism may stand for the name of the Renaissance of the eighteenth century, for that name takes in all the serious haltings and shortcomings of this strange movement, as well as all its terrible fire, swiftness, sincerity and strength. . . . . To the critic of the schools he is the revolutionary destructive. . . . . Christian charity feels constrained to unmask a demon from the depths of the pit. . . . . Yet Voltaire was the very eye of modern illumination. It was he who conveyed to his generation in a multitude of forms the consciousness at once of the power and the rights of human intelligence. Another might well have said of him what he magnanimously said of his famous contemporary, Montesquieu, that humanity had lost its title-deeds, and he had recovered them. The four-score volumes which he wrote are the fruit and the representation of a spirit of encyclopædic curiosity and productiveness. . . . . He never counted truth a treasure to be discreetly hidden in a napkin. He made it a perpetual war-cry and emblazoned it on a banner that was many a time rent, but was never out of the field."

Voltaire's most famous tragedy, "Zaïre," is his idea of an improved "Othello." His monster of jealousy is, however, a handsome young sultan, Orosmane, who simply suspects his favorite Zaïre on the strength of a letter. He stabs her behind the wings and then slays himself, making a present of the fatal dagger to the lady's brother with his dying breath. Very Frenchy, indeed; and equally so Orosmane's opening promise not to employ "these Asiatic monsters, insulting guardians of the seraglio of the sultans." This result of Voltaire's inspiration from "Othello" sheds sufficient light on the curiously inadequate view which he took of Shakespeare. No wonder the English dramatist seems a savage to the polished Voltaire. His "Œdipe" is a similarly Frenchy adaptation of Sophocles' drama. Other popular plays of his were: "Alzire," "Mérope," "La Fanatisme" (Mahomet), and "The Chinese Orphan." When his "Irene" was produced on one occasion, Voltaire's bust was crowned at the Théâtre Français.

Least criticizable of all Voltaire's work are his histories—his masterly lives of Charles XII. and Peter the Great, his surveys of the "Age of Louis XIV." and "Age of Louis XV.," and his "Annals of the Empire." The best of these is, perhaps, the "Age of Louis XIV.," which Voltaire appreciated in its inner spirit.

Many of Voltaire's maxims have become famous. He used to write "Écrasez le fantôme" and "Écrasez le colosse," and in his letter to d'Alembert, June 23, 1760, he wrote: "I end all my letters with 'Écrasez l' infâme' (Crush the infamous thing), just as Cato always said, 'Delenda est Carthago' (Carthage must be destroyed). By the 'infâme' you will understand that I mean superstition; as for religion, I love and respect it as you do." Voltaire's dying declaration, written in his own hand, February 28, 1778, was: "I die adoring God, loving my friends, not hating my enemies, and detesting superstition." But with all his opposition to the Church of his time he claimed the rights of a Catholic, and in spite of the watchfulness of his adversaries he obtained, by a stratagem carefully planned beforehand, Christian burial. In reference to his hospitality at Ferney he once remarked, "For fourteen years I have been the innkeeper of Europe."



VOLTAIRE'S RESIDENCE AT FERNEY.

Prisoner in the Bastile.

Voltaire, while still called Arouet, at the age of twenty-one became noted in Paris by his satires. One of these, entitled "I have seen," provoked the anger of the Regent, the Duke of Orleans, who exclaimed, "Monsieur Arouet, I vow that I will make you see a thing you have never seen." In a few days the young man was committed to the Bastile, where he remained eleven months. He describes his imprisonment in the following verses.

I needs must go; I jog along in style,
With close-shut carriage, to the royal pile
Built in our fathers' days, hard by St. Paul,
By Charles the Fifth. O brethren, good men all,
In no such quarters may your lot be cast!
Up to my room I find my way at last.
A certain rascal with a smirking face
Exalts the beauties of my new retreat
So comfortable, so compact, so neat.
Says he, "While Phœbus runs his daily race
He never casts one ray within this place,
Look at these walls, some ten feet thick or so;
You'll find it all the cooler here, you know."
Then bidding me admire the way they close
The triple doors and triple locks on those,
With gratings, bolts, and bars on every side,
"It's all for your security," he cried.
At stroke of noon some porridge is brought in;
Such fare is not so delicate as thin.
I am not tempted by the splendid food,
But what they tell me is: "'Twill do you good;
So eat in peace; no one will hurry you."
Here in this doleful den I make ado,
Bastiled, imprisoned, cabined, cribbed, confined,
Nor sleeping, eating, drinking, to my mind;
Betrayed by every one—my mistress, too!
O Mare René! whom Censor Cato's ghost
Might well have chosen for his vacant post;
O Mare René! through whom 'tis brought about
That so much people murmur here below,
To your kind word my durance vile I owe;
May the good God some fine day pay you out!

Jeannot and Colin.

Several persons worthy of credit have seen Jeannot and Colin at school in the town of Issoire, in Auvergne, a town famous throughout the universe for its college and its kettles. Jeannot was the son of a renowned dealer in mules, and Colin owed his birth to a brave laborer of the neighborhood, who cultivated the land with four mules, and who, after having paid tallage and tax, duties and gabels, did not find himself mightily rich at the end of the year. Jeannot and Colin were very good-looking for inhabitants of Auvergne, and were very fond of each other. Their time for study was nearly ended when a tailor brought a velvet coat of three colors for Jeannot, with a Lyons vest in very good taste. The whole was accompanied by a letter to Monsieur de la Jeannotière. Colin admired the coat, and was not jealous; but Jeannot assumed an air of superiority, which grieved Colin. From that moment Jeannot studied no more, looked at himself in the glass, and despised everybody. Sometime after a footman arrived post-haste, and brought a second letter to the Marquis de la Jeannotière; it was an order from his father to send his son to Paris. Jeannot got into the chaise, extending his hand to Colin with a very noble smile of patronage. Colin felt his nothingness and wept. Jeannot set out in all the splendor of his glory. Colin, always loving, wrote a letter of compliment to his old companion. The little marquis made him no answer. Colin was ill with grief about it.

The father and mother at once engaged a tutor for the young marquis. This tutor, who was a man with a fine air, and who knew nothing, could teach his pupil nothing. The gentleman wished his son to learn Latin; the lady did not. They referred the matter to an author, who was celebrated at that time as the writer of some charming works. He was asked to dinner. The master of the house began by saying at once, "Sir, as you know Latin, and as you are a man at court—"

"Me, sir! Latin! I don't know a word," replied the man of letters; "and I have done very well. It is clear that

one speaks one's own language much better when one does not divide one's attention between it and foreign languages. Look at all our ladies, they have more agreeable wit than men; their letters are written with a hundred times more grace. They have this superiority over us only because they do not know Latin."

"Ah, now, was I not right?" said the lady. "I want my son to be a man of spirit, that he may get on in the world, and you see very well that if he knew Latin he would be ruined. Do they act comedy and opera in Latin, if you please? Does one plead in Latin in a law-suit?"

The gentleman, dazzled by these reasons, passed sentence of condemnation, and it was decided that the young marquis should not lose his time in making the acquaintance of Cicero, Horace and Virgil. But what shall he learn, then? for still he must know something. Should they teach him a little geography?

"What would be the use of that?" answered the tutor. "When the Marquis goes about his lands, will not the postilions know the roads? Of course they will not lead him astray. One has no need of a quadrant to travel, and you can go from Paris to Auvergne very comfortably without wanting to know in what latitude you are."

"You are right," replied the father; "but I have heard tell of a fine science that is called, I think, astronomy."

"What a pity!" answered the tutor. "We are not guided by the stars in this world, and is it necessary that the marquis should work himself to death, making calculations about an eclipse, when he can find it settled to a nicety in the almanac, which tells him, besides the movable feasts, the age of the moon and that of all the princesses of Europe?"

Madame was quite of the tutor's opinion; the little marquis was in ecstasies; the father was undecided. "What should my son be taught, then?" said he. "To be agreeable," replied the friend whom they consulted; "and if he knows how to please, he will know everything. It is an art that he will learn from his lady mother without any trouble to either of them."

At this speech the lady embraced the charming ignoramus,

and said, "One can see, sir, that you are the most learned man in the world; my son will owe all his education to you; I do not imagine, however, that it will do him any harm to know a little history."

"Ah, madam, what is the good of it?" he replied. "Surely the only useful and agreeable history is that of the present day. All ancient histories, as one of our clever men has said, are only unacknowledged fables; and as to the modern ones, they are a chaos that cannot be cleared up. What does it matter to your son that Charlemagne instituted the twelve peers of France, and that his successor stammered?"

"Nothing could have been better said," cried the tutor. "The minds of children are stifled under a mass of useless knowledge. A gentleman like the marquis ought not to spoil his brains over these vain trifles. If some day he wants a grand geometrician to take a plan of his lands, he can have them surveyed for money. If he wishes to make the antiquity of his nobility clear, which goes back to the most remote times, he will send for a Benedictine. It is the same with all the arts. A young lord in good circumstances is neither a painter, a musician, an architect, nor a sculptor, but he makes all these arts flourish by encouraging them by his munificence. It is better undoubtedly to patronize than to practise them. It is enough that the marquis should have taste; it is for the artist to work for him; and this is why it is perfectly right to say that people of quality (I mean those who are very rich) know everything without learning; because really, in the long run, they know what to think of everything that they order and pay for."

The amiable ignoramus then began to speak, and said, "You have very well remarked, madam, that the great object of man is to succeed in society. In good faith, is it with the help of the sciences that this success is obtained? Does one ever think of talking about geometry in good company? Do we ever ask a man of fashion what star rises with the sun to-day? Do we inquire at supper if Clodion the long-haired crossed the Rhine?"

"No, certainly," cried the marchioness, whose charms had

sometimes gained for her admittance into the great world, "and my son ought not to stifle his genius by the study of all this rubbish; but now, what shall we teach him? for it is well that a young lord should be able to shine on occasion, as my husband says."

At last, after having thoroughly examined the strong and the weak sides of the sciences, it was decided that the marquis should learn—to dance.

Nature, who does everything, had given him one talent, which soon developed itself with prodigious success; it was that of singing ballads agreeably. The graces of youth added to this superlative gift, caused him to be looked upon as a most hopeful young man. Then the marchioness thought herself the mother of a wit, and gave suppers to the wits of Paris. The young man's head was soon turned. He acquired the art of speaking without knowing what he was talking about, and became perfect in the habit of being fit for nothing. When his father saw him so eloquent, he greatly regretted that he had not made him learn Latin, for he would have bought him a great post in the law. The mother, who had more noble sentiments, took upon herself to solicit a regiment for her son.

A young widow of quality, their neighbor, who had only a moderate fortune, determined to place the great wealth of M. and Madame de la Jeannotière in security, by appropriating it herself, and by marrying the young marquis. She enticed him to her house. Sometimes she bestowed praises upon him, and sometimes counsels; she became his father's and mother's best friend. An old neighbor suggested the marriage. The parents, dazzled by the splendor of this alliance, accepted the proposal with pleasure. They gave their only son to their intimate friend. The young marquis was going to marry a woman whom he adored, and by whom he was loved; the friends of the house congratulated him. The marriage contract was going to be drawn up while they worked at the wedding clothes and at the epithalamium.

He was one morning at the feet of the charming bride, whom love, esteem and friendship were on the point of giving him; they were settling how they should lead a delightful

life, when one of his mother's footmen came in, looking quite scared.

"Here's some very different news for you," said he; "the sheriff's officers are stripping the house of my master and mistress; everything is seized by the creditors; they talk of arrest, and I am going to be quick and get my wages."

"Let us see," said the marquis, "what it all is; what has happened."

"Yes," said the widow, "go and punish those rogues; go quickly."

He ran there; he reached the house; his father was already thrown into prison. All the servants had fled; each one had gone his own way, carrying with them all they could. His mother was alone, without help, without comfort, bathed in tears: there only remained to her the remembrance of her fortune, of her beauty, of her faults and of her extravagance. After the son had wept with his mother for a long time, he said to her at last, "Do not let us despair; that young widow loves me desperately; she is even more generous than rich. I can answer for her. I will fly to her and bring her to you." Then he returned to his betrothed.

"What! is that you, M. de la Jeannotière? What do you want here? Do you thus abandon your mother? Go to the poor woman, and tell her that I still wish her well. I am in want of a lady's maid, and will give her the preference."

The marquis, stupefied and enraged, went to find his old tutor, poured his griefs into his bosom, and asked him for advice. The latter proposed that he should become a tutor like himself. "Alas! I know nothing; you have taught me me nothing, and you are the first cause of my misfortune," and he sobbed as he spoke to him thus.

"Write some novels," said a wit who was there; "that is an excellent resource in Paris."

The marquis was ready to faint. He was treated much the same by his friends, and in half a day he learned to know the world better than in all the rest of his life.

While he was plunged in this depth of despair, he saw a chaise of an antique fashion coming up, a kind of covered carriage, fitted up with leather curtains, followed by four

enormous wagons, all loaded. There was a young man in the chaise, with coarse clothes, with a round fresh face, full of kindness and gaiety. His little wife, dark and, in a rough way, pleasing enough, was jolting by his side. The carriage did not go at the rate of a dandy's curricle. The traveler had plenty of time to contemplate the motionless marquis, buried in his grief.

"Ah!" he cried, "I do believe that's Jeannot there." At this name the marquis raised his eyes, the chaise stopped. "It is Jeannot himself, it is." The little fat man made but one spring, and ran to embrace his old comrade. Jeannot recognized Colin; and shame and tears covered his face. "You've given me up," said Colin, "but you make a fine lord. I shall always like you." Jeannot, touched and confused, told him part of his story, with many sighs. "Come to the inn where I am staying and tell me the rest," said Colin; "say 'How do you do?' to my little wife, and let us go and have dinner together."

They went all three on foot, followed by the baggage.

"What's all this luggage, then? Does it belong to you?"

"Yes, it's all mine and my wife's. We are coming from the country. I am at the head of a good factory of tinware and copper. I have married the daughter of a rich dealer in necessary utensils, great and small. We work hard; God blesses us; we have not changed our condition; we will help our friend Jeannot. Don't be marquis any more. All the grandeurs of the world are not worth one good friend. You will go back into the country with me. I will teach you my trade, it's not very difficult; I will give you a share, and we

shall live merrily in the corner of the earth where we were born."

Jeannot, in a state of distraction, felt himself divided between grief and joy, love and shame, and said to himself in a low voice, "All my fine friends have betrayed me, and Colin alone, whom I have despised, comes to my help." What a lesson! The kindness in Colin's heart developed in the heart of Jeannot the germ of a good disposition which the world had not yet stifled. He felt that he could not abandon his father and mother.

"We shall take care of your mother," said Colin; "and as to the good man your father, who is in prison, I understand a little about business. His creditors, seeing he has nothing left, will come to terms for a trifle. I can manage all that."

Colin managed so well that he got the father out of prison. Jeannot returned to his native place with his parents, who took up their first calling again. He married a sister of Colin, who, being of the same temper as her brother, made him very happy; and Jeannot, the father, and Jeannette, the mother, and Jeannot, the son, saw that happiness does not consist in vanity.

Zadig's Nose.

One morning Azora returned from a walk in a terrible passion, and uttering the most violent exclamations.

"What ails you, my dear spouse?" said Zadig. "What can have thus discomposed you?"

"Alas!" she said, "you would be as much enraged as I am, if you had seen what I've just beheld. I have been to comfort the young widow Cosrou, who within these two days has raised a tomb to her young husband, near the rivulet that washes the skirts of this meadow. In the bitterness of her grief, she vowed to heaven to remain at the tomb as long as the water of the rivulet continued to run by it."

"Well," said Zadig, "she is an excellent woman, and loved her husband with the most sincere affection."

"Ah!" said Azora, "if you only knew what she was doing when I went to see her!"

"Was she engaged, beautiful Azora, in turning the course of the rivulet?"

Azora broke out into such long invectives, and loaded the young widow with such bitter reproaches, that Zadig was far from being pleased with this ostentation of virtue.

. . . . . .

Zadig had a friend named Cador, whom he made his confidant. Azora, having passed two days with a friend in the country, returned home on the third. The servants told her, with tears in their eyes, that her husband died suddenly the night before, and that they had just deposited his corpse in the tomb of his ancestors at the end of the garden. She wept, tore her hair, and swore she would follow him to the grave.

In the evening Cador begged leave to wait on her, and joined his tears with hers. Next day they wept less, and dined together. Cador told her that his friend had left him the greater part of his estate, and that he should think himself extremely happy in sharing his fortune with her. The lady wept, fell into a passion, and at last became more mild and gentle. They sat longer at supper than at dinner, and talked with more confidence. Azora praised the deceased, but owned that he had many failings from which Cador was free.

During supper Cador complained of a violent pain in his side. The lady, in great concern, tried all sorts of remedies. She even condescended to touch the side in which Cador felt such exquisite pain, and compassionately inquired if he was subject to this cruel disorder. "It sometimes brings me to the brink of the grave," replied Cador. "There is but one remedy that can give me relief, and that is to apply to my side the nose of a man lately dead." Feeling sure that in his journey to the other world her husband would not be refused a passage because his nose was a little shorter in the second life than it was in the first, the lady took a razor and went to her husband's tomb. She bedewed it with her tears and drew near to cut off Zadig's nose. He arose, holding his nose with one hand and putting back the razor with the other.

"Madam," he said, "don't exclaim so violently against young Cosrou. The project of cutting off my nose is equal to that of turning the course of a rivulet."

The Sultan Osman and Zara.

Voltaire, in his tragedy of "Zaïre," wished to improve upon Shakespeare's "Othello." The hero is the young sultan Orosmane, who falls in love with the Christian captive Zaïre. She reciprocates his love in spite of the protests of other captives, but when her brother Nerestan contrives a plot for their escape, she joins in it. The sultan learns that she has received a letter from Nerestan, and believing that he is her lover becomes inflamed with jealousy. He intercepts her when passing through a dark corridor of the palace to meet Nerestan, and slays her. This, however, is not done in sight of the audience on the French stage. Orosmane, discovering his error, stabs himself after ordering Nerestan to be set free. In the translation by Aaron Hill, the name *Zaïre* is made *Zara*, and *Orosmane* is changed to *Osman*, while his attendant becomes *Orasmin*.

Melidor. This letter, trusted to my hands, receive,
In secret witness I am wholly yours. [*Zara reads the letter.*
Selima (*aside*). Thou everlasting ruler of the world!
Shed thy wished mercy on our hopeless tears;
Redeem us from the hands of hated infidels,
And save my princess from the breast of Osman.
Zara. I wish, my friend, the comfort of your counsel.
Sel. Retire—you shall be called—wait near—
Go, leave us. [*Exit Melidor.*
Zara. Read this, and tell me what I ought to answer:
For I would gladly hear my brother's voice.
Sel. Say rather you would hear the voice of Heaven.
'Tis not your brother calls you, but your God.
Zara. I know it, nor resist His awful will;
Thou know'st that I have bound my soul by oath;
But can I—ought I—to engage myself,
My brother, and the Christians, in this danger?
Sel. 'Tis not their danger that alarms your fears;
Your love speaks loudest to your shrinking soul;
I know your heart of strength to hazard all,
But it has let in traitors, who surrender,
On poor pretence of safety.—Learn at least,
To understand the weakness that deceives you:
You tremble to offend your haughty lover,
Whom wrongs and outrage but endear the more.
Yes—you are blind to Osman's cruel nature,

That Tartar's fierceness, that obscures his bounties;
This tiger, savage in his tenderness,
Courts with contempt and threatens amidst softness;
Yet, cannot your neglected heart efface
His fated, fixed impression!

Zara. What reproach
Can I with justice make him? I, indeed,
Have given him cause to hate me!
Was not his throne, was not his temple ready?
Did he not court his slave to be a queen,
And have I not declined it?——I who ought
To tremble, conscious of affronted power!
Have not I triumphed o'er his pride and love?
Seen him submit his own high will to mine,
And sacrifice his wishes to my weakness?

Sel. Talk we no more of this unhappy passion:
What resolution will your virtue take?

Zara. All things combine to sink me to despair:
From the seraglio death alone will free me.
I long to see the Christians' happy climes;
Yet in the moment while I form that prayer,
I sigh a secret wish to languish here.
How sad a state is mine! my restless soul
All ignorant what to do, or what to wish,
My only perfect sense is that of pain.
O guardian Heaven! protect my brother's life,
For I will meet him, and fulfill his prayer:
Then, when from Solyma's unfriendly walls
His absence shall unbind his sister's tongue,
Osman shall learn the secret of my birth,
My faith unshaken, and my deathless love;
He will approve my choice and pity me.
I'll send my brother word he may expect me.
Call in the faithful slave.—God of my fathers! [*Exit Selima.*
Let thy hand save me, and thy will direct!

[*Enter Selima and Melidor.*

Go—tell the Christian who intrusted thee,
That Zara's heart is fixed, nor shrinks at danger;
And that my faithful friend will at the hour
Expect and introduce him to his wish.
Away—the sultan comes; he must not find us.

[*Exeunt Zara and Selima.*

Enter Osman and Orasmin.

Osman. Swifter, ye hours, move on; my fury glows
Impatient, and would push the wheels of time.
How now! What message dost thou bring? Speak boldly—
What answer gave she to the letter sent her?

Mel. She blushed and trembled and grew pale, and paused.
Then blushed and read it; and again grew pale;
And wept and smiled, and doubted and resolved:
For after all this race of varied passions,
When she had sent me out and called me back,
"Tell him," she cried, "who has intrusted thee,
That Zara's heart is fixed, nor shrinks at danger;
And that my faithful friend will, at the hour,
Expect and introduce him to his wish."

Osm. (*to the slave*). Enough—begone—I have no ear for more.—
(*To Orasmin.*) Leave me, thou too, Orasmin.—Leave me, life,
For every mortal aspect moves my hate:
Leave me to my distraction—I grow mad,
And cannot bear the visage of a friend.
Leave me to rage, despair and shame, and wrongs!
Leave me to seek myself—and shun mankind. [*Exit Orasmin.*
Who am I?—Heaven! Who am I? What resolve I?
Zara! Nerestan! sound these words like names
Decreed to join?—Why pause I?—Perish Zara—
Would I could tear her image from my heart!—
'Twere happier not to live at all, than live
Her scorn, the sport of an ungrateful false one!
And sink the sovereign in a woman's property.

. . . . . .

[*Orasmin and Osman wait in a dark passage.*

Orasmin. Nor tread of mortal foot—nor voice I hear:
The still seraglio lies profoundly plunged
In death-like silence. Nothing stirs—The air
Is soft as infant sleep; no breathing wing
Steals through the shadows to awaken night.

Osm. Horrors a thousand times more dark than these
Benight my suffering soul.—Thou dost not know
To what excess of tenderness I loved her;
I knew no happiness, but what she gave me,
Nor could have felt a misery but for her!

Pity this weakness—mine are tears, Orasmin,
That fall not oft, nor lightly.——
Oras. Tears!—O Heaven!
Osm. The first that ever yet unmanned my eyes!
Oh! pity Zara—pity me—Orasmin,
These but forerun the tears of destined blood.
Oras. O my unhappy lord!—I tremble for you—
Osm. Do—tremble at my sufferings, at my love;
At my revenge too, tremble—for 'tis due,
And will not be deluded.
Oras. Hark! I hear
The steps of men along the neighboring wall!
Osm. Fly—seize him—'tis Nerestan! Wait no chains,
But drag him down to my impatient eye. [*Exit Orasmin.*

Enter Zara and Selima, in the dark.

Zara. Where art thou, Selima? Give me thy hand.
It is so dark I tremble as I step,
With fears and startings, never felt till now!
Osm. Damnation! 'tis her voice! the well-known sound,
That has so often charmed me into baseness!
Oh, the perfidious hypocrite!—she goes
To meet the inviting infidel!—now, now, [*Drawing a dagger.*
Revenge, stand firm and intercept his wishes;—
Revenge! On whom?—No matter—Earth and Heaven
Would blush, should I forbear: now—Zara, now!
[*Drops the dagger.*
I must not, cannot strike! the starting steel,
Unwilling, flies my hand and shuns to wound her.
Zara. This is the private path—come nearer, lead me—
Are we not noticed, think'st thou?
Sel. Fear not, madam;
It cannot now be long, ere we shall meet him.
Osm. That word has given me back my ebbing rage—
[*Recovers the dagger.*
Zara. I walk in terror, and my heart forebodes.
Who's there?—Nerestan! Is it you!—O welcome—
Osm. (*Stabbing her.*) This to thy heart!—'Tis not the traitor meets thee,
'Tis the betrayed—who writes it in thy blood.
Zara. O gracious Heaven! receive my parting soul,
And take thy trembling servant to thy mercy— [*Dies.*

Osm. Soul!—then revenge has reached thee.—I will now
Haste from this fatal place.—I cannot leave her!
Whom did I strike? Was this the act of love?
Swallow me, earth!—She's silent.—Zara's dead!
And should I live to see returning day,
'Twill show me but her blood!—show me left joyless,
In a wide, empty world, with nothing round me,
But penitence and pain.—And yet 'twas just:—
Hark!—Destiny has sent her lover to me,
To fill my vengeance and restore my joy.

Enter Orasmin with Nerestan.

Approach, thou wretch! thou more than cursed! come near—
Thou, who, in gratitude for freedom gained,
Hast given me miseries beyond thy own!
Thou heart of hero with a traitor's soul!
Go—reap thy due reward! prepare to suffer
Whate'er inventive malice can inflict,
To make thee feel thy death, and perish slow.
Are my commands obeyed?

Oras. All is prepared.

Osm. Thy wanton eyes look round, in search of her,
Whose love, descending to a slave like thee,
From my dishonored hand received her doom.
See, where she lies!

Nerestan. O fatal, rash mistake!

Osm. Dost thou behold her, slave?

Ner. Unhappy sister!

Osm. Sister!—Didst thou say—sister? If thou didst,
Bless me with deafness, Heaven!

Ner. Tyrant! I did!—
She was my sister.—All that now is left thee,
Dispatch!—From my distracted heart drain next
The remnant of the royal Christian blood:
Old Lusignan, expiring in my arms,
Sent his too wretched son, with his last blessing,
To his now murdered daughter!—
Would I had seen the bleeding innocent!
I would have lived to speak to her in death:
Would have awakened in her languid heart—
A livelier sense of her abandoned God.

That God, who, left by her, forsook her too,
And gave the poor lost sufferer to thy rage.
Osm. Thy sister!—Lusignan her father!—Selima!
Can this be true?—and have I wronged thee, Zara?
Sel. Thy love was all the cloud 'twixt her and Heaven!
Osm. Be dumb—for thou art base, to add distraction
To my already more than bleeding heart.
And was thy love sincere?—What then remains?
. . . . . .
Unhappy warrior—yet less lost than I—
Haste from our bloody land—and to thine own
Convey this poor, pale object of my rage.
Thy king, and all his Christians, when they hear
Thy miseries, shall mourn them with their tears;
But, if thou tell'st them mine, and tell'st them truly,
They who shall hate my crime shall pity me.
Take, too, this poniard with thee, which my hand
Has stained with blood far dearer than my own;
Tell them—with this I murdered her I loved;
The noblest and most virtuous among women!
The soul of innocence, and pride of truth:
Tell them I laid my empire at her feet:
Tell them I plunged my dagger in her blood;
Tell them, I so adored—and thus revenged her. [*Stabs himself.*
Reverence this hero—and conduct him safe. [*Dies.*

Candide Married and Settled.

In his whimsical romance of "Candide, or the Optimist," Voltaire exemplifies his practical philosophy. Refusing to accept the conclusion of some reasoners, like Dr. Pangloss in this story, that this world is the best of all possible, he advises each man to "cultivate his own garden." Candide, over whose birth there hangs a cloud, was brought up in the castle of a German baron, who, however, kicked him out when he made love to the baron's daughter Cunegund. Thenceforth, to exhibit the evil of the world, the author whirls all the personages of his pantomime through a bewildering succession of misfortunes in various countries of Europe, Africa, and America, but finally brings them together to live in Turkey in peace and contentment.

While Candide, the baron, Pangloss, Martin and Cacambo were relating their several adventures, and reasoning on the contingent or non-contingent events of this world, on causes

and effects, on moral and physical evil, on freewill and necessity, and on the consolation that may be felt by a person, when a slave and chained to an oar in a Turkish galley, they arrived at the house of the Transylvanian prince on the coasts of the Propontis. The first objects they beheld there was Miss Cunegund and the old woman, who were hanging some table-cloths on a line to dry.

The baron [her brother] turned pale at the sight. Even the tender Candide, that affectionate lover, upon seeing his fair Cunegund all sun-burnt, with blear eyes, a withered neck, wrinkled face and arms all covered with a red scurf, started back with horror; but, recovering himself, he advanced towards her out of good manners. She embraced Candide and her brother; they embraced the old woman, and Candide ransomed them both.

There was a small farm in the neighborhood, which the old woman proposed to Candide to make a shift with till the company should meet with a more favorable destiny. Cunegund, not knowing that she was grown ugly, as no one had informed her of it, reminded Candide of his promise in so peremptory a manner, that the simple lad did not dare to refuse her. He then acquainted the baron that he was going to marry his sister. I will never suffer, said the baron, my sister to be guilty of an action so derogatory to her birth and family; nor will I bear this insolence on your part: no, I never will be reproached that my nephews are not qualified for the first ecclesiastical dignities in Germany, nor shall a sister of mine ever be the wife of any person below the rank of a baron of the empire.

Cunegund flung herself at her brother's feet, and bedewed them with her tears, but he still continued inflexible. Thou foolish fellow, said Candide, have I not delivered thee from the galleys, paid thy ransom and thy sister's, too; who was a scullion, and is very ugly, and yet I condescend to marry her? And shalt thou pretend to oppose the match? If I were to listen only to the dictates of my anger I should kill thee again. Thou mayest kill me again, said the baron, but thou shalt not marry my sister while I am living.

Candide had, in truth, no great inclination to marry Miss

Cunegund; but the extreme impertinence of the baron determined him to conclude the match, and Cunegund pressed him so warmly that he could not recant. He consulted Pangloss, Martin and the faithful Cacambo. Pangloss composed a fine memorial, by which he proved that the baron had no right over his sister, and that she might, according to all the laws of the empire, marry Candide with the left hand. Martin concluded to throw the baron into the sea: Cacambo decided that he must be delivered to the Turkish captain and sent to the galleys; after which he should be conveyed by the first ship to the father-general at Rome. This advice was found to be very good; the old woman approved of it, and not a syllable was said to his sister; the business was executed for a little money; and they had the pleasure of tricking a Jesuit, and punishing the pride of a German baron.

It was altogether natural to imagine, that after undergoing so many disasters, Candide married to his mistress, and living with the philosopher Pangloss, the philosopher Martin, the prudent Cacambo, and the old woman—having, besides, brought home so many diamonds from the country of the ancient Incas, would lead the most agreeable life in the world. But he had been so much choused by the Jews that he had nothing else left but his little farm; his wife, every day growing more and more ugly, became headstrong and insupportable; the old woman was infirm, and more ill-natured yet than Cunegund. Cacambo, who worked in the garden, and carried the produce of it to sell at Constantinople, was past his labor and cursed his fate. Pangloss despaired of making a figure in any of the German universities; and as to Martin, he was firmly persuaded that a person is equally ill-situated everywhere. He took things with patience. Candide, Martin and Pangloss disputed sometimes about metaphysics and morality. Boats were often seen passing under the windows of the farm, fraught with effendis, bashaws, and cadis, that were going into banishment to Lemnos, Mitylene and Erzerum. And other cadis, bashaws, and effendis were seen coming back to take the place of the exiles, and then to be driven out in their turns. They saw several heads very curiously stuck upon poles, and carried as presents to the Sublime Porte. Such

sights gave occasion to frequent dissertations; and when no disputes were carried on, the irksomeness was so excessive that the old woman ventured one day to tell them, I should be glad to know, which is worst, to be ravished a hundred times by negro pirates, to have one buttock cut off, to run the gauntlet among the Bulgarians, to be whipped and hanged at an auto-da-fe, to be dissected, to be chained to an oar in a galley, and, in short, to experience all the miseries through which every one of us has passed,—or to remain here doing nothing? This, said Candide, is a grand question.

This discourse gave birth to new reflections, and Martin especially concluded that man was born to live in the convulsions of disquiet or in the lethargy of idleness. Though Candide did not absolutely agree to this, yet he did not determine anything on the head. Pangloss avowed that he had undergone dreadful sufferings, but having once maintained that everything went on as well as possible, he still maintained it, and at the same time believed nothing of it.

There was one thing which, more than ever, confirmed Martin in his detestable principles, made Candide hesitate, and embarrassed Pangloss,—that was, the arrival of Pacquette and the monk Giroflée one day at their farm. This couple had been in the utmost distress; they had very speedily made away with their three thousand piastres; they had parted, been reconciled; quarrelled again, thrown into prison; had made their escape, and, at last, brother Giroflée turned Turk. Pacquette still continued to follow her trade wherever she came; but she got little or nothing by it. I foresaw very well, said Martin to Candide, that your presents would soon be squandered, and only make them more miserable. You and Cacambo have spent millions of piastres, and yet you are not more happy than brother Giroflée and Pacquette. Ah! said Pangloss, to Pacquette, It is Heaven who has brought you here among us, my poor child! Do you know that you have cost me the tip of my nose, one eye and one ear? What a handsome shape is here; and what is this world! This new adventure engaged them more deeply than ever in philosophical disputations.

In the neighborhood lived a very famous dervish, who

passed for the best philosopher in Turkey; him they went to consult. Pangloss, who was their spokesman, addressed him thus: Master, we come to entreat you to tell us why so strange an animal as man has been formed?

Why do you trouble your head about it? said the dervish; Is it any business of yours? But, my reverend father, said Candide, there is a horrible deal of evil on the earth. What signifies it, said the dervish, whether there is evil or good? When his highness sends a ship to Egypt, does he trouble his head whether the rats in the vessel are at their ease or not? What must then be done? says Pangloss. Be silent, answers the dervish. I flattered myself, replied Pangloss, to have reasoned a little with you on the causes and effects, on the best of possible worlds, the origin of evil, the nature of the soul, and a pre-established harmony. At these words the dervish shut the door in their faces.

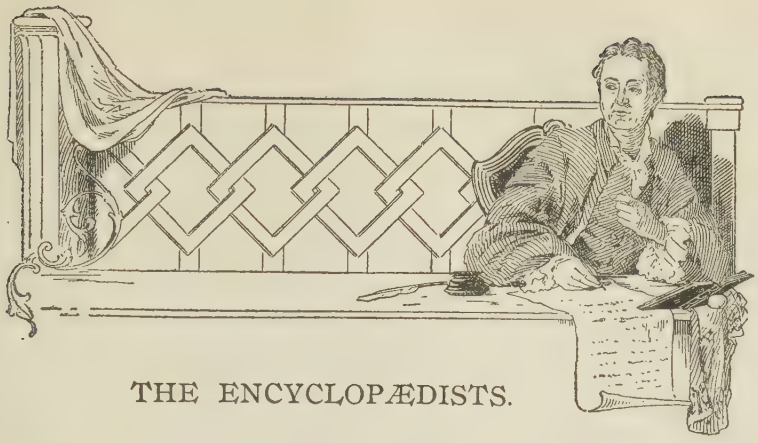
During this conversation news was spread abroad that two vizirs of the bench and the mufti had been just strangled at Constantinople, and several of their friends impaled. This catastrophe made a great noise for some hours. Pangloss, Candide and Martin, as they were returning to the little farm, met with a good-looking old man, who was taking the air at his door, under an alcove formed of the boughs of orange-trees. Pangloss, who was as inquisitive as he was disputatious, asked him what was the name of the mufti who was lately strangled? I cannot tell, answered the good old man; I never knew the name of any mufti or vizir breathing. I am entirely ignorant of the event you speak of; I presume that in general such as are concerned in public affairs sometimes come to a miserable end, and that they deserve it. But I never inquire what is doing at Constantinople; I am contented with sending thither the produce of my garden, which I cultivate with my own hands. After saying these words, he invited the strangers to come into his house. His two daughters and two sons presented them with divers sorts of sherbet of their own making; besides caymac, heightened with the peels of candied citrons, oranges, lemons, pineapples, pistachio nuts, and Mocha coffee, unadulterated with the bad coffee of Batavia or the American islands. After which

the two daughters of this good Mussulman perfumed the beards of Candide, Pangloss and Martin.

You must certainly have a vast estate, said Candide to the Turk, who replied: I have no more than twenty acres of ground, the whole of which I cultivate myself, with the help of my children; and our labor keeps off from us three great evils—idleness, vice and want.

Candide, as he was returning home, made profound reflections on the Turk's discourse. This good old man, said he to Pangloss and Martin, appears to me to have chosen for himself a lot much preferable to that of the six kings with whom we had the honor to sup. Human grandeur, said Pangloss, is very dangerous, if we believe the testimonies of almost all philosophers. Neither need you tell me, said Candide, that we must take care of our garden. You are in the right, said Pangloss; for when man was put into the garden of Eden, it was with an intent to dress it; and this proves that man was not born to be idle. Work, then, without disputing, said Martin; it is the only way to render life supportable.

The little society, one and all, entered into this laudable design, and set themselves to exert their different talents. The little piece of ground yielded them a plentiful crop. Cunegund, indeed, was very ugly, but she became an excellent hand at pastry-work; Pacquette embroidered; the old woman had the care of the linen. There was none, down to brother Giroflée, but did some service; he was a very good carpenter, and became an honest man. Pangloss used now and then to say to Candide, There is a concatenation of all events in the best of possible worlds; for, in short, had you not been kicked out of a fine castle for the love of Miss Cunegund; had you not been put into the Inquisition; had you not traveled over America on foot; had you not run the baron through the body; and had you not lost all your sheep, which you brought from the good country of El Dorado, you would not have been here to eat preserved citrons and pistachio nuts. Excellently observed, answered Candide; but let us take care of our garden.



THE ENCYCLOPÆDISTS.

FRENCH scepticism of the eighteenth century was embodied in the Encyclopædists. They were a distinctive product of the great *philosophe* movement, and were, perhaps, more inspired by Montesquieu than by Voltaire, who was one of their number. Voltaire himself said that Montesquieu had rediscovered the title-deeds of the human race. There can be no doubt that Charles de Secondat, Baron de Montesquieu (1689–1755) was possessed of far greater originality and depth of thought than Voltaire. In his monumental "Esprit des Lois" (1748)—Spirit of Human Law as Opposed to Custom, as this curious title may be not inaptly translated—this fine thinker sought to "make men overcome their prejudices. I here call prejudices not that which causes one to be ignorant of certain things, but that which causes one to be ignorant of himself." It is not within our scope to show his view of the relations of laws to various causes and effects; suffice it to say that his notion of the influence of climate is most celebrated. And in his "Persian Letters," published while in his thirty-second year, the aristocratic but critical baron represented the entire spirit of philosophism. These letters—imitated by Goldsmith in his "Citizen of the World"—were borrowed in design from Dufresny's "The Siamese" (in "Amusements Serious and Comic"), but Montesquieu, serious in jest, caught the awakening ideas of his age. Neither a Rousseau in rashness nor a Voltaire in vehemence, he showed nevertheless wit enough in these mock letters of Usbek, the Persian traveller, to strike disaster to many of the idols of Louis XIV's

reign: so much so that when he became a candidate for the Academy in 1728, Cardinal Fleury wrote to all the voting Academicians declaring the author of that work of impious sarcasm to be unworthy of election. Montesquieu is accused of toning down the Letters to secure this lesser sort of "immortality." Montesquieu naturalized the term *citoyen*, invented by Beaumarchais in place of *sujet*, and warned his fellow-countrymen that they were degenerating into worse than Troglodytes, having resigned themselves to the enjoyment of pleasure at the price of liberty. Rousseau's "Social Contract" did not appear until fourteen years after the "Spirit of the Laws."

MONTESQUIEU.

The Encyclopædists proper were, however, called into definite existence by the desire of a Paris bookseller for a revision of John Mills's translation of Ephraim Chambers' Encyclopædia, which appeared in London in 1728. This bookseller called upon Denis Diderot to perform the desired task of alteration. Diderot (1713–1784) had emerged like Voltaire from a Jesuit schooling only to become an enemy to the Catholicism of his day. He was then leading a half vagabond life as a bookseller's hack. He accepted the offer, and the innocuous Chambers was to become the mighty and disturbing engine of eighteenth century scepticism in France. Diderot, "the man of a dictionary," called to his aid as first lieutenant, D'Alembert, "the man wrote a preface," and with that revolutionary prospectus of the forthcoming "Dictionnaire Raisonnée" stirred up the first clouds of the destined storm. One reading the Dictionary to-day cannot but feel surprised at the extreme antagonism which it provoked from both Church and State. There is no direct atheism in its pages, no attack on cardinal religious principles, and no lashing of notorious ecclesiastical and political abuses. And yet there is beyond doubt much covert criticism of these things, much insinuated protest; the entire atmosphere of the Encyclopædia is saturated with the ideas of religious tolerance

and speculative freedom. D'Alembert's "Geneva" article, for instance, is an obvious contrast of Catholicism with Protestantism to the detriment of the former as it then flourished at Versailles. However philosophical the Encyclopædia may be, it shows great lack of system and supervision. The subjects were treated historically, but history and biography were excluded; the geography was very imperfect; and the articles were often discursive and verbose. As for the definitions, some of them remind us of those often quoted from Dr. Johnson's Dictionary. Under the term "Labor" a dozen lines rebuke the then existing property system as tending to produce idle men. The definitions of "Gallantry" and "Melancholy" are essays in little, and here and there is a sketch à la Bruyère. Several abbés were employed on the work, but the acid of Voltaire—who was an interested contributor—was enough to neutralize their weak orthodoxy. Thus the Encyclopædia was turned into the organ of the advanced and revolutionary opinions of the time. Twenty-eight volumes appeared between the years 1751 and 1772, despite the Government's decree of formal suspension in 1759. But only Diderot worked on faithfully to the end.

DIDEROT.

Diderot's life-career is, indeed, a most pitiable and yet strangely mixed history. Immoral in his relations with mistresses, he began his literary career with a licentious tale, which he, however, later repented. An eloquent talker he was the centre of the weekly Bohemian symposiums at the Baron d'Holbach's, and his letters to his second mistress, Mlle. Volland, constitute a vivid picture of the *philosophe* circle of his day. But as a writer he did not possess a concentrative force; he was, at all times, rather suggestively critical than decisively dogmatic; he left twenty volumes of fragments—so to speak—left, as Carlyle says, "on the waste of accident with an

ostrich-like indifference." He laughed, indeed, at the idea of his writings ever being collected into an edition. This lack of unity and finality did not prevent his works from having, however, a great influence in their time. Left alone to finish the gigantic task of the Encyclopædia, Diderot, who had been in prison for his bold opinions before, labored day and night in a clandestine way, ruining his eyesight and health. At the end of all he found that the timid bookseller had, without a word, expunged many of his boldest and best thoughts for fear of the official authorities! Diderot himself received a slave's pay for thus pulling for twenty years a slave's oar, while the pusillanimous publisher made a fortune out of the work. Diderot, hack to the end, established the science of art criticism by his "Salons," and inspired Lessing's dramatic genius by his dramatic criticism.

"Rameau's Nephew" may pass, in Carlyle's words, "for decidedly the best of all Diderot's compositions. It looks like a sibylline utterance from a heart all in fusion. It was written as a satire on Palissot, but no ephemeral thing was ever more perennially treated." Goethe eagerly translated this great trifle. In this "farce-tragedy" Diderot sought to hold up to ridicule Palissot the Academician with his contemptible censure of the *Philosophes*, but he accomplished the higher task of drawing a satirical picture of contemporary manners around a real original. The Rameau of the dialogue was a nephew of the French musical composer of that name. Music was a passionate theme of controversy in that day; but Rameau's nephew becomes in Diderot's hands a unique type of a parasite. John Morley says well: "Diderot goes to work with Rameau, in some sort and to a certain extent, as Shakespeare went to work with Falstaff. He is the artist reproducing with the variety and perfection of art a whimsical figure that struck his fancy and stirred his creative impulse. Ethics, æsthetics, manners, satire, are all, indeed, to be found in the dialogue, but they are only there as incidents to the central figure of the sketch, the prodigy of parasites."

Diderot's first lieutenant, Jean le Rond D'Alembert (1717–1783), deserted him at the height of the storm—raised by his own articles. He had an even more curious career than

his chief. He was the illegitimate son of the very fine grand lady, Madame de Tencin, and was, as he openly declared to the world, abandoned at birth on the steps of a church, St. Jean le Rond. But he never got into the church. He valued his independence so highly that when Catharine of Russia, who had pensioned Diderot, offered him a magnificent sum to come to her court, he refused, writing to Voltaire, "I shall eat bread and nuts, and live free." He once declared, "Geometry is my wife;" but Mlle. de Lespinasse was his mistress. Philosophism was a very odd affair.

Among Diderot's coadjutors were Jean Francois Marmontel (1723–1799), dramatist, romancer, and critic, who enjoyed Voltaire's favor and contributed articles on literature to the Encyclopædia; Jean Antoine Nicolas de Caritat, Marquis de Condorcet (1743–1794), philosopher and Girondist statesman; and A. R. J. Turgot, the great minister and economist (1727–1781), who might have saved France from the Revolution had his financial advice been heeded.

A Parisian Education.

Rameau was a distinguished musician of Diderot's time; his nephew, also a musician, was better known as a shameless parasite. In "Rameau's Nephew" Diderot gives this Bohemian's views of the world he lived in. The following dialogue shows his notions about his son's education.

I. How is it that with such fine insight and wide feeling for the beautiful in musical art, you can be so blind to morality, and so insensible to the charms of goodness?

He. Apparently because for these same there must be some sense in which I am lacking, some fibre which was never given to me, some slack string that you may pinch as hard as you like, without its ever vibrating; or perhaps it is because I have always lived among good musicians and bad people, from which it comes about that my ear has become very keen and my heart very hard. And, besides, race had something to do with it, too. My father's and my uncle's blood are not the same; my blood is the same as my father's. The paternal molecule is hard and obtuse; and this accursed first molecule has assimilated all the rest.

I. Do you care for your child?

He. Care for him, the little savage! I rave about him.

I. Will you not seriously set about trying to stem the effects of the cursed paternal molecule on him?

He. My labor in that field would be fairly useless, I think. If he is destined to become a good man, I shall not be harmful at all; if it is the molecule's will that he become a good-for-nothing like his father, all my trouble in making him into an honest man would be extremely injurious to him. Education and the tendency of the molecule continually thwarting one another, he would be dragged by two opposite forces, and would go wobbling down the path of life, as I see an infinite number of other people do, who are equally clumsy in good and bad. They are what we call *des espèces* [shams], of all epithets the most formidable one, because it indicates mediocrity, and the last degree of contempt. A great scamp is a great scamp, but he is no way an *espèce*. It would require great length of time before the paternal molecule could get the upper hand, and lead him into such perfect depravity as I enjoy; his best years would be lost. For the present I do nothing. I leave him to come on, and I examine him. Already he is greedy and crafty, a sneak, lazy and lying; I am afraid he hunts by instinct.

I. And to complete the resemblance, you will make a musician of him?

He. A musician! a musician! Sometimes when I look at him I grind my teeth, and say to myself: "If thou ever comest to know one note, I think I will wring thy neck."

I. And why so, if you please?

He. It leads to nothing.

I. It leads to everything.

He. Yes, when you excel in it; but who is there that can promise for certain that his child will excel? It is ten thousand chances to one he will only be a miserable string-scraper like myself. Do you know it is easier, perhaps, to find a child capable of governing a kingdom, of becoming a great king, than a great violinist?

I. It seems to me that pleasant talents, even though second-rate, advance a man rapidly in the way to fortune

among people of no morals, who are lost in debauchery and luxury. I myself heard the following conversation between a would-be patron and a protégé with some accomplishments; the latter had addressed the other first, as being a kindly man who might do him a good turn:

"What do you know, sir?"

"I know mathematics passably well."

"Well, go and teach your mathematics; some time or other you may have an income of three hundred or four hundred livres, after ten or twelve years of knocking about in Paris gutters."

"I have studied law and am well up in judicature."

"Puffendorf and Grotius, if they came back to the world, would die of hunger on a mile-stone."

"I know history and geography very well."

"If there should happen to be any parents who had their children's good education at heart, your fortune would be made, but there are none."

"I am a pretty good musician."

"Why in the world didn't you say so before? and to put you in the way of seeing what can be done with this last talent—I have a daughter. Come every night from half-past seven to nine. You shall give her lessons, and I will give you twenty-five louis a year; you shall breakfast, dine, take your bite and sup with us. The rest of the day will belong to you; you can arrange it to your own profit."

He. And what became of the man?

I. Had he been wise he would have made his fortune, which seems to be your only aim.

He. Without doubt there must be gold; gold is everything and the rest without gold is nothing; and following upon that, instead of stuffing his head with fine maxims, which he must forget under pain of being nothing but a beggar, whenever I have a louis—which does not often happen—I draw the louis out of my pocket, and, all admiration, I show it to him; I raise my eyes to the heavens, and kiss the louis before him; and, to make him understand still better the importance of the sacred coin, I begin to stammer, and point with my finger to all that can be had with it—a handsome

coat, a fine cap, a nice biscuit. Then I put back the louis into my pocket, and walk proudly up and down, holding up the skirts of my coat, and slapping my pocket with my hand. That is how I make him grasp the idea that all the assurance he sees springs from the louis lying there.

I. You could not do better; but if, deeply impressed with the value of the louis, it should one day happen ——

He. I understand your meaning; one must shut one's eyes to that; there is no moral principle without its drawbacks. If the worst came to the worst, it means an awkward quarter of an hour, and there's an end of it.

I. Even after considering such brave and wise opinions, I must persist in thinking it would be better to make a musician of him. I know no other means of such rapid advancement with great people, of better serving their vices, and of making profit out of one's own.

He. That is so; but I have projects for a swifter and surer success. Ah! if only it had been a girl! But no one has a voice in what he makes, and you have to take what comes, and make the best of it; and for that you must not do like most fathers, who could not act worse were they plotting their children's misfortunes, than by stupidly giving a Lacedæmonian education to a child destined to live in Paris; if it is unsuitable, that is the fault of my nation's morals, not mine. Let any one gainsay who can; I wish my son to be happy, or what comes to the same thing, honored, rich and powerful. I have a slight knowledge of the easiest ways of gaining this end, and I shall early instruct him in them. If you blame me, the rest of you who are wise, the crowd and success in life will acquit me. He shall get gold, I tell you. If he has plenty of it, he will lack for nothing, not even for your esteem and respect.

I. Maybe you are making a mistake.

He. Or else he will do without, like many others.

In all this interview there were many things of which one thinks and acts upon, but of which one does not speak. There, indeed, lay the most marked difference between my man and the greater part of his neighbors. He acknowledged his own and other people's vices, but he was not hypo-

critical. He was neither more nor less abominable than they; he was merely more sincere and more logical, and sometimes profound in his depravity. I shuddered to think of what his child would become under such a master. It is certain that with his ideas of education so narrowly based upon our customs, he would go a long way, if not prematurely cut short.

He. Oh! there is nothing to be afraid of. The important point, the difficult one to which a father must pay attention, is not to give his son the vices which are to enrich him, and the playfulness which will endear him to the great; every one does that, if not systematically like myself, at least by example and precept; but it is to point out the happy medium to him, the art of avoiding shame, dishonor and the law; here are the discords in the social harmony which you must know how to handle, and prepare for and turn aside. Nothing is so dull as an uninterrupted string of perfect accords. There must be something to stir up, to separate the cluster and send the rays flying.

I. Excellently spoken. By this comparison you bring me back from morals to music, from which I had strayed in spite of myself, and I tender you my thanks; for, to conceal nothing from you, I like you much better as musician than as moralist.

He. Nevertheless, I am much inferior in music, and of great superiority in morals.

I. I am doubtful as to that; but even if it were so, I am a good man, and your principles are not mine.

He. So much the worse for you. Ah! If I had your talents!

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU.

VOLTAIRE'S great rival has four notable claims to fame. In the first place he sought to substitute for Voltaire's scepticism a sentimental deism, which spirit of religiousness, despite its vagueness, gave birth to Chateaubriand and the Catholic revival. Secondly, he came out as "Jean Jacques, the enemy of kings," with his "Social Contract," and was canonized by the French Revolutionists as one of their patron saints. Thirdly, as he himself boasted, he was the first man in Europe to show a "feeling heart;" he introduced a reign of sentiment and nature-worship, avowing a love of solitude and preaching a gospel of a return from the corruption of society to the primitive virtues of human nature in its natural state. Finally, in his old age, he wrote his famous "Confessions," in which he opened the very windows of his inner life, his soul. In this remarkable work, unique in the entire range of literature, he not only narrated the curious adventures of a singularly wayward and roving life, but did not hesitate to exhibit himself in his truest colors as a dishonest knave, a thief, an ingrate, a betrayer of his friends, a coxcomb and quarrelsome fellow, a father of foundlings, a moral leper. Not only did he expose all that had been criminal in his career, but all that was mean and ridiculous in himself, which, as he declares, is "a painful thing" to do. Plenty of men have been found to boast of the grand vices; Jean Jacques alone has had the daring and perverse pride to lay bare the smallest meannesses of his nature. In his own words he hoped to benefit the world by writing "the history

of a man who will have the courage to show himself within and without." "I feel," he asserted, "that I am one who can show himself," and he pronounced his intention to be "a scheme, the greatest, perhaps, or at least the most useful to virtue, which mortal ever conceived." At the very beginning of his book he placed this unparalleled defiance:

"Let the trumpet of the Last Judgment sound when it will, I will go with this book in my hand and present myself before the sovereign Judge. I will say aloud: There is what I have done, what I have thought, and what I have been. I have shown myself what I was—contemptible and vile when I was so, good, generous, and elevated, when I was so; I have unveiled the inner man, such as Thou, O eternal God, hast seen him Thyself. Gather around me the countless multitude of my fellow-creatures; let them hear my confessions, let them bemoan my unworthiness, let them blush at my frailties. Let each of them in turn uncover his heart at the foot of Thy throne, with the like sincerity; and then let one but say to Thee, if he dares: I was better than that man."

In spite of such an audacious declaration it is still possible to grant to Rousseau a certain sympathy and to cover his nakedness with a mantle of charity. And yet if we come to analyze his frequent self-revelations and his inexhaustible expressions of remorse, we cannot but discover beneath all this seeming humility of confession a lurking self-pride of such overweening power as to have impelled Jean Jacques to all these *shameful*, *shameless* "Confessions" with a sense of superiority to all his fellow-creatures.

"Oh," he exclaims in one place in a lament that is almost a boast, "why was I born among men and yet of a different species?" We realize that, in spite of his vices, he has for himself the highest esteem. He openly admitted that he was confident the good in him far exceeded the evil, wherefore he could "show himself." Even when confessing that he was the father of five illegitimate children whom he had abandoned to the foundlings' asylum, he had the self-satisfied egotism to remark: "Never for a single moment of his life could Jean Jacques be a man without feeling and compassion, and an unnatural father. I might have been deceived, but could

not have been hard-hearted. My fault is great, but it is an error." In like manner he excused himself for his ingratitude in leaving his former benefactress in distress. "Ingratitude," said he, "was in my conduct, but it has too much torn my heart, for that heart ever to have belonged to an ungrateful man." And he made the sweeping proclamation of this wonderful heart of his: "There never was a heart more tender, more excellent or more just; neither wickedness nor hatred ever approached it."

A curious sort of Tartuffe we have here to deal with: it will be always problematical how far Rousseau was an affected, posing hypocrite or a self-deluded, vain hypocrite. There is, indeed, a streak of insanity running all through his egoism, and the kleptomaniac propensities of his youth, his unstable character, and his morbid fancies certainly foreshadowed the half-madness which at last descended upon him. Impetuous, quarrelsome, and suspicious all his latter years, he eventually developed the insane notion that he was the centre of a great world conspiracy. Not only his envious rival Voltaire, with whom he had broken at the outset as a disappointed disciple, and David Hume, who certainly discharged his responsibility as a host while sheltering Rousseau during his English exile, but everybody was regarded as an enemy and a barbarian seeking to put Rousseau, the saintly martyr to truth, in an odious light.

Jean Jacques Rousseau, born at Geneva in 1712 the son of a watchmaker, a descendant of a French exile, never knew his mother and was reared in a careless way, his irregular genius being fed on an over-indulgence of romances. Apprenticed to an engraver, he ran away from home at sixteen, and for nearly twenty years kept up a Gil Blas sort of vagabondage unblushingly put on record in the "Confessions." He was servant, valet, music-teacher, tutor, tramp, accepted lover of a rich lady, even secretary of an ambassador to Venice, all by odd turns. Turning Roman Catholic, he became a kind of ward of Madame de Warens, a frail widow who gave Rousseau some slight education at St. Lazare and a more than ample experience in "sentiment." Meanwhile he had almost exhausted the entire catalogue of the meaner vices, from petty

theft to basest ingratitude. And now he was prepared to enter on the stage of Paris and his career.

At the age of thirty he entered the capital with a comedy, a new method of musical notation (never adopted) and only fifteen louis in his pocket. He fell in with the d'Holbach coterie of *Philosophes*, of whom Diderot and Grimm became his two intimates. He achieved some minor reputation by his opera, "The Village Divine," performed at Fontainebleau, to royal favor, and he also contributed to the Encyclopædia. It was not, however, until he was thirty-eight years old that he fully realized his powers, and until he wrote his famous treatise for the Academy of Dijon in 1750 no one could have predicted his destiny. The Academy proposed the thesis: "Whether the invention of the arts and sciences has contributed to the purity of morals?" Accident alone attracted Rousseau's attention to this announcement, while he was one day visiting Diderot in prison, where that philosopher was confined for his heretical "Letter on the Blind," a plea for the senses. Some critics maintain that Rousseau was ready to argue the question in the affirmative, but that at Diderot's advice he decided to take the negative. Diderot intimates, at least, that he inspired Rousseau to the task. But there can be little doubt that Rousseau was thoroughly possessed himself with the idea that society had corrupted mankind. He believed in man, but not in men. So now his mind was inflamed with a tumult of inspiration on this idea, which, no matter how born, swayed him for the rest of his life. His Dijon treatise awakened universal notice, and elicited many replies. Voltaire went about asking, "Who is this Rousseau?"

Three years later (1753) came Rousseau's treatise on the "Origin and Nature of Inequalities among Men." In 1760 appeared his "Social Contract," which has been called "The gospel of the sovereignty of the people." Rousseau denounced the first man who had laid claim to property as the arch-foe of the human race, but he was not a socialist and never thought of the reorganization of society on a communistic basis. His political economy, like his deism, was sentimental. As to his politics it has been well said that "to the Frenchmen of the eighteenth century the Social Contract

came as a revelation." John Morley has remarked, "Rousseau had been born in the very capital and mother city of Protestantism, militant and democratic, and he was penetrated to his heart's core by the political ideas which had arisen in Europe at the Reformation." It is the fashion to regard Rousseau to-day as either the demigod or the arch-fiend of the French Revolution. The extreme Revolutionists certainly did interpret his writings to their purpose, but Rousseau did not believe in revolution. His faith was in evolution—the evolution of education. Nevertheless as his contemporaries were influenced by him, contrary to his own choice, Rousseau must be recognized as a direct inspirer of the men who made the French Revolution, and the theories of his "Social Contract" were close at the root of Jacobin politics. And yet had Voltaire and Rousseau lived during the Revolution the men who canonized them and placed their ashes in the Pantheon would doubtless have condemned the first as an aristocrat, the latter as a conservative.

In 1762 appeared Rousseau's "Èmile," which he subtitled as a treatise (somewhat in the form of a novel) on education. In his hero he exemplified his ideal concerning the natural education of children. Émile is perfectly educated, every bias but that of nature having been carefully withheld. In this work he not only attacked the "petit maître" idea, but declared that "every father owes citizens to the state." He stated that his plan of education was meant to make "a man, and not a magistrate, a soldier or a priest." As a result of Rousseau's preaching even Louis XVI. was taught a trade, and many of the nobility who fled before the storm of 1789 had Rousseau to thank that they could earn their livelihood in exile. In "Émile" Rousseau included the "Profession of Faith of the Savoyard Vicar," founded on an episode in his own life. In this portion of his work Rousseau set up natural against revealed religion, thus antagonizing the Church. On the other hand his sentimental religion offended the *Philosophes*. "Émile" was burned, and Rousseau went into exile. Denied a home in his native Switzerland, he put himself under Frederick the Great (not without a flourish of democratic belief, however), and thence went with Hume to

England, where he began his "Confessions." It is needless here to relate all his wanderings and adventures with royal patrons, fine ladies of coarse morals, and with Thérèse Levasseur, the inn servant whom he took for mistress until his death. Despite Thérèse he fell in love with Mme. d'Houdetot, a pretty young wife, sister of Mme. d'Epinay, at whose villa he was living. The moral Rousseau did not hesitate to visit Mme. d'Houdetot every morning, in order to get the single kiss which French custom sanctions, but he even persuaded the sweet wife that it would be no sin to love another beside her own husband. "Ah," replied the grateful charmer, "then I can love my poor St. Lambert." Despite the fact that Rousseau thus lost her to another lover, he immortalized her as the heroine of his "Julie, or the New Eloisa" (Nouvelle Héloïse), published in 1757–9. This romance—a true romance—is in the form of letters written by a young girl and her tutor who seduces her. There is much philosophy in these epistles, and yet much of that new "heart-life" to which Rousseau was awakening all Europe. He here disclosed his own real passion. Byron, naturally an ardent admirer, has expressed the entire episode in verse:

> "His love was passion's essence . . .
> This breathed itself to life in 'Julie;' this
> Invested her with all that's wild and sweet;
> This hallowed, too, the memorable kiss
> Which every morn his fevered lips would greet
> From hers, who but with friendship his would meet."

Of his sentiment in general Rousseau declared: "Sentiment, more prompt than clear, fills my soul, but, instead of enlightening, it burns and dazzles me." In the "New Héloïse" it was the love of a noble young lady for a man of low rank (Saint Preux), that he painted. Rousseau introduced in Europe a new love of nature. Some of his descriptions of scenery, as that of the "Isle of Saint Pierre," are exquisite. His "Reveries," the last offering of a bruised mind, are also full of poetic beauties. His poetry proper, however, is seldom passionate or sublime, and is overloaded with mythological frippery. He was a lyric poet after the fashion of Boileau.

Late in his troubled life Rousseau returned to Protestantism, and died at Ermenonville, July 2, 1778, two months after Voltaire. As he had inspired the nature-worship of Bernardin de Saint Pierre, so, too, he left a religious legacy in Chateaubriand. Over women he held a strange influence, and despite his own immorality, he led to a return of true motherhood in France.

He firmly believed that in the seventy-seventh strophe of the twelfth canto of the "Jerusalem Delivered" Tasso had predicted his lot. This strophe runs: "Alone with my thoughts, implacable furies, I drag everywhere their detested train. I fear the night; its unfriendly shades represent my fault to my lacerated heart. I fear the sun; his perfidious light reveals my destiny by my looks. I fear myself, and always, wretch that I am, chained to myself, I flee, but in vain."

The Child Émile.

Rousseau, in his "Émile, a Treatise on Education," endeavored to set forth in detail a natural method of preparing children for the responsibilities of mature life. He begins with directions for the care of infants and continues his instructions for bodily and mental training until his pupil is married. He inveighs against the traditional methods of the schools, and substitutes rational modes of instructing in natural science and useful knowledge.

But when I take a view of a child, ten or twelve years of age, robust and well formed, every idea that his situation excites is agreeable, whether relative to the present or the future. I see him animated, lively, active, sporting about without care, and undisturbed by the thoughts of futurity; capable of enjoying all his faculties, and so full of life as to seem desirous to infuse it into every object around him. I foresee him in a more advanced age, exerting that sense and genius, which his faculties are daily displaying. I contemplate the object before me; as a child he gives me great delight; as a future man he delights me still more; his youthful blood seems to give fresh motion to mine, I catch from him a new portion of life, and grow young again in his vivacity.

But the clock strikes; the school-hour is come: what an alteration! In a moment his eyes lose their fire, his cheerfulness is at an end: farewell to joy and play. A severe and crabbed preceptor takes him by the hand, and saying gravely, "Come, Sir," forces him away. The chamber he is led into is furnished with books. Books! dull furniture, indeed, for a child of his age; but the poor infant suffers himself to be dragged thither, casting in silence an eye of regret on every object around him, his eyes swimming in tears he dares not shed, and his heart swelling with sighs he dare not vent.

O thou, who hast nothing of this kind to fear; thou, who art always a stranger to trouble and restraint; thou, who passest the day without disquietude, the night without impatience, and reckonest the hours only by thy pleasures, come, my happy, my amiable pupil, and comfort me, by thy presence, for the departure of this little unfortunate. He comes——I feel at his approach a sensation of joy, of which I see him with pleasure partake. It is his friend, his comrade, the companion of his sports, who called him; he is certain, that, whenever he sees me, he shall not be long without some agreeable amusement; we are never dependent on each other, yet always agree, and are never so happy with any other person as when we are together.

His figure, attitude and countenance speak assurance and contentment; his face is the picture of health; his firm step gives him an air of strength and vigor; his complexion, delicate without being pale and wan, has nothing in it of effeminate softness; the sun and the wind having already given to his skin the honorable tint of his sex: his features, though still plump, begin to show some distinguishing marks of physiognomy; his eyes, as yet unanimated by the glow of sentiment, have all their natural serenity; they are not grown dull and heavy from care or sorrow, nor have incessant tears made furrows in his cheeks. On the contrary, you may see, in his alert but steady motions, the vivacity of his age, the firmness of his independence, and the experience he has gained from the many and various exercises to which he has been accustomed. He has an open and liberal mien, without the least air of insolence or vanity; as he has not been kept

poring over his books, his looks are not directed downwards, nor is there any occasion to bid him hold up his head: neither fear nor shame ever made him hang it down.

Make room for him, Gentlemen, in the midst of an assembly; examine him, ask him what questions you please: you need neither fear his impertinence, his prate, nor his indiscretion. You need be under no apprehensions that he will expect to ingross your employment or conversation, or that you should not be able to get rid of him at pleasure.

At the same time, you must as little expect of him, smart repartees or witty and agreeable discourse. You must not think he will retail to you a set of pretty phrases that I may have taught him by rote. All that you have to expect from him is simple and native truth, without ornament, without preparation and without vanity. He will as readily tell you his evil thoughts and actions, as his good ones, without giving himself any concern about the effect it may have on those to whom he is speaking. He will use the privilege of speech with all the simplicity of its first institution.

We are fond of forming good presages of children, and always feel regret at that torrent of impertinence, which usually overturns those hopes that are so apt to be excited when any lucky hit escapes them. If mine should seldom excite such hopes, he will in return never occasion such regret; for he will never use a word without meaning, nor waste his breath in telling what nobody will listen to. His ideas, it is true, are confined, but clear; if he knows nothing by rote, he knows a great deal by experience. If he has read less than other children in printed volumes, he has read much more in the volume of nature. His understanding does not lie on his tongue, but in his brain: he has less memory than judgment; he can speak only one language, but then he understands what he says, and though he may not talk of things so well as others, he will do them much better.

He knows nothing at all of custom, fashion, or habit: what he did yesterday, has no influence at all on what he is to do to-day: he pursues no formula, is influenced by no authority or example, but acts and speaks from his own judgment. Hence you must never expect of him studied discourses

nor affected manners, but always the faithful expression of his ideas, and the conduct influenced only by his inclinations.

You will find in him a few moral notions relative to his actual state, but none on the relative situation in which he stands to society: and indeed of what use would the latter be to him, as, while a child, he is not yet become an acting member of the community? Talk to him about liberty, property, or even the right of convention, he will so far understand you: he knows why that which belongs to him, is really his own; and why that which does not belong to him, is not his own. But go beyond this, and he will understand nothing of the matter. Speak to him of duty and obedience, and he will not know what you are talking about. Command him to do anything, he will not understand what you mean by it; but tell him, that, if he will do you such or such a favor now, you will return it on some other occasion, he will fly immediately to oblige you, for he desires nothing more than to increase his rights, and to acquire over you those which he thinks inviolable. Perhaps he will not even be sorry to be held in estimation, and be looked upon as of some consequence; but if you discover this last motive, he hath already deviated from nature, and we have not taken care to close up all the avenues of vanity.

Rousseau at Madame Basile's.

(From "The Confessions," Book II.)

Walking one morning, pretty early, in Turin, I saw a young tradeswoman behind a counter, whose looks were so charmingly attractive, that, notwithstanding my timidity with the ladies, I entered the shop without hesitation, offered my service as usual, and had the happiness to have it accepted. She made me sit down and relate my little history; pitied my forlorn situation; bade me be cheerful, and endeavored to make me so by an assurance that every good Christian would give me assistance; then (while she sent to a goldsmith's in the neighborhood for some tools I had occasion for) she went up stairs and fetched me something for breakfast. This seemed a promising beginning, nor was what followed less flattering:

she was satisfied with my work, and, when I had a little recovered myself, still more with my discourse. She was rather elegantly dressed, and notwithstanding her gentle looks this appearance of gayety had disconcerted me; but her good nature, the compassionate tone of her voice, with her gentle and caressing manner, soon set me at ease with myself: I saw my endeavors to please were crowned with success, and this assurance made me succeed the more. Though an Italian, and too pretty to be entirely devoid of coquetry, she had so much modesty, and I so great a share of timidity, that our adventure was not likely to be brought to a very speedy conclusion, nor did they give us time to make any good of it. I cannot recall the few short moments I passed with this lovely woman without being sensible of an inexpressible charm, and can yet say, it was there I tasted in their utmost perfection the most delightful, as well as the purest, pleasures of love.

She was a lively pleasing brunette, and the good nature that was painted on her lovely face rendered her vivacity more interesting. She was called Madam Basile; her husband, who was considerably older than herself, consigned her, during his absence, to the care of a clerk, too disagreeable to be thought dangerous; but who, notwithstanding, had pretensions that he seldom showed any signs of, except of ill-humor, a good share of which he bestowed on me; though I was pleased to hear him play the flute, on which he was a tolerable musician. This second Egistus was sure to grumble whenever he saw me go into his mistress' apartment, treating me with a degree of disdain which she took care to repay him with interest; seeming pleased to caress me in his presence, on purpose to torment him. This kind of revenge, though perfectly to my taste, would have been still more charming in a tête-à-tête, but she did not proceed so far; at least there was a difference in the expression of her kindness. Whether she thought me too young, that it was my place to make advances, or that she was seriously resolved to be virtuous, she had at such times a kind of reserve, which though not absolutely discouraging kept my passion within bounds.

I was embarrassed, agitated, feared to look, and hardly dared to breathe in her presence, yet to have left her would

have been worse than death. How fondly did my eyes devour whatever they could gaze on without being perceived! the flowers on her gown, the point of her pretty foot, the interval of a round white arm that appeared between her glove and ruffle, the least part of her neck, each object increased the force of all the rest, and added to the infatuation. Gazing thus on what was to be seen, and even more than was to be seen, my sight became confused, my chest seemed contracted, respiration was every moment more painful. I had the utmost difficulty to hide my agitation, to prevent my sighs from being heard, and this difficulty was increased by the silence in which we were frequently plunged. Happily, Madam Basile, busy at her work, saw nothing of all this, or seemed not to see it; yet I sometimes observed a kind of sympathy, especially by the frequent rising of her handkerchief, and this dangerous sight almost mastered every effort; but when on the point of giving way to my transports, she spoke a few words to me with an air of tranquillity, and in an instant the agitation subsided.

I saw her several times in this manner without a word, a gesture, or even a look, too expressive, making the least intelligence between us. This situation was both my torment and delight, for hardly, in the simplicity of my heart, could I imagine the cause of my uneasiness. I should suppose these tête-à-têtes could not be displeasing to her, at least, she sought frequent occasions to renew them; this was a very disinterested labor, certainly, as appeared by the use she made, or ever suffered me to make, of them.

Being one day wearied with the clerk's discourse, she had retired to her chamber; I made haste to finish what I had to do in the back shop, and followed her: the door was half open, and I entered without being perceived. She was embroidering near a window on the opposite side of the room; she could not see me, and the carts in the streets made too much noise for me to be heard. She was always well dressed, but this day her attire bordered on coquetry. Her attitude was graceful, her head leaning gently forward, discovered a small circle of her neck; her hair, elegantly dressed, was ornamented with flowers; her figure was universally charming, and I had an uninterrupted opportunity to admire it. I was absolutely

in a state of ecstasy, and, involuntarily sinking on my knees, I passionately extended my arms towards her, certain she could not hear, and having no conception that she could see me; but there was a chimney-glass at the end of the room that betrayed all my proceedings. I am ignorant what effect this transport produced on her; she did not speak, she did not look on me; but, partly turning her head, with the movement of her finger only, she pointed to the mat which was at her feet.—To start up, with an articulate cry of joy, and occupy the place she had indicated, was the work of a moment; but it will hardly be believed, I dared attempt no more, not even to speak, raise my eyes to hers, or rest an instant on her knees, though in an attitude which seemed to render such a support necessary. I was dumb, immovable, but far enough from a state of tranquillity; agitation, joy, gratitude, ardent indefinite wishes, restrained by the fear of giving displeasure, which my unpracticed heart too much dreaded, were sufficiently discernible. She neither appeared more tranquil, nor less intimidated than myself—uneasy at my present situation, confounded at having brought me there, beginning to tremble for the effects of a sign which she had made without reflecting on the consequences, neither giving encouragement, nor expressing disapprobation, with her eyes fixed on her work, she endeavored to appear unconscious of everything that passed; but all my stupidity could not hinder me from concluding that she partook of my embarrassment, perhaps, my transports, and was only restrained by a bashfulness like mine, without even that supposition giving me power to surmount it. Five or six years older than myself, every advance, according to my idea, should have been made by her, and, since she did nothing to encourage mine, I concluded they would offend her. Even at this time, I am inclined to believe I thought right; she certainly had wit enough to perceive that a novice like me had occasion, not only for encouragement, but instruction.

I am ignorant how this animated, though dumb scene would have ended, or how long I should have continued immovable in this ridiculous, though delicious, situation, had we not been interrupted—in the height of my agitation, I heard the kitchen door open, which joined Madam Basile's

chamber; who, being alarmed, said, with a quick voice and action, "Get up!—Here's Rosina!" Rising hastily I seized one of her hands, which she held out to me, and gave it two eager kisses; at the second I felt this charming hand press gently on my lips. Never in my life did I enjoy so sweet a moment; but the occasion I had lost returned no more, this being the conclusion of our amours.

The Periwinkle.

(From "The Confessions," Book VI.)

At this moment began the short happiness of my life, those peaceful and rapid moments, which have given me a right to say, *I have lived.* Precious and ever-regretted moments! Ah! recommence your delightful course; pass more slowly through my memory, if possible, than you actually did in your fugitive succession. How shall I prolong, according to my inclination, this recital at once so pleasing and simple? How shall I continue to relate the same occurrences, without wearying my readers with the repetition, any more than I was satiated with the enjoyment? Again, if all this consisted of facts, actions, or words, I could somehow or other convey an idea of it; but how shall I describe what was neither said nor done, nor even thought, but enjoyed, felt, without being able to particularize any other object of my happiness than the bare idea? I rose with the sun, and was happy; I walked, and was happy; I saw Madame de Warens, and was happy; I quitted her, and still was happy!—Whether I rambled through the woods, over the hills, or strolled along the valley, read, was idle, worked in the garden, or gathered fruits, happiness continually accompanied me; it was fixed on no particular object, it was within me, nor could I depart from it a single moment.

Nothing that passed during that charming epoch, nothing that I did, said, or thought, has escaped my memory. The time that preceded or followed it, I recollect only by intervals, unequally and confused; but here I remember all as distinctly as if it existed at this moment. Imagination, which in my youth was perpetually anticipating the future, but now takes a retrograde course, makes some amends by these charming

recollections for the deprivation of hope, which I have lost forever. I no longer see anything in the future that can tempt my wishes, it is a recollection of the past alone that can flatter me, and the remembrance of the period I am now describing is so true and lively, that it sometimes makes me happy, even in spite of my misfortunes.

Of these recollections I shall relate one example, which may give some idea of their force and precision. The first day we went to sleep at Charmettes, the way being up-hill, and Madame de Warens rather heavy, she was carried in a

chair, while I followed on foot. Fearing the chairmen would be fatigued, she got out about half-way, designing to walk the rest of it.

As we passed along, Madame saw something blue in the hedge, and said, "There's some periwinkle in flower yet!" I had never seen any before, nor did I stop to examine this: my sight is too short to distinguish plants on the ground, and I only cast a look at this as I passed: an interval of near thirty years had elapsed before I saw any more periwinkle, at least before I observed it, when being at Cressier, in 1764, with my friend, M. du Peyrou, we went up a small mountain, on the summit of which there is a level spot, called with

reason, *Belle-vue;* I was then beginning to herbalize;—walking and looking among the bushes, I exclaimed with rapture, "Ah, there's some periwinkle!" Du Peyrou, who perceived my transport, was ignorant of the cause, but will some day be informed, I hope, on reading this. The reader may judge by this impression, made by so small an incident, what an effect must have been produced by every occurrence of that time.

The First Kiss.

(From the "New Héloïse," Letter XIV.)

Ah! Eloisa, Eloisa! what have you done? You meant to reward me, and you are the cause of my ruin. I am intoxicated; or, rather, I am mad. My brains are turned, all my senses are disordered by this fatal kiss. You designed to alleviate my pain, but you have cruelly increased my torment. The poison I have imbibed from your lips will destroy me, my blood boils within my veins; I shall die, and your pity will but hasten my death.

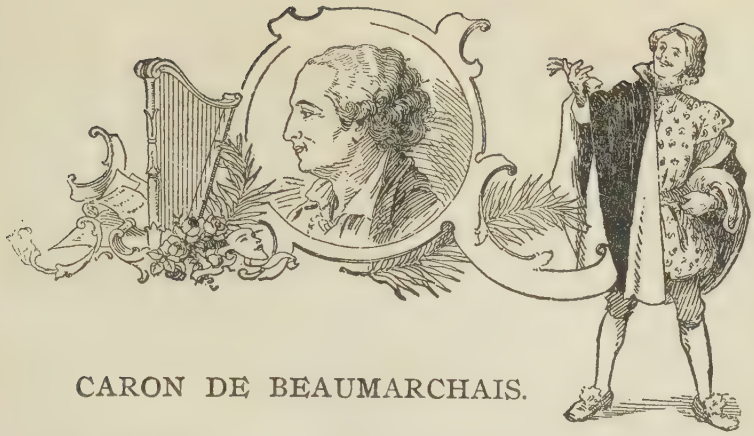
O immortal remembrance of that illusive, frantic, and enchanting moment! Never, never to be effaced so long as Eloisa lives within my soul; until my heart is deprived of all sensation, thou wilt continue to be the happiness and torment of my life!

Alas! I possessed an apparent tranquillity, resigned myself entirely to your supreme will, and never murmured at the fate you condescended to prescribe. I had conquered the impetuous sallies of my imagination; I disguised my looks and put a lock upon my heart; I but half expressed my desires, and was as content as possible. Thus your billet found me, and I flew to your cousin; we arrived at Clarens, my heart beat quick at the sight of my beloved Eloisa; her sweet voice caused a strange emotion; I became almost transported, and it was lucky for me that your cousin was present to engage your mother's attention. We rambled in the garden, dined comfortably, you found an opportunity, unperceived, to give me your charming letter, which I durst not open before this formidable witness; the sun began to decline, and we hastened to the woods for the benefit of the shade.

Alas! I was quite happy, and I did not even conceive a state of greater bliss.

As we approached the bower I perceived, not without a secret emotion, your significant winks, your mutual smiles, and the increasing glow in thy charming cheeks. Soon as we entered, I was surprised to see your cousin approach me, and with an affected air of humility ask me for a kiss. Without comprehending the mystery, I complied with her request; and, charming as she is, I never could have had a more convincing proof of the insipidity of those sensations which proceed not from the heart. But what became of me a moment after, when I felt—My hands shook—A gentle tremor—Thy balmy lips—My Eloisa's lips—touch, pressed to mine—and myself within her arms? Quicker than lightning a sudden fire darted through my soul. I seemed all over sensible of the ravishing condescension, and my heart sunk down oppressed with insupportable delight: when all at once I perceived your color change, your eyes close; you leaned upon your cousin and fainted away. Fear extinguished all my joy, and my happiness vanished like a shadow.

I scarce know anything that has passed since that fatal moment. The impression it has made on my heart will never be effaced. A favor?—it is an extreme torment.—No, keep thy kisses, I cannot bear them—They are too penetrating, too painful—they distract me. I am no more myself, and you appear to me no more the same object. You seem not as formerly chiding and severe; but methinks I see and feel you lovely and tender, as at that happy instant when I pressed you to my bosom. O Eloisa! whatever may be the consequence of my ungovernable passion, use me as severely as you please. I cannot exist in my present condition, and I perceive I must at last expire at your feet—or in your arms.



CARON DE BEAUMARCHAIS.

THE greatest adventurer of the Old Régime in France was Pierre Augustin Caron, born in 1732, who usurped the ennobling "de," with the addition Beaumarchais, by letters patent of his own fertile imagination. As Sir Walter Besant has remarked: "An adventurer of the last century had a choice between many roads, all of which might lead to fortune. He could become a financier, like John Law and Paris-Duvernay; or a gambler, like Casanova; or an author, like Bernardin de Saint-Pierre; or a charlatan, like Cagliostro. Caron de Beaumarchais chose all these roads; he was financier, gambler, author; he gave to the character of adventurer a universality that it lacked before; he was the grandest, as he was the last, of his tribe." Like his own famous creation, Figaro, Beaumarchais was born with a mastery of finesse, a surprising gift of versatility, and, above all, the true *narquois* of the French wit *par excellence.* Thus, while his numberless adventures—his amours, intrigues, schemes, and theatrical secret missions—would have made him a conspicuous personality in even the age which he adorned, nevertheless it was his rare mother-wit that particularly lent him lustre, that brought him in triumph out of disgrace, that set all Paris and Europe to laughing at what should have been his shame, and that has bestowed upon him a certain immortality. The Muses, as well as Fame and Fortune, bear strange children.

"Infâme" (Infamous) was the title branded upon Beaumarchais for one of his heedless pranks—the attempt to

bribe Parliament. And immediately the Prince de Conti and the Duc de Chartres fêted this impudent and unblushing "infâme." He put infamy to rout at the bayonet-point of epigram and bon mot. Handsome, dashing, he had the ladies, the widows—and the wives, be it said—on his side from the start. Ingenious in everything, he turned everything to shrewd account. Apprenticed to his father's watchmaking craft, he invented at twenty-one a new escapement ("the first and most creditable event in his life," as has been remarked), and managed, through mending Mme. de Pompadour's time-piece, to become watchmaker to the king. A clever musician, he improved his opportunity to become music-master to the king's daughters. He played languishingly to them on the guitar and charged them full rates for his concerts. In the interim this polished coxcomb won the affection of a patron's wife, married her when she became a widow, and assumed the title of Beaumarchais from some small estate of hers. The courtiers chafed in vain against this pert parvenu. Asked by one malicious noble to mend his watch, he dropped it, exclaiming: "Really, I have become quite clumsy." To another tormentor he retorted: "Sir, I hold the receipt of the sum I paid for my nobility." Another young chevalier he simply answered with a challenge to a duel. There can be no doubt that it was his unenviable experience as an upstart nobleman that led Beaumarchais in his Memoirs happily to style himself "a citizen," and in his "Marriage of Figaro" to make his valet rail at the nobility.

It would take a volume leisurely to chronicle the surprising adventures that ensued. How Beaumarchais lost his wife and his estate (keeping, however, the mock title), how he went to Spain in search of a rich new spouse, and how his friend cut him out of his heiress; how Paris-Duvernay, who had helped Voltaire, took the sprightly Beaumarchais as a partner and made him so rich through shoddy contracts that he was able to buy the title of Ranger; and how he went to Spain full of the most audacious schemes for supplying that government with everything from arms to negroes, although he had already written a pamphlet against slavery; and how he stirred up a theatrical scene in seeking to force

one Clavijo to keep his agreement with one of Beaumarchais' sisters—a milliner in Madrid. Suffice to say that he returned to Paris and endless intrigues, and went to law with the heir of Paris-Duvernay, his old benefactor. To influence his case Beaumarchais sent two hundred louis to Mme. Goezman, the wife of a member of Parliament. She asked Beaumarchais for fifteen louis more for her husband's secretary. When Beaumarchais lost his case he received back all his louis save the fifteen. Punctilious to the sou, he brazenly began suit for the return of this small sum, which he accused Mme. Goezman herself of pocketing. Beaumarchais was surrounded by all manner of enemies at the time he made this audacious move. But, inexhaustible in resources, he seized his pen, tipped it with his irresistible wit, and began deluging Paris with his loquacious, Figaro-like "Mémoires." It was a new style of literature invented at his need; it was Figaro as advocate. He reviewed his life and picturesque adventures, commented on everything, rapped all his foes over the knuckles, argued law, cited history, and even delivered a dissertation—in passing—on baptism. He simply made gay, and all Paris laughed with him. So vivid and fascinating were his confidences, that Goethe dashed off at almost one stroke a complete drama, "Clavigo," on the Madrid episode. But what pleased Paris most of all about these Memoirs was that Beaumarchais showed himself to be, after all, at heart one of the people, and not a snobbish parvenu. "I am," he exclaimed in one enthusiastic outburst, "a citizen. I am neither an abbé, nor a courtier, nor a gentleman, nor a favorite, nor anything, as we call power nowadays. I am a citizen; that is something new and unheard-of in France. I am a citizen, which you should have been two hundred years ago, which you shall be, perhaps, in twenty years."

Hurrah for Citizen Beaumarchais! A valiant invention, that word. All Paris screamed with delight and threw up its hat—to be a red cap a little later. But little, probably, did Beaumarchais realize how strangely his prophecy was to come true and with what kind of "citoyens" all France was to be filled. That he could have had the "Tiers État" (the Third Estate) of the Abbé Sieyès in mind is past belief, despite the

fact that at least one French historian (M. Paul Albert) dignifies Beaumarchais as one of the forerunners of Mirabeau. In his "Marriage of Figaro," years after his Memoirs, Beaumarchais introduced a great deal of tirade into the mouth of the valet, so much so that Louis XVI. would not, for a long time, consent to the comedy's performance (1784).

Notwithstanding all this, and the additional fact that he had prophesied the ultimate independence of the United States, Beaumarchais could scarcely have appreciated the French Revolution. It hurt his own interests, his grand mansion and fortune was a menace in the eyes of the mob, and although the sly strategist took himself in safety to Holland on the pretext of supplying the Convention with muskets, he was kept in forced exile. After he had been pronounced "infâme" by the Maupeou Parliament, which he had ridiculed in his Memoirs, Beaumarchais, deprived of his civil rights, sought to rehabilitate himself by sundry feats as a police-spy, in which he chased all over England and Europe, first after a slanderer of Mme. du Barry, next after a libeller of Marie Antoinette, and, lastly, after the mysterious Chevalier D'Eon, with whom he had a ludicrous flirtation! Contemptible enough work indeed! And even when, with clear foresight, he saw the eventual freedom of America, and urged M. de Vergennes to aid the colonists, he could not resist the opportunity to trade on his belief: perhaps his enthusiasm for America was a mere trick of trade after all. "Give me three million francs," was his first appeal to Vergennes, "and I will assist America myself." Entrusted with the supply of cannons, etc., to the Americans, he bled France, Spain and Congress, while making money on his shipping enterprise. His letters to Congress were almost impudently pert. He put in an exorbitant bill, and, when in exile in a garret in Hamburg, during the Reign of Terror, he wrote complaining: "Am I to stand before you holding out the cap of liberty, which no man has helped you to win so much as myself?"

After the Reign of Terror he returned to Paris to scheme some more, but Death stood at his elbow, and apoplexy stilled, at the age of sixty-seven, the curious, nimble brain

that had improved watches and harps, invented the word "citizen," and created the deathless figure of Figaro. Figaro, the adroit, versatile barber of "The Barber of Seville," who helps the Count of Almaviva to win his bride from her prison in her father's house; Figaro, the happy-go-lucky, who becomes a valet to Almaviva in "The Marriage of Figaro," and woos the saucy Suzanne, berating his master and the nobility meanwhile; how like Beaumarchais himself—Beaumarchais, the unscrupulous adventurer, prodigal of wit, who flippantly satirized all the follies of his day, and yet sought to profit by them, and win fame and fortune!

Beaumachais' works furnished the inspiration for three operas—the "Nozze di Figaro" of Mozart, and the two "Barbiers" of Paisiello and Rossini.

The Barber of Seville.

Count. What a grotesque figure!

Figaro. I'm not mistaken; it's Count Almaviva.

Count. I really believe it's that knave Figaro.

Fig. It's his own self, my lord.

Count. Silence, puppy; if you say a word——

Fig. I am now certain it's you, my lord, for you always treated me with this familiarity and kindness.

Count. It was with difficulty I recollected you. You are so much increased in bulk.

Fig. It's the effect of downright want, my lord; how can I help it?

Count. I pity you; but how came you at Seville? I recommended you to an employment at Madrid.

Fig. I obtained it, my lord, and my gratitude.

Count. Well, and this employment?

Fig. The minister, paying due regard to your excellency's recommendation, appointed me immediately to the office of apothecary's assistant.

Count. In the Military Hospital?

Fig. No, in the royal stables of Andalusia.

Count. That was an honorable preferment.

Fig. The place was not so indifferent, either; for having in my department the care of the drugs, I frequently had an opportunity of selling to my fellow-creatures excellent horse-medicines.

Count. And by those means killed his Majesty's liege subjects.

Fig. Why, there is no such thing as a universal remedy; but I have more than once succeeded with Galicians, Catalonians, Auvergnans, and wandering Scotchmen!

Count. And wherefore, then, did you quit it?

Fig. Quit it, my lord! It quitted me. Some evil-minded villain hurt my interest with the minister. (*Tragically.*) Pale, ghastly envy, with her cruel talons!

Count. Oh! mercy! mercy! And do you make verses as well as medicines? I thought I perceived you scribbling on one knee, and singing your works so early.

Fig. This unfortunate turn was the cause of my disgrace; when the minister heard I had made verses (tolerably good ones, too, I may without vanity say), poems to Chloris, sent riddles to the Diaries, and that some madrigals in my style were handed about—in short, when he found I was printed alive, he took the matter in a serious light, and turned me out of my employment, under pretext that the love of the Muses and attention to horse-affairs were incompatible.

Count. Most profound wisdom! And did you not remonstrate?

Fig. No; I thought myself blessed in being forgotten, knowing from observation that a great man shows us a particular kindness when he does us no injury.

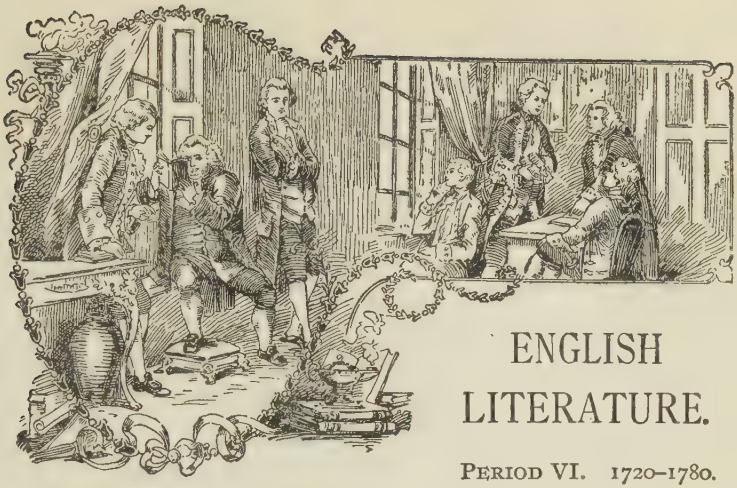
Count. I don't believe you're telling the whole truth. I remember you had but a dubious character when in my service.

Fig. Heavens! my lord, you rich folks always would have us poor ones be entirely without faults.

Count. Idle, debauched——

Fig. According to the perfections you fine gentlemen expect in your servants, does your excellency think many of your acquaintance worthy the office of valet?

Count (*aside*). That's not bad.



ENGLISH LITERATURE.

PERIOD VI. 1720–1780.

ENGLISH Literature in the early part of the eighteenth century was distinguished and regulated by the work of Pope and Addison, who were both thoroughly English in nature, yet were indebted to the French for the polish of their style. Pope, influenced by Boileau, repressed the former license of English poetry, seeking to make it "correct," conformed to strict rules of grammar, rhetoric and good taste. Addison improved the opportunity offered by Steele, and his essays in *The Spectator* became a lasting model of English prose. He wrote for the rising middle class, and, to use his own words, "brought philosophy out of closets and libraries, schools and colleges, to dwell in clubs and assemblies, at the table and in coffee-houses." He declared that "the great and only end of these my speculations is to banish vice and ignorance out of the territories of Great Britain." To this end he adopted a cheerful, playful, colloquial style, and cultivated humor rather than wit. A more important result was, that he turned back on vice the mockery which in the period of the Restoration had been directed against virtue. So lasting was the success of *The Tatler* and *The Spectator* that throughout the century there was a notable procession of similar discursive periodicals: *The Guardian*, *The Idler* and *The Rambler* (both conducted by Dr. Johnson), *The Adventurer*, *The World*, *The Connois-*

seur, *The Lounger*, *The Mirror*, none of which reproduced the charm or attained to the merit and fame of their prototypes.

To this period belong the rise and early development of the modern English novel, which is treated in a separate sketch. Daniel Defoe gave the first impulse towards it in his immortal "Adventures of Robinson Crusoe" (1719), but it was reserved for Samuel Richardson to exemplify it as "a story wrought round the passion of love to a tragic or joyous conclusion." This he did in the domestic history called "Pamela, or Virtue Rewarded" (1740), which though received with popular approval, yet provoked the clever but dissipated Henry Fielding to mockery in his "Joseph Andrews" (1742). Both writers went their respective ways to new successes, while the Scotch surgeon, Tobias Smollett, in his "Roderick Random" and other comical stories, drew from wider fields of observation. The whimsical parson, Lawrence Sterne, began to publish, in 1759, "The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy," a strange farrago of humor and sentiment, which sets forth vividly some characters, but scarcely tells a story. In 1776 the most charming idyll of English country life came from the pen of the gifted, blundering Oliver Goldsmith. It was the "Vicar of Wakefield," which fixed the purest type of English novels.

Samuel Johnson, who became by weight of character the literary dictator of England, began his career in 1738 with a satire, "London," an admirable imitation of Juvenal's satire on "Rome." Then the giant wrought at the demand of publishers, editing and compiling, until he completed his great "Dictionary of the English Language" in 1755. The publication of this work forms an epoch in the relation of authors to the public, as Dr. Johnson's celebrated letter to Lord Chesterfield closed the era of patronage. Excellent as were Johnson's labors in biography, they were surpassed by the unflagging devotion of his Scotch follower, James Boswell, who has given his master an immortality of which he never dreamed. Johnson's greatest influence during his lifetime was exerted through the Club, in which he reigned among congenial spirits. Of these the most prominent were the

orator and political essayist Burke, the painter Reynolds, the actor Garrick and the charming miscellaneous writer Goldsmith, essayist, novelist and poet.

Verse-writers abounded in the eighteenth century, and some of them attained high rank among the poets. John Gay, a favorite of Pope's, wrote pastorals and fables, but achieved a unique success by the "Beggar's Opera." Ambrose Philips (1671–1749) tried to rival Pope in pastorals, and was ridiculed as "Namby-Pamby" for his childish verses. After Pope had given polish and perfection to the heroic couplet, imitators flourished, but several poets turned to other measures. Blank verse was used by Thomson in his "Seasons," by William Somerville (1677–1842) in his didactic poem on hunting, called "The Chase," by Edward Young in his solemn "Night Thoughts," by William Blair (1699–1746) in his similar but shorter poem on "The Grave," by Mark Akenside (1721–1770) in his once popular but now neglected "Pleasures of the Imagination," and by Dr. John Armstrong (1709–1779) in his "Art of Preserving Health." The Spenserian stanza was revived by Thomson in his "Castle of Indolence," and was employed for burlesque effect by Shenstone in his "Schoolmistress." A variety of lyric measures was employed by Thomas Gray, who wrote too little, but is immortalized by his famous elegy. William Collins (1721–1759) showed equal lyric power. The lives of several of these poets were written by Dr. Johnson, who himself wielded with vigor the heroic verse in satires.

In the eighteenth century history rose to importance through the labors of Hume, Robertson and Gibbon. The first two were Scotchmen; the philosophical Hume extended his "History of England Under the Stuarts" so as finally to include the earlier times; the dignified Robertson wrote on his native Scotland, on Charles V. and on America; but in each of these fields his work has been practically superseded by later writers. The learned and sceptical Gibbon, in his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," with the continuous labor of twenty-three years, erected a glorious and enduring monument of the last and greatest power of ancient times. His elaborate style is well suited to the grandeur of

his theme and his fullness of research has preserved for his work the supremacy in its class.

At the end of the seventeenth century John Locke had given a new turn to philosophy by tracing all ideas to experience, and had defended on philosophical grounds civil and religious liberty. But in the eighteenth century philosophical writers returned to the favorite domain of theology. Shaftesbury, Bolingbroke, Hume and minor writers argued in favor of Deism and the sufficiency of natural religion, while Bishop Berkeley, with adroit metaphysics, and Bishop Butler, with solid reasoning, were the champions of revealed religion. Adam Smith, by his treatise on the "Wealth of Nations" (1776), founded the new science of political economy. The "Letters of Junius" (1769–1772), were political diatribes whose pungent style has given them a place in literature, while the question of their authorship is still disputed. The greatest political writer of the age was Edmund Burke, whose essays have permanent value. Throughout Europe the eighteenth century, which had reached the height of an artificial civilization, was characterized by an investigation of the principles of government and social order. To this work English literature contributed both directly and indirectly. While it borrowed much from the French, it furnished to France and Germany principles and ideas and pregnant examples.

JOHN ARBUTHNOT.

POPE'S "Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot" would not have conferred that distinction upon one unqualified to win fame for himself. Though not reckoned among the popular authors for average readers, Arbuthnot wrote much and was the cause of much brilliant work credited to his friends. He was a Scotchman and physician, born about 1665, and earned his living in London by teaching mathematics. Two books, issued in 1692 and 1695, brought Arbuthnot into public notice; the first was a translation of Huyghens's treatise on "The Laws of Chance," and the second was his own refutation of Dr. Woodward's "Account of the Deluge." Several other learned works were published, the author meantime

being chosen a Fellow of the Royal Society. In 1705 he became physician to Queen Anne. Dr. Arbuthnot was now the intimate associate of Pope, Swift, Gay, Parnell, the foremost literary men of the time. As a satirist he held his own with the best, and what was more, he contributed liberally to the miscellaneous pieces of verse and wit for which Swift and Pope get credit. It is to the Scriblerus Club, of which the wits already named, with Congreve, Harley, and others were members, that we owe "Gulliver's Travels," and the "Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus." Arbuthnot consoled himself for the loss of the Queen in 1714 by writing the first book of the "Memoirs," generally, but wrongly, attributed to Pope. It is a brilliant example of wide and sound learning, sparkling with wit and wisdom. His chief work is the "History of John Bull," published in 1713, a witty prose satire in ridicule of the Duke of Marlborough and his costly wars. It anticipated Swift's "Gulliver" by thirteen years. Bull is a draper who goes to law in a shopkeeping spirit, Marlborough is the rascally attorney who prolongs the case to serve his own ends, and the other characters are similarly made to exhibit national peculiarities. It had considerable effect at the time, and apart from its literary value, is interesting as a picture of contemporary life and politics. As one of the dignitaries of the Royal College of Physicians, Arbuthnot wrote several treatises on the healing art, but his genius survives in the bright witticisms that have been merged in the pages of Swift and Pope. He died in 1735.

John Bull and Nic Frog.

The "History of John Bull" was a political satire, intended especially to attack the Duke of Marlborough (Hocus), but it took a wider range, and became international. Nic Frog represents Holland; Lewis is France, and the law-suit is the war.

Bull, in the main, was an honest, plain-dealing fellow, choleric, bold, and of a very unconstant temper; he dreaded not old Lewis, either at backsword, single falchion, or cudgel-play; but then he was very apt to quarrel with his best friends, especially if they pretended to govern him; if you

flattered him, you might lead him like a child. John's temper depended very much upon the air; his spirits rose and fell with the weather-glass. John was quick, and understood his business very well; but no man alive was more careless in looking into his accounts, or more cheated by partners, apprentices, and servants. This was occasioned by his being a boon companion, loving his bottle and his diversion; for, to say truth, no man kept a better house than John, nor spent his money more generously. By plain and-fair dealing John had acquired some plums, and might have kept them, had it not been for his unhappy lawsuit.

Nic Frog was a cunning, sly rogue, quite the reverse of John in many particulars; covetous, frugal, minded domestic affairs; would pinch his belly to save his pocket; never lost a farthing by careless servants or bad debtors. He did not care much for any sort of diversions, except tricks of High German artists and legerdemain. No man exceeded Nic in these; yet it must be owned that Nic was a fair dealer, and in that way acquired immense riches.

Hocus was an old, cunning attorney; and though this was the first considerable suit he was engaged in, he showed himself superior in address to most of his profession. He always kept good clerks, he loved money, was smooth-tongued, gave good words, and seldom lost his temper; but he loved himself better than all. The neighbors reported that he was henpecked, which was impossible by such a mild-spirited woman as his wife was.

John Bull's Sister Peg.

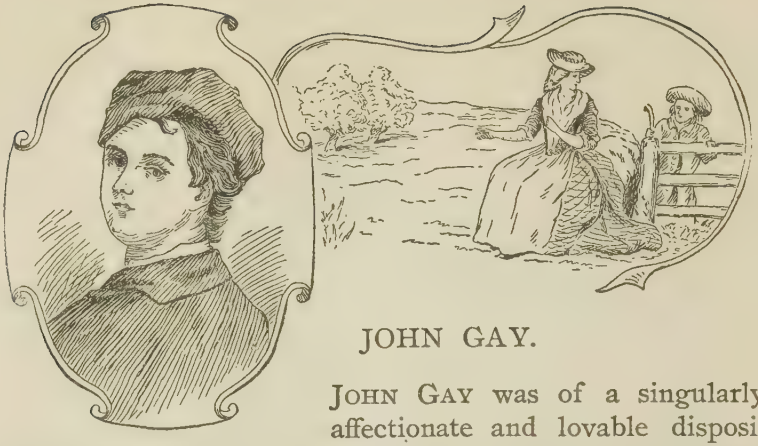
Here Scotland is satirized; Lord Peter is the Pope; Martin stands for Luther, and Jack for Calvin, as in Swift's "Tale of a Tub."

John had a sister, a poor girl that had been starved at nurse. Anybody would have guessed Miss to have been bred up under the influence of a cruel stepdame, and John to be the fondling of a tender mother. John looked ruddy and plump, with a pair of cheeks like a trumpeter; Miss looked pale and wan, as if she had the green sickness. And no wonder; for John was the darling; he had all the good bits,

was crammed with good pullet, chicken, pig, goose and capon, while Miss had only a little oatmeal and water, or a dry crust without butter. John had his golden pippins, peaches and nectarines; poor Miss a crabapple, sloe or blackberry. Master lay in the best apartment, with his bed-chamber towards the south sun; Miss lodged in a garret, exposed to the north wind, which shrivelled her countenance.

However, this usage, though it stunted the girl in her growth, gave her a hardy constitution. She had life and spirit in abundance, and knew when she was ill-used. Now and then she would seize upon John's commons, snatch a leg of a pullet or a bit of good beef. For which they were sure to go to fisticuffs. Master was indeed too strong for her; but Miss would not yield in the least point; but even when Master had got her down, she would scratch and bite like a tiger; when he gave her a cuff on the ear, she would prick him with her knitting-needle. In short, these quarrels grew up into rooted aversions. They gave each other nicknames: she called him "Gundy-guts" and he called her "Lousy Peg," though the girl was a tight clever wench as any was; and through her pale looks you might discern spirit and vivacity, which made her, not indeed a perfect beauty, but something that was agreeable. It was barbarous in the parents not to take notice of these early quarrels, and make them live better together; such domestic feuds proving afterwards the occasion of misfortunes to them both.

Peg had indeed some odd humors and comical antipathies, for which John would jeer her. "What think you of my sister Peg," says he, "that faints at the sound of an organ, and yet will frisk and dance at the noise of a bagpipe?" "What's that to you, Gundy-guts?" quoth Peg; "everybody's to choose their own music."—Then Peg had taken a notion not to say her paternoster, which made people imagine strange things of her. Of the three brothers that have made such a clatter in the world—Lord Peter, Martin and Jack—Jack had of late been her inclination. Lord Peter she detested; nor did Martin stand much better in her good graces; but Jack had found the way to her heart.



JOHN GAY.

JOHN GAY was of a singularly affectionate and lovable disposition, that shines forth even in the voluptuary's note of the "Beggars' Opera." The satirical "Wasp of Twickenham," becoming in his case stingless, called him the "gentle Gay." Beginning as a rhyming apprentice to a London silk-mercer, this young favorite of the Muses and Fortune glided peacefully and easily through life, aided at the outset by Pope, to whom he happily dedicated one of his earliest poems. Gay was the pet of the literary folk of his day, and was called "the lap-dog of the great." Yet he was never quite contented himself; was unhappy because he received no big court office, and foolishly threw away a snug fortune in the South Sea Bubble; but his lot was to all intents so brilliantly complacent and so ludicrously determined that he was justified in writing as his own epitaph the lines:

> "Life is a jest, and all things show it:
> I thought so once, but now I know it."

He was born in 1688 and died in 1732. Among his clever productions were "Trivia, or the Art of Walking the Streets of London," a town poem, in three graphic books, that affords many humorous glimpses of the London of the early eighteenth century; his "Shepherd's Week," six pastorals, inspired by the malicious Pope in order to discountenance the Arcadian popularity of Ambrose Phillips; and his "Fifty-one Fables in Verse." But his inimitable masterpiece was "The Beggars' Opera" (1727). Swift and Pope both added a little acid to some of the satirical songs, but the froth of the wine was Gay's own.

This opera was written in ridicule of the Italian opera, which for a time it drove off the stage. The deadly feud between Cuzzoni and Faustina is made a matter of mirthful innuendo in the very introductory dialogue. The immediate inspiration came to Gay, however, in a remark of Swift's, that "a Newgate pastoral might make an odd pretty sort of thing," and such a thing Gay produced. The hero-beggar is Captain Macheath, of a gang of highwaymen. This ruffian bold, who proves "game" to the very last, not only weds Polly Peachum, but makes love to Lucy Lockit, the turnkey's daughter. Betrayed by some women at a drinking bout, he is suddenly lodged in Newgate, where his courting of Lucy is apt to stand him in good stead. But his wife Polly unexpectedly appears on the scene, and Macheath is tormented into singing those famous verses:

"How happy could I be with either,
Were t'other dear charmer away;
But while you thus tease me together,
To neither a word will I say."

Eventually, though, he disowns Polly, and Lucy effects his escape. Recaptured, he is about to be executed, when the ever-faithful Polly secures his reprieve, and he swears to be true to her evermore.

Gay's low life corrupted London for the nonce; but under the thin disguise of highwaymen, pickpockets, jailors, receivers of stolen goods and their like, he satirized the politicians and courtiers of his generation. The dialogues were spoken, but sixty-nine songs were interspersed. "These tunes," states a musical critic, "were arranged and scored by Dr. Pepusch, who also composed an overture for the piece. They were chosen with great judgment from the popular English and Scotch ballads, and to them its remarkable success was in a great degree attributable. The rage for the 'Beggars' Opera' showed itself in its scenes and songs appearing on fans and screens; in the attire of Lavinia Fenton (the performer of Polly) becoming the pattern for that of ladies of fashion, and in the temporary desertion of the Italian opera." Hogarth published an engraving representing a

scene in Act II. An epidemic of so-called ballad-operas broke out. Gay himself wrote a sequel in "Polly," long delayed from performance by the interdict of a sedate Lord Chamberlain. Colley Cibber refused the "Beggars' Opera" for Drury Lane; but John Rich brought it out at Lincoln's Inn Fields. Thus, says the proverb, its great hit "made Gay rich and Rich gay."

Songs from the "Beggars' Opera."

Man's Comforter.

This song is sung by Macheath, captain of the gang of highwaymen.

If the heart of a man is depressed with cares,
The mist is dispelled when a woman appears;
Like the notes of a fiddle she sweetly, sweetly
Raises the spirits and charms our ears.
Roses and lilies her cheeks disclose,
But her ripe lips are more sweet than those;
Press her, caress her:
With blisses her kisses
Dissolve us in pleasure and soft repose.

Polly's Song.

Can love be controlled by advice?
Will Cupid our mothers obey?
Though my heart was as frozen as ice,
At his flame 'twould have melted away.
When he kissed me, so sweetly he pressed,
'Twas so sweet that I must have complied,
So I thought it both safest and best
To marry for fear you should chide.

Love in Youth.

In the days of my youth I could bill like a dove, fa, la, la,
Like a sparrow at all times was ready for love, fa, la, la.
The life of all mortals in kissing should pass,
Lip to lip while we're young, then the lip to the glass, fa, la, la.

Black-Eyed Susan.

All in the Downs the fleet was moored,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When Black-eyed Susan came aboard.
"Oh! where shall I my true love find?
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
If my sweet William sails among the crew."

William, who high upon the yard
Rocked with the billow to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sighed, and cast his eyes below:
The cord slides swiftly through his glowing hands,
And, quick as lightning, on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high poised in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast
(If chance his mate's shrill call he hear),
And drops at once into her nest.
The noblest captain in the British fleet
Might envy William's lip those kisses sweet.

"O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
My vows shall ever true remain;
Let me kiss off that falling tear;
We only part to meet again.
Change as ye list, ye winds; my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

"Believe not what the landmen say
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind.
They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
In every port a mistress find:
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

"If to fair India's coast we sail,
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright;
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory so white.
Thus every beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

"Though battle call me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
Though cannons roar, yet, safe from harms,
William shall to his dear return.
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye."

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosom spread;
No longer must she stay aboard:
They kissed, she sighed, he hung his head.
Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land:
"Adieu!" she cries; and waved her lily hand.

The Hare and Many Friends.

Friendship, like love, is but a name,
Unless to one you stint the flame.
The child, whom many fathers share,
Hath seldom known a father's care.
'Tis thus in friendship; who depend
On many, rarely find a friend.
A Hare, who in a civil way,
Complied with everything, like Gay,
Was known by all the bestial train
Who haunt the wood, or graze the plain;
Her care was never to offend;
And every creature was her friend.
As forth she went at early dawn,
To taste the dew-besprinkled lawn,
Behind she hears the hunter's cries,
And from the deep-mouthed thunder flies.
She starts, she stops, she pants for breath;
She hears the near advance of death;
She doubles, to mislead the hound,
And measures back her mazy round;
Till, fainting in the public way,
Half dead with fear she gasping lay.
What transport in her bosom grew,
When first the Horse appeared in view!
"Let me," says she, "your back ascend,
And owe my safety to a friend.

You know my feet betray my flight:
To friendship every burden's light."
The Horse replied, "Poor honest Puss,
It grieves my heart to see thee thus:
Be comforted, relief is near,
For all your friends are in the rear."
She next the stately Bull implored;
And thus replied the mighty lord:
"Since every beast alive can tell
That I sincerely wish you well.
I may, without offence, pretend
To take the freedom of a friend.
Love calls me hence; a favorite cow
Expects me near yon barley-mow;
And, when a lady's in the case,
You know, all other things give place.
To leave you thus might seem unkind;
But, see, the Goat is just behind."
The Goat remarked, her pulse was high,
Her languid head, her heavy eye:
"My back," says he, "may do you harm;
The Sheep's at hand, and wool is warm."
The Sheep was feeble, and complained
His sides a load of wool sustained;
Said he was slow, confessed his fears;
For Hounds eat Sheep as well as Hares.
She now the trotting Calf addressed,
To save from Death a friend distressed.
"Shall I," says he, "of tender age,
In this important care engage?
Older and abler passed you by;
How strong are those! how weak am I!
Should I presume to bear you hence,
Those friends of mine may take offence.
Excuse me, then; you know my heart;
But dearest friends, alas! must part.
How shall we all lament! Adieu;
For, see, the Hounds are just in view."

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

Among the English letter-writers Lady Mary Wortley Montagu holds the eminence accorded in French literature to Madame de Sévigné. Her letters, though copied and circulated among her aristocratic friends, were not published till after her death. She was the eldest daughter of the Duke of Kingston, and on her mother's side a cousin of the novelist Fielding. Born in Nottinghamshire about 1690, she was early deprived of her mother's care, but roaming at will in her father's library, soon showed precocious talent as well as beauty. At the age of eight the handsome child was introduced to the famous Kit-Cat Club and became its toast. As a girl she wrote verses and presided at her father's table. Her love of learning was developed by her tutors, and Bishop Burnet revised her translation of Epictetus. Having gained the affection of Mr. Edward Wortley Montagu, she informed him in one of her very sensible letters that her father would never consent to their marriage. Therefore, in 1712, one morning "she quietly walked out of the house and was married by special license." For a time she lived in a small country house, but enjoyed the friendship of Pope, Addison and other literary men. Her "Town Eclogues," published in 1716, were satires, as remarkable for their freedom of expression as for their wit. In the same year her husband was appointed ambassador to Constantinople, and she resolved to accompany him. Her letters descriptive of her journey and of the unfamiliar regions in which she had been cast were eagerly welcomed by her friends in England. They were

amusing, naïve and perfectly candid. In her raptures over a lovely Turkish woman she said, "Our most celebrated beauties would vanish near her." What has given her most fame was her introduction of inoculation for small-pox. After observing the practice in Turkey, she had her son inoculated, and when she returned to England she devoted herself for years to urging the experiment. Everybody, especially physicians and clergymen, was opposed to the barbarous practice, but she persevered and eventually had the satisfaction of knowing that she had saved the lives of thousands.

On her return she had fixed her residence at Twickenham, near Pope, one of her early admirers, but the poet quarreled with her because she laughed when he made love to her. Then the peevish fellow retracted all his idolatry and abused her in his satires under the name "Sappho."

In 1739 this self-willed, unconventional woman left her husband and England and went to Italy, where she stayed twenty years. Again her pen was busily employed in sending to her daughter and friends brilliant pictures of foreign scenes and life. In 1761 she was back in London and received the homage of the fashionable world. She died August 21, 1762.

While Lady Montagu has been charged with serious faults —including avarice and cruelty—she appears to have been really benevolent and good-natured. When she wrote satires after the fashion of the times, she adopted a coarse, mannish tone, but in her letters, while plain-spoken, she shows appreciation of the good in others. Spence, the biographer of Pope, acknowledged that "she was one of the most shining characters in the world, but shines like a comet, all irregularity, and always wandering."

The Suit Rejected.

Mr. Montagu having been attracted first by Lady Mary's wit, learning and accomplishments, was led to propose marriage, but the style of his letter rather offended the fair respondent.

. . . "The first I ever wrote to one of your sex, and shall be the last." You distrust me; I can neither be easy, nor

loved, where I am distrusted. Nor do I believe your passion for me is what you pretend it; at least I am sure, was I in love, I could not talk as you do. I wish I loved you enough to devote myself to be forever miserable for the pleasure of a day or two's happiness. I cannot resolve upon it. You must think otherwise of me, or not at all. . . . I resolved to make no answer to your letter; it was something very ungrateful, and I resolved to give over all thoughts of you. I could easily have performed that resolve some time ago, but then you took pains to please me; now you have brought me to esteem you, you make use of that esteem to give me uneasiness; and I have the displeasure of seeing I esteem a man that dislikes me. Farewell then; since you will have it so, I renounce all the ideas I have so long flattered myself with, and will entertain my fancy no longer with the imaginary pleasure of seeing you. You think me all that is detestable; you accuse me of want of sincerity and generosity. There is no condition of life I could not have been happy in with you, so very much I liked you, I may say loved, since it is the last thing I'll ever say to you. This is telling you sincerely my greatest weakness; and now I will oblige you with a new proof of my generosity; I'll never see you more.

The Education of Women.

We are permitted no books but such as tend to the weakening and effeminating of the mind. Our natural defects are every way indulged, and it is looked upon as in a degree criminal to improve our reason or fancy we have any. We are taught to place all our art in adorning our outward forms, and permitted, without reproach, to carry that custom even to extravagancy, while our minds are entirely neglected, and, by disuse of reflections, filled with nothing but the trifling objects our eyes are daily entertained with. This long-established custom makes it even ridiculous to go out of the common road, and forces one to find many excuses, as if it were a thing altogether criminal not to play the fool in concert with other women of quality, whose birth and leisure only serve to make them the most useless and worthless part of

the creation. There is hardly a character in the world more despicable or more liable to universal ridicule than that of a learned woman. These words imply, according to the received sense, a talking, impertinent, vain and conceited creature. I believe nobody will deny that learning may have that effect, but it must be a very superficial degree of it.

A Caveat to the Fair Sex.

Wife and servant are the same,
But only differ in the name;
For when the fatal knot is ty'd,
Which nothing, nothing can divide;
When the word "obey" is said,
And man by law supreme is made,
Then all that's kind is laid aside,
And nothing left but state and pride:
Fierce as an Indian Prince he grows,
And all his innate rigor shows;
Then but to look, to laugh, to speak,
Will the nuptial contract break.
Like mutes, she signs alone must make,
And never any freedom take;
But still be governed by a nod,
And fear her husband as her God:
Him still must serve, him still obey,
And nothing act, and nothing say,
But what her haughty lord thinks fit,
Who with the power has all the wit.
Then shun, O shun that wretched state,
And all the fawning flatterers hate:
Value yourselves; and men despise,
You must be proud, if you'll be wise.

Inoculation.

Belgrade, April 1, O. S., 1717.

Apropos of distempers, I am going to tell you of a thing that will make you wish yourself here. The small-pox, so fatal and so general amongst us, is here entirely harmless, by the invention of ingrafting, which is the term they give it.

There is a set of old women who make it their business to perform the operation every autumn, in the month of September, when the great heat is abated. People send to one another to know if any of their family has a mind to have the small-pox; they make parties for this purpose, and when they are met—commonly fifteen or sixteen together—the old woman comes with a nut-shell full of the matter of the best sort of small-pox, and asks what vein you please to have opened. She immediately rips open that which you offer to her with a large needle—which gives you no more pain than a common scratch—and puts into the vein as much matter as will lie upon the head of her needle, and after that binds up the little wound with a hollow bit of shell; and in this manner opens four or five veins. The Grecians have commonly the superstition of opening one in the middle of the forehead, one in each arm and one on the breast, to mark the sign of the cross; but this has a very ill effect, all these wounds leaving little scars, and is not done by those who are not superstitious, who choose to have them in the legs or that part of the arm that is concealed.

The children or young patients play together all the rest of the day and are in perfect health to the eighth. Then the fever begins to seize them, and they keep their beds two days, very seldom three. They have very rarely above twenty or thirty in their faces, which never mark; and in eight days' time they are as well as before their illness. Where they are wounded, there remain running sores during the distemper, which I don't doubt is a great relief to it. Every year thousands undergo this operation; and the French ambassador says pleasantly that they take the small-pox here by way of diversion, as they take the waters in other countries. There is no example of any one that has died in it; and you may believe I am well satisfied of the safety of the experiment, since I intend to try it upon my dear little son.

I am patriot enough to take pains to bring this useful invention into fashion in England; and I should not fail to write to some doctors very particularly about it, if I knew any one of them that I thought had virtue enough to destroy such a considerable branch of revenue for the good of mankind.

THE RISE OF THE ENGLISH NOVEL.

THE modern novel must date from the year 1719, when Daniel Defoe, in his sixtieth year, took it in his head to turn a true tale of adventure at sea into the fictitious narrative of "Robinson Crusoe." This familiar book was the mustard seed which has grown into the mountain-high literature of fiction as we know it. Defoe anticipated the mechanical realism of the modern photographer. His hero was a veritable man, and his adventures, thoughts, speeches and doings were those of ordinary folk in the actual world. "Robinson Crusoe" has never lost its hold on the young, nor does its matter-of-fact style jade readers of any age or taste when once they get interested in the story. Defoe followed up this success by three or four minor works, but his death was near.

In 1726 "Gulliver's Travels" saw the light. Swift was far from a novelist, but he perceived the value of simplicity and verisimilitude in narrative, and he possessed the gift in even greater degree than Defoe. Political satire though it was, "Gulliver's Travels" was read then and still, and always will be, as a fictitious "true tale," deluding the mind by its daring profession of reality so that nothing seems incongruous until the closing of the book breaks the spell.

Defoe at sixty introduced the modern realistic novel of adventure, and Richardson at fifty produced the first novel of love and passion in ordinary English life. This was "Pamela," published in 1741. Though cast in the clumsy form of a bundle of letters there was story enough and more than enough sentimentalism and moralizing and stilted verbiage to catch firm hold of the more feminine order of mind. This second English novel, mechanically produced, created a de-

mand for more of the same. It recalls the antiquated foreign romance, the same impossible fine language and elaboration being fitted to English rustics and grandees in artificial relationships, but it suited the superfine notions of romance-trained sentimentalists. Richardson followed it up with "Clarissa Harlowe," and "Sir Charles Grandison," novels with the avowed purpose of inculcating virtue and denouncing vice. If the author sacrificed art to the cause of good morals it is scarcely other than a merit in one with his surroundings.

Soon there appeared another novelist, who with rivalry in their common art combined antagonism of aim. Henry Fielding (1707–1754) wrote "Joseph Andrews," in ridicule of "Pamela," issued the year before. Third in order of work, Fielding counts first as the novelist of ordinary middle-class life painted in its humorous aspect. Defoe dealt in the coarse and outlandish, Richardson in the aristocratic, which he imagined rather than knew, but Fielding depicted the free and easy society in which he lived, without rose-tints or shadows. "Joseph Andrews" proved to be more than a parody. The character of "Parson Adams," eccentric as it is, lifts the story out of the temporary and commonplace, though it has not the strength or genius of his later book, "Tom Jones." Allowing for the coarseness of manners too faithfully reflected in his pages, Fielding, whom Macaulay and others pronounce the greatest of novelists, left the impress of his firm grasp of human nature upon all his successors.

While these stories were being enjoyed a fourth venturer in fiction-writing made his bid for a share of their fame as authors. This was the Scotchman, Tobias Smollett (1721–1771), whose "Roderick Random," "Peregrine Pickle," and "Humphrey Clinker" maintain a popularity by their droll incidents, told with abundant broad humor. He made no pretension to be a moralist, but rather the opposite, preferring to hold his mirror to scenes customarily veiled.

Laurence Sterne (1713–1768) contributed a notable work to this early group, "Tristram Shandy." In it he follows in the miry track of the two last-named, gracing his superabundance of indecency with a sufficiency of honest wit, humor, pathos, airy fancy and genuine feeling to save his

work from perishing by inherent corruption. The characters of Uncle Toby, Widow Wadman, the Corporal, and Dr. Slop are sure of immortality despite their surroundings. The brilliant comedies of Sheridan, "The Rivals," and "School for Scandal," owe their wittiest characters to the above-named sketchers of humorous characters.

In 1766 appeared the simple tale, scarcely better entitled than the foregoing to be called in the strict sense a novel, which for all time was to stand in contrast with these as the prose idyll of simple English life. Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield" redeemed the fiction of its century from baseness of ideal and workmanship. It set a model of style, of transparent simplicity of language and humorous sagacity in depicting character which has been the despair of all imitators, and a model of plot and construction which would ruin the reputation of any one, not a Goldsmith, who should copy its incongruities. Its good influence came none too soon, but its naturalness was above the reach of the fast-increasing tribe of novel-makers. A shoal of imitation novels was produced before the century ended. "Peter Wilkins" was an imitation of "Robinson Crusoe." Imitation romances were manufactured out of the shavings left by the stage carpenters of Elizabeth's day, when tragedy was at its weirdest. In the latter half of the eighteenth century, Horace Walpole worked up "The Castle of Otranto" out of a nightmare; Mrs. Radcliffe conjured the harrowing "Mysteries of Udolpho" and "Romance of the Forest," from the spirit of midnight storms among haunted mountain crags; M. G. Lewis evolved his dreadful "Monk" from the depths of a bigot's lurid imagination; William Beckford wrought himself into a maniacal spasm that he might give a personal experience of the unutterable hell of "Vathek;" and William Godwin's gloomy soul darkened life with his conception of "St. Leon."

Imitation sentimentalists were busy aping, or at least echoing, their prototype, Sterne. Mackenzie's "Man of Feeling," came out in 1771. Rousseau had upset the balance of the ill-poised mind, and Goethe, by his "Sorrows of Werther," had made weeping one of the fashionable accomplishments for both sexes. Many women ventured to explore the

new-found realm of fiction. Miss Burney, Mrs. Inchbald, Mrs. Opie, Miss Anna Maria Porter, Miss Edgeworth, who outlived these, and—first of them all in native genius and unpretentious art—Jane Austen brought the humdrum life of the great middle-class English folk out of its shaded privacy into the search-light of their shrewd, but kindly observation. These were the closing years of the eighteenth century, and these women writers were almost the only wielders of the pen who preserved their equanimity in spite of the revolutionary epidemic. As pictures of domestic England during stormy times these novels have a charm and perhaps a historical value.

Godwin's "Caleb Williams" was a strong novel with a political purpose, instinct with doctrines that have of later years found their way into more serious books than those of fiction. This came out in 1794, and with it may be coupled a similar revolutionary novel, "Hugh Trevor," by Thomas Holcroft (1745–1809), which attacked existing social institutions. At the close of the eighteenth century the novel, in its modern form not yet much over its fiftieth year, had grown to be a power in the state, besides fulfilling its gentler mission of recreating the heart, burdened with the increasing cares of life, by enlarging its play-ground and deepening interest in the world of home.

DANIEL DEFOE.

ROBINSON CRUSOE is the favorite classic of English boys. It is the accepted self-revelation of the sturdy Anglo-Saxon, destined to subdue wild nature and wilder savages. It discards the romantic and supernatural fancies of the South and East, and appeals to the practical instincts, hopes and fears of the average Englishman. It teaches by example, sending him back to the natural state, and showing him by what steps he can rise to dominion. To perform this task of race-instruction required high constructive genius, yet the plain, unpretending speech of the narrator conceals the art. All read the book, and even remember the author, though they forget to praise him.

Daniel Defoe, who achieved immortality by this thoroughly English romance, was a notable, industrious, public-spirited man, an active participant in the political and religious turmoil of his day, full of palpable faults, yet striving to be true to a peculiar Puritanical code of morals. Born in London in 1661, the son of a butcher, and educated for the Dissenting ministry, though he never entered the pulpit, he became a vigorous writer of pamphlets on all public questions. His surname was originally Foe, and it was not until he was forty years of age that he changed it to Defoe. For a time he was a prosperous hose-dealer, then failed in business, but later paid his creditors in full. From William III., whose cause he stoutly supported, he obtained special favor, but after the king's death, his "Shortest Way with the Dissenters" consigned him to the pillory, where, however, the populace

formed a guard of honor around him. While imprisoned he collected his fugitive pieces, wrote several more, and in 1703 established *The Review*, the precursor of the modern newspaper At first weekly, it was soon issued thrice a week, the entire contents being written by the indefatigable Defoe. Released from prison in 1704 by the influence of Harley, the "unabashed" Whig was ever grateful to that Tory statesman, and was employed by him in various secret missions. Not the least of his services was in promoting the union of Scotland with England, for which he resided sixteen months in Edinburgh. Defoe was a thorough-going Protestant, advocating the Hanoverian succession, yet it appears he also subedited newspapers on the opposite side, so as to take the sting out of their attacks on the Government.

Not until he was nearly sixty years of age did this busy pamphleteer and newspaper-writer issue the narrative which was to give him fame. In April, 1719, appeared the first volume of "Robinson Crusoe," suggested by the story of Alexander Selkirk, a marooned Scotch sailor in the South Seas. This story had been told briefly, but pathetically, by Steele in *The Tatler*. Defoe, departing from the facts of Selkirk's case, locates Crusoe in the Caribbee Islands; but depicts his situation, thoughts and actions with such exact verisimilitude as to satisfy the imagination of all readers. A second and a third part soon followed, but have less power. An ingenious critic has found in the book an allegory of Defoe's own life, but the world pays no attention to such vain suggestions. The author, rendered famous by this work of his old age, sent forth other pretended biographies, partly founded on fact, "Mrs. Duncan Campbell" and "The Memoirs of a Cavalier." "Captain Singleton" is the story of a buccaneer, with an account of a journey across Africa. After this Defoe seems to have been led by the success of "Gil Blas," which had just appeared, to depict the coarser adventures of English rogues and harlots, "Captain Jack," "Moll Flanders," and "Roxana, the Fortunate Mistress." Though the realism of these stories has been praised by critics, the world has been content to let them sink into merited oblivion. "The History of the Plague" (1722) shows again Defoe's

ability to make imaginary scenes real by abundance of well-contrived details. Among his other works, "Religious Courtship" and "The History of the Devil," republished at various times, exhibit the author's religious views.

Defoe, like Bunyan, wrote one famous work without winning the world's regard. He was despised by the critics of his time, and was satirized by Pope in the "Dunciad." His plain, direct style, with frequent colloquialisms, his fondness for unimportant details and carelessness about plot, caused him to be unduly depreciated. His polemical attitude as a Dissenter, his party spirit, and his deficiency in a fine sense of honor tended to this result. In the present age, when realism has again revived, the literary genius of Defoe is candidly acknowledged, while regret is felt that so much of his true power was wasted on transient or unworthy themes.

The Foot-Print in the Sand.

It happened one day about noon, going towards my boat, I was exceedingly surprised with the print of a man's naked foot on the shore, which was very plain to be seen in the sand: I stood like one thunderstruck, or as if I had seen an apparition; I listened, I looked round me, I could hear nothing, nor see anything; I went up to a rising ground to look farther; I went up the shore and down the shore, but it was all one; I could see no other impression but that one. I went to it again to see if there were any more, and to observe if it might not be my fancy; but there was no room for that, for there was exactly the very print of a foot, toes, heel and every part of a foot; how it came thither I knew not, nor could in the least imagine. But after innumerable fluttering thoughts, like a man perfectly confused and out of myself, I came home to my fortification, not feeling, as we say, the ground I went on, but terrified to the last degree, looking behind me at every two or three steps, mistaking every bush and tree, and fancying every stump at a distance to be a man; nor is it possible to describe how many various shapes an affrighted imagination represented things to me in; how many wild ideas were formed every moment in my fancy, and what strange unaccountable whimsies came into my thoughts by the way.

When I came to my castle, for so I think I called it ever after this, I fled into it like one pursued; whether I went over by the ladder, as first contrived, or went in at the hole in the rock, which I called a door, I cannot remember: for never frighted hare fled to cover, or fox to earth, with more terror of mind than I to this retreat.

I had no sleep that night; the farther I was from the occasion of my fright, the greater my apprehensions were; which is something contrary to the nature of such things, and especially to the usual practice of all creatures in fear. But I was so embarrassed with my own frightful ideas of the thing, that I formed nothing but dismal imaginations to myself, even though I was now a great way off it. Sometimes I fancied it must be the devil; and reason joined with me upon this supposition; for how should any other thing in human shape come into the place? Where was the vessel that brought them? What marks were there of any other footsteps? and how was it possible a man should come there? But then to think that Satan should take human shape upon him in such a place, where there could be no manner of occasion for it, but to leave the print of his foot behind him, and that even for no purpose too (for he could not be sure I should see it); this was an amazement the other way. I considered that the devil might have found out abundance of other ways to have terrified me, than this of the single print of a foot; that as I lived quite on the other side of the island, he would never have been so simple to leave a mark in a place where it was ten thousand to one whether I should ever see it or not; and in the sand too, which the first surge of the sea upon a high wind would have defaced entirely. All this seemed inconsistent with the thing itself, and with all notions we usually entertain of the subtlety of the devil.

Abundance of such things as these assisted to argue me out of all apprehensions of its being the devil; and I presently concluded then, that it must be some more dangerous creature, viz., that it must be some of the savages of the mainland over against me, who had wandered out to sea in their canoes; and, either driven by the currents, or by contrary winds, had made the island; and had been on shore, but were gone away

again to sea, being as loath, perhaps, to have stayed in this desolate island, as I would have been to have had them.

While these reflections were rolling upon my mind, I was very thankful in my thought, that I was so happy as not to be thereabouts at that time, or that they did not see my boat, by which they would have concluded that some inhabitants had been in the place, and, perhaps, have searched further for me. Then terrible thoughts racked my imaginations about their having found my boat, and that there were people here; and that, if so, I should certainly have them come again in greater numbers, and devour me; that, if it should happen so that they should not find me, yet they would find my inclosure, destroy all my corn, carry away all my stock of tame goats, and I should perish at last for mere want.

How strange a chequer-work of Providence is the life of man! and by what secret differing springs are the affections hurried about, as differing circumstances present! To-day we love what to-morrow we hate; to-day we seek what to-morrow we shun; to-day we desire what to-morrow we fear, nay, even tremble at the apprehensions of. This was exemplified in me at this time in the most lively manner imaginable; for I, whose only affliction was, that I seemed banished from human society; that I was alone, circumscribed by the boundless ocean, cut off from mankind, and condemned to what I call a silent life; that I was as one whom Heaven thought not worthy to be numbered among the living, or to appear among the rest of his creatures; that to have seen one of my own species would have seemed to me a raising me from death to life, and the greatest blessing that Heaven itself, next to the supreme blessing of salvation, could bestow; I say, that I should now tremble at the very apprehension of seeing a man, and was ready to sink into the ground at but the shadow or silent appearance of a man's having set his foot on the island.

Crusoe and Friday.

About a year and a half after I had entertained these notions, and by long musing had, as it were, resolved them all into nothing, I was surprised one morning early with seeing no less than five canoes all on shore together, on my side the

island, and the people who belonged to them all landed and out of my sight. The number of them broke all my measures; for seeing so many, and knowing that they always came four or six or sometimes more in a boat, I could not tell what to think of it, or how to take my measures, to attack twenty or thirty men single-handed; so I lay still in my castle, perplexed and discomforted; however, I put myself into all the same postures for an attack that I had formerly provided, and was just ready for action, if anything had presented itself, having waited a good while listening to hear if they made any noise. At length, being very impatient, I set my guns at the foot of my ladder, and clambered up to the top of the hill by my two stages as usual; standing so, however, that my head did not appear above the hill: so that they could not perceive me by any means. Here I observed, by the help of my perspective glass, that there were no less than thirty in number, that they had a fire kindled, and that they had meat dressed; how they cooked it, that I knew not, or what it was; but they were all dancing in I know not how many barbarous gestures and figures, their own way, round the fire.

When I was thus looking on them, I perceived by my perspective two miserable wretches dragged from the boats, where it seems they were laid by, and were now brought out for the slaughter. I perceived one of them immediately fall, being knocked down, I suppose, with a club or wooden sword, for that was their way; and two or three others were at work immediately, cutting him open for their cookery, while the other victim was left standing by himself till they should be ready for him. In that very moment, this poor wretch seeing himself a little at liberty, nature inspired him with hopes of life, and he started away from them, and ran along the sand, with incredible swiftness directly towards me; I mean towards that part of the coast where my habitation was.

I was dreadfully frighted (that I must acknowledge) when I perceived him to run my way; and especially when, as I thought, I saw him pursued by the whole body. There was between them and my castle the creek, which I mentioned often at the first part of my story, when I landed my cargoes out of the ship; and this I knew he must necessarily swim

over, or the poor wretch would be taken there; but when the savage escaping came thither, he made nothing of it, though the tide was then up; but plunging in, swam through in about thirty strokes or thereabouts, landed, and ran on with exceeding strength and swiftness. When the three pursuers came to the creek, I found that two of them could swim, but the third could not, and that he, standing on the other side, looked at the others, but went no farther, and soon after went softly back again; which, as it happened, was very well for him in the main.

I observed that the two who swam were yet more than twice as long swimming over the creek than the fellow was that fled from them; it came now very warmly upon my thoughts, and indeed irresistibly, that now was my time to get me a servant, and perhaps a companion or assistant, and that I was called plainly by Providence to save this poor creature's life. I immediately got down the ladder with all possible expedition, fetched my two guns, for they were both at the foot of the ladder, as I observed above; and getting up again with the same haste to the top of the hill, I crossed towards the sea; and, having a very short cut, and all down hill, clapped myself in the way between the pursuers and the pursued, hallooing aloud to him that fled, who, looking back, was at first perhaps as much frightened at me as at them; but I beckoned with my hand to him to come back; and in the meantime I slowly advanced towards the two that followed; then rushing at once upon the foremost, I knocked him down with the stock of my piece: I was loath to fire, because I would not have the rest hear; though at that distance it would not have been easily heard; and being out of sight of the smoke too, they would not have easily known what to make of it. Having knocked this fellow down, the other who pursued him stopped, as if he had been frightened, and I advanced a pace towards him; but as I came nearer, I perceived presently he had a bow and arrow, and was fitting it to shoot at me; so I was then necessitated to shoot at him first, which I did, and killed him at the first shot. The poor savage who fled, but had stopped, though he saw both his enemies fallen and killed (as he thought), yet was so frighted

with the fire and noise of my piece, that he stood stock-still, and neither came forward nor went backward, though he seemed rather inclined to fly still than to come on. I hallooed again to him and made signs to come forward, which he easily understood, and came a little way, then stopped again, and then a little farther, and then stopped again; and I could then perceive that he stood trembling, as if he had been taken prisoner, and had just been to be killed, as his two ene-

mies were. I beckoned him again to come to me, and gave him all the signs of encouragement that I could think of; and he came nearer and nearer, kneeling down every ten or twelve steps, in token of acknowledgment for saving his life. I smiled at him and looked pleasantly, and beckoned to him to come still nearer. At length he came close to me, and then he kneeled down again, kissed the ground, and laid his head upon the ground, and taking me by the foot, set my foot upon his head: this, it seems, was in token of swearing to be my

slave forever. I took him up, and made much of him, and encouraged him all I could. But there was more work to do yet; for I perceived the savage whom I knocked down was not killed, but stunned with the blow, and began to come to himself; so I pointed to him, and showed him the savage, that he was not dead; upon this he spoke some words to me, and though I could not understand them, yet I thought they were pleasant to hear, for they were the first sound of a man's voice that I had heard (my own excepted) for above five-and-twenty years: but there was no time for such reflections now: the savage who was knocked down recovered himself so far as to sit up upon the ground; and I perceived that my savage began to be afraid; but when I saw that, I presented my other piece at the man, as if I would shoot him; upon this my savage, for so I call him now, made a motion to me to lend him my sword, which hung naked in a belt by my side; so I did: he no sooner had it but he runs to his enemy, and at one blow cut off his head so cleverly, no executioner in Germany could have done it sooner or better; which I thought it very strange for one who, I had reason to believe, never saw a sword in his life before, except their own wooden swords; however, it seems, as I learned afterwards, they made their wooden swords so sharp, so heavy, and the wood is so hard, that they will cut off heads even with them, ay, and arms, and that at one blow, too. When he had done this, he comes laughing to me in sign of triumph, and brought me the sword again; and with abundance of gestures, which I did not understand, laid it down, with the head of the savage that he had killed just before me.

But that which astonished him most was, to know how I had killed the other Indian so far off: so pointing to him, he made signs to me to let him go to him: so I bade him go as well as I could. When he came to him he stood like one amazed, looking at him; turning him first on one side, then on the other; looked at the wound the bullet had made, which, it seems, was just in his breast, where it had made a hole, and no great quantity of blood had followed; but he had bled inwardly, for he was quite dead. Then he took up his bow and arrows and came back: so I turned to go away, and beck-

oned to him to follow me, making signs to him, that more might come after them.

Upon this he signified to me, that he should bury them with sand, that they might not be seen by the rest, if they followed; and so I made signs again to him to do so. He fell to work, and in an instant he had scraped a hole in the sand with his hands big enough to bury the first in, and then dragged him into it and covered him; and did so also by the other. I believe he had buried them both in a quarter of an hour. Then calling him away, I carried him, not to my castle, but quite away to my cave, on the farther part of the island. Here I gave him bread and a bunch of raisins to eat, and a draught of water, which I found he was indeed in great distress for by his running; and having refreshed himself, I made signs for him to go lie down and sleep, pointing to a place where I had laid a great parcel of rice straw, and a blanket upon it, which I used to sleep upon myself sometimes; so the poor creature lay down and went to sleep.

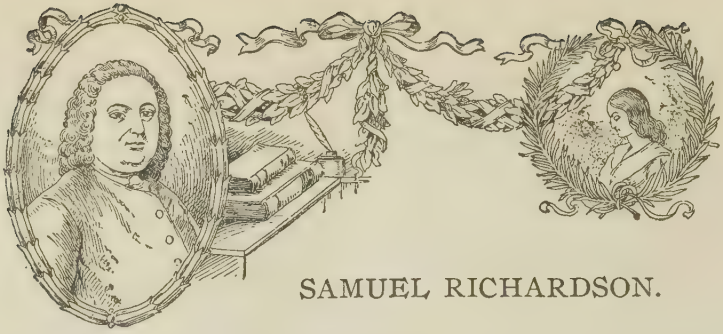
He was a comely, handsome fellow, perfectly well-made, with straight long limbs, not too large, tall and well-shaped; and, as I reckon, about twenty-six years of age. He had a very good countenance, not a fierce and surly aspect, but seemed to have something very manly in his face, and yet he had all the sweetness and softness of an European in his countenance, too, especially when he smiled; his hair was long and black, not curled like wool; his forehead very high and large, and a great vivacity and sparkling sharpness in his eyes. The color of his skin was not quite black, but very tawny, and yet not of an ugly, yellow, nauseous tawny, as the Brazilians and Virginians, and other natives of America are, but of a bright kind of a dun olive color, that had something in it very agreeable, though not very easy to describe. His face was round and plump, his nose small, not flat like the Negroes; a very good mouth, thin lips, and his teeth fine, well set, and white as ivory. After he had slumbered rather than slept about half an hour, he waked again, and comes out of the cave to me, for I had been milking my goats, which I had in the inclosure just by. When he espied me, he came running to me, laying himself down again upon the ground,

with all the possible signs of an humble thankful disposition, making many antic gestures to show it. At last he lays his head flat upon the ground, close to my foot, and sets my other foot upon his head, as he had done before; and after this, made all the signs to me of subjection, servitude and submission imaginable, to let me know how much he would serve me as long as he lived. I understood him in many things, and let him know I was very well pleased with him. In a little time I began to speak to him, and teach him to speak to me; at first I made him know his name should be Friday, which was the day I saved his life, and I called him so in memory of the time. I likewise taught him to say, "Master," and then let him know that was to be my name; I likewise taught him to say Yes and No, and to know the meaning of them; I gave him some milk in an earthen pot, and let him see me drink it before him, and sop my bread in it, and I gave him a cake of bread to do the like, which he quickly complied with, and made signs that it was very good for him.

The Devil's Chapel.

Among Defoe's two hundred publications of all sorts were some in verse. Though he had no poetical gift, his rugged rhymes show vigor. His satire, "The True-born Englishman," in which he ridicules English pride of birth, opens with the following quatrain.

Wherever God erects a house of prayer,
The Devil always builds a chapel there;
And 'twill be found, upon examination,
The latter has the larger congregation.



SAMUEL RICHARDSON.

Apart from his literary achievement the life of Samuel Richardson is almost exactly outlined in his contemporary Hogarth's pictures of the "Industrious Apprentice." Born in Derbyshire in 1689, and early apprenticed to a printer, he was successively journeyman, master-printer, master of the Stationers' Company, and finally printer to the king. From his establishment were issued books and newspapers, and for twenty-six years the journals of the House of Commons.

The literary work which has given him fame was but an accidental outgrowth of this prosperous tradesman's career; yet for it he had been well equipped and drilled. In boyhood his talent for letter-writing caused him to be employed as amanuensis by the girls of the neighborhood. While building up his business he had practice in writing prefaces and advertisements. At the mature age of fifty, he was requested by some booksellers to prepare a volume of familiar letters as a guide for country readers who might be unable to indite such for themselves. Richardson, always practical and moral, suggested that such readers should also be instructed how to think and act in affairs of life. Still better, he interested all classes by making the letters tell a story. The prolix title-page of the book is a literary curiosity: "Pamela; or Virtue Rewarded. In a series of familiar letters from a beautiful young damsel to her parents. Published in order to cultivate the principles of virtue and religion in the mind of youth of both sexes. A narrative which has its foundation in truth, and at the same time that it agreeably entertains by a variety of curious and affecting incidents, entirely divested of all those images which, in too many pieces, calculated for amusement only, tend to inflame the minds they should instruct." This

sermonizing advertisement was designed for the moral middle classes, and the book was widely welcomed. The inheritors of Puritan ideas saw literature taking a place on their side. Yet the book once commended from the pulpit would now, in parts, be offensive to public taste. Keen critics go even further in condemning the morality advocated by the story. Pamela, a fair young servant, successfully resists the persistent attempts of her master to seduce her, and is rewarded by being married to him. The letters were spun out to fill eight volumes, but the author's literary skill and knowledge of the human heart preserve the interest to the end. Yet amid the general chorus of praise, which greeted the author on its accomplishment, there were some discordant voices; and the gay Henry Fielding amused the world with a striking parody, in which Pamela's brother, Joseph Andrews, a footman, resisted the temptations of a too fond mistress, and is finally promoted to be her husband.

Richardson, however vexed by the ridicule, was not moved from his chosen way, but achieved a new success in his "Clarissa; or the History of a Young Lady." In this story, also told in letters by the principal characters to their confidants, the faithful struggles of the virtuous Clarissa Harlowe are overcome by the vile machinations of an accomplished rake, Robert Lovelace. The work was extended to seven volumes, and ends with the death of both characters. Finally, Richardson undertook to depict a virtuous hero, still using the method of telling his story in letters. The result was "The History of Sir Charles Grandison," a novel still longer than the former ones, but having more action and plot. The scene is partly in Italy as well as in England, and Grandison, a paragon of manly virtue, attracts the regard of several ladies, the chief being Harriet Byron and the passionate Italian, Clementina. Though the character of Grandison is overdrawn, it was but an idealization of the sentimental and ceremonious Richardson himself, when in his later years he was constantly surrounded by adoring ladies. He died in 1761.

What is now the chief fault of his novels—their excessive length—was in his time, when books were few and precious,

one of their attractions. His mind was slow and methodical, and his stories, in spite of their length, moved with regularity, and preserved the plot to the end. His great genius lay in expressing the feelings of women, and from them he received unstinted praise.

The Death of Clarissa Harlowe.

The beautiful but unfortunate Clarissa, basely betrayed by the elegant scoundrel Lovelace, yet died forgiving him.

(Mr. Belford to Robert Lovelace, Esq.)

Thursday night.

I may as well try to write; since, were I to go to bed, I shall not sleep. I never had such a weight of grief upon my mind in my life, as upon the demise of this admirable woman; whose soul is now rejoicing in the regions of light. You may be glad to know the particulars of her happy exit. I will try to proceed; for all is hush and still; the family retired; but not one of them, and least of all her poor cousin, I dare say, to rest. At four o'clock, as I mentioned in my last, I was sent down for; and as thou usedst to like my descriptions, I will give thee the woful scene that presented itself to me as I approached the bed. The Colonel was the first that took my attention, kneeling on the side of the bed, the lady's right hand in both his, which his face covered, bathing it with his tears; although she had been comforting him, as the women since told me, in elevated strains, but broken accents.

On the other side of the bed sat the good widow; her face overwhelmed with tears, leaning her head against the bed's head in a most disconsolate manner; and turning her face to me, as soon as she saw me—O Mr. Belford! cried she, with folded hands—the dear lady—a heavy sob permitted her not to say more. Mrs. Smith, with clasped fingers and uplifted eyes, as if imploring help from the only power which could give it, was kneeling down at the bed's foot, tears in large drops trickling down her cheeks. Her nurse was kneeling between the widow and Mrs. Smith, her arms extended. In one hand she held an ineffectual cordial which she had just been offering her dying mistress; her face was swollen with

weeping (though used to such scenes as this); and she turned her eyes towards me, as if she called upon me by them to join in the helpless sorrow; a fresh stream bursting from them as I approached the bed.

The maid of the house with her face upon her folded arms, as she stood leaning against the wainscot, more audibly expressed her grief than any of the others. The lady had been silent a few minutes, and speechless, as they thought, moving her lips without uttering a word; one hand, as I said, in her cousin's. But when Mrs Lovick, on my approach, pronounced my name—O Mr. Belford, said she, with a faint inward voice, but very distinct nevertheless—Now!—Now—(in broken periods she spoke)—I bless God for His mercies to His poor creature—all will soon be over—a few—a very few moments—will end the strife—and I shall be happy! Comfort here, sir (turning her head to the Colonel)—comfort my cousin—see! the blamable kindness—he would not wish me to be happy—so soon! Here she stopped for two or three minutes, earnestly looking upon him. Then resuming—My dearest cousin, said she, be comforted—what is dying but the common lot?—The mortal frame may seem to labor—but that is all!—It is not so hard to die as I believed it to be!—The preparation is the difficulty—I bless God I have had time for that—the rest is worse to beholders than to me!—I am all blessed hope—hope itself. She looked what she said, a sweet smile beaming over her countenance.

After a short silence—Once more, my dear cousin, said she, but still in broken accents, commend me most dutifully to my father and mother.—There she stopped; and then proceeding—To my sister, to my brother, to my uncles—and tell them, I bless them with my parting breath—for all their goodness to me—even for their displeasure, I bless them—most happy has been to me my punishment here! Happy indeed! She was silent for a few moments, lifting up her eyes, and the hand her cousin held not between his. Then O death! said she, where is thy sting? (the words I remember to have heard in the burial-service read over my uncle and poor Belton.) And after a pause—It is good for me that I was afflicted! Words of Scripture, I suppose. Then turning

towards us, who were lost in speechless sorrow—O dear, dear gentlemen, said she, you know not what foretastes—what assurances—and there she again stopped, and looked up as if in a thankful rapture, sweetly smiling.

Then turning her head towards me—Do you, sir, tell your friend that I forgive him! And I pray to God to forgive him! Again pausing, and lifting up her eyes, as if praying that he would. Let him know how happily I die:—and that, such as my own, I wish to be his last hour. She was again silent a few moments: and then resuming—My sight fails me!—Your voices only—(for we both applauded her Christian, her divine frame, though in accents as broken as her own) and the voice of grief is alike in all. Is not this Mr. Morden's hand? pressing one of his with that he had just let go—Which is Mr. Belford's? holding out the other. I gave her mine. God Almighty bless you both, said she, and make you both—in your last hour—for you must come to this—happy as I am.

She paused again, her breath growing shorter; and after a few minutes—And now, my dearest cousin, give me your hand—nearer—still nearer—drawing it towards her; and she pressed it with her dying lips—God protect you, dear, dear sir, and once more receive my best and most grateful thanks—and tell my dear Miss Howe, and vouchsafe to see and to tell my worthy Norton—she will be one day, I fear not, though now lowly in her fortunes, a saint in heaven—tell them both that I remember them with thankful blessings in my last moments! And pray God to give them happiness here for many, many years for the sake of their friends and lovers; and a heavenly crown hereafter; and such assurance of it, as I have, through the all-satisfying merits of our blessed Redeemer.

Her sweet voice and broken periods methinks still fill my ears, and never will be out of my memory. After a short silence, in a more broken and faint accent—And you, Mr. Belford, pressing my hand, may God preserve you, and make you sensible of all your errors—you see, in me, how all ends—may you be—and down sank her head upon her pillow, she fainting away and drawing from us her hands. We thought

she was then gone; and each gave way to a violent burst of grief. But soon showing signs of returning life, our attention was again engaged; and I besought her, when a little recovered, to complete in my favor her half-pronounced blessing. She waved her hand to us both, and bowed her head six times, as we have since recollected, as if distinguishing every person present; not forgetting the nurse and the maid-servant; the latter having approached the bed weeping, as if crowding in for the divine lady's last blessing; and she spake faltering and inwardly—Bless—bless—bless—you all—and—now—and now—(holding up her almost lifeless hands for the last time) come—O come—Blessed Lord JESUS! And with these words, the last but half-pronounced, expired:—such a smile, such a charming serenity overspreading her sweet face at the instant, as seemed to manifest her eternal happiness already begun. O Lovelace!—But I can write no more!

GRANDISON AND CLEMENTINA.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, travelling in Italy when a young man, was admitted to the friendship of a noble family. The daughter Clementina fell in love with him, but the difference of religion proved an insuperable barrier to their marriage. Clementina sank into melancholy, and Grandison returned to England. He was recalled by the lady's parents in the hope of restoring her to sanity. The following is his account of their interview in her mother's presence.

Clementina at our entrance was sitting at the window, a book in her hand. She stood up. A great, but solemn composure appeared in her air and aspect. The marchioness went to the window, holding her handkerchief at her eyes. I approached with profound respect her Clementina; but my heart was too full to speak first—she could speak. She did, without hesitation—

"You are nothing to me now, chevalier; you have refused me, you know; and I thank you: you are in the right, I believe. I am a very proud creature. And you saw what trouble I gave to the best of parents and friends. You are certainly in the right. She that can give so much concern to them, must make any man afraid of her. But religion, it seems, is your pretence. Now I am sorry that you are an

obstinate man. You know better, chevalier. I think you should know better. But you have been my tutor. Shall I be yours?"

"I shall attend to every instruction that you will honor me with."

"But let me, sir, comfort my mamma."

She went to her and kneeled: "Why weeps my mamma?" taking a hand in each of hers, and kissing first one, then the other. "Be comforted, my mamma. You see I am quite well. You see I am sedate.—Bless your Clementina!"

"God bless my child!"

She arose from her knees; and stepping towards me—"You are very silent, sir; and very sad.—But I don't want you to be sad.—Silent I will allow you to be; because the tutored should be all ear. So I used to be to you."

She then turned her face from me, putting her hand to her forehead—"I had a great deal to say to you; but I have forgot it all—Why do you look so melancholy, chevalier? You know your own mind, and you did what you thought just and fit—Did you not? Tell me, sir."

Then turning to her weeping mother—"The poor chevalier cannot speak, Madam.—Yet had nobody to bid him do this, or bid him do that—He is sorry, to be sure!—Well, but, sir," talking to me, "Don't be sorry.—And yet the man who once refused me—Ah, chevalier! I thought that was very cruel of you: but I soon got over it. You see how sedate I am now. Cannot you be as sedate as I am?"

What could I say? I could not soothe her: she boasted of her sedateness. I could not argue with her. Could I have been hers, could my compromise have been allowed of, I could have been unreserved in my declarations. Was ever man so unhappily circumstanced?—Why did not the family forbid me to come near them? Why did not my Jeronymo renounce friendship with me? Why did this excellent mother bind me to her, by the sweet ties of kindness and esteem, engaging all my reverence and gratitude?

"But let me ask you, chevalier, how could you be so unreasonable as to expect, that I should change my religion, when you were so very tenacious of yours? Were you not

very unreasonable to expect this?—Upon my word, I believe you men think it is no matter for us women to have any consciences, so as we do but study your wills, and do our duty by you. Men look upon themselves as gods of the earth, and on us women but as their ministering servants? But I did not expect that you would be so unreasonable. You used to speak highly of our sex. Good women, you used to say, were angels. And many a time have you made me proud that I was a woman. How could you, chevalier, be so unreasonable?"

"May I, Madam," to her mother, "acquaint her with the proposals I made?—She seems to think, that I insisted upon her change of religion."

"It was not designed she should think so: but I remember now, that she would not let me tell all I had to say, when I was making my report to her of what had passed between the bishop and you. It was enough, she said, that she had been refused; she besought me to spare the rest: and since that, she has not been in such a way that we could talk to her on that part of the subject. We took it for granted, that she knew it all, because we did. Could we have yielded to your proposals, we should have enforced them upon her.—If you acquaint her with what you had proposed, it may make her think she has not been despised, as she calls it; the notion of which changed her temper, from over-thoughtful to over-lively."

"No need of speaking low to each other," said the young lady. "After your slight, sir, you may let me hear anything. Madam! you see how sedate I am. I have quite overcome myself. Don't be afraid of saying anything before me."

"Slight, my dearest Lady Clementina! Heaven is my witness, your honored mamma is my witness, that I have not slighted you!—The conditions I had proposed, could they have been complied with, would have made me the happiest of men!"

"Yes, and me the unhappiest of women. Why you refused me, did you not?" And putting both her hands spread before her face; "Don't let it be told abroad, that a daughter of that best of mothers was refused by any man less than a prince!—

Fie upon that daughter! to be able to stand before the proud refuser!" (She walked from me.) "I am ashamed of myself!—O Mrs. Beaumont! but for you!—My secret had been buried here," putting one hand on her bosom, holding still the other before her face.—"But, sir, sir," coming towards me, "don't speak! Let me have all my talk out—and then—everlasting silence be my portion!"

How her mother wept! How was I affected

"I had a great deal to say to you, I thought: I wanted to convince you of your errors. I wanted no favor of you, sir: mine was a pure, disinterested esteem. A voice from Heaven, I thought, bid me convert you. I was setting out to convert you. I should have been enabled to do it, I doubt not: "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings;" do you remember that text, sir?—Could I have gone, when I would have gone—I had it all in my head then—But now I have lost it—O that impertinent Camilla!—She must question me—The woman addressed me in a quite frantic way. She was vexed to see me so sedate."

I was going to speak—"Hush, hush, when I bid you!" and she put her hand before my mouth. With both my hands I held it there for a moment and kissed it.

"Ah, chevalier!" said she, not withdrawing it," I believe you are a flattering man! How can you, to a poor despised girl!"

"Let me now speak, Madam—Use not a word that I cannot repeat after you. Let me beg of you to hear the proposals I made—"

I mentioned them; and added, "Heaven only knows the anguish of my soul."—"Hush," said she, interrupting, and turning to her mother, "I know nothing of these men, Madam! Do you think, my mamma, I may believe him? He looks as if one might!—Do you think I may believe him?"

Her mother was silent, through grief.

"Ah, sir! my mamma, though she is not your enemy, cannot vouch for you! But I will have you bound by your own hand." She stepped to her closet in a hurry and brought out pen, ink and paper.—"Come, sir, you must not play tricks with me. Give me under your hand what you have now said—But I will write it, and you shall sign it."

She wrote in an instant, as follows:

"The Chevalier Grandison solemnly declares, that he did, in the most earnest manner, of his own accord, propose, that he would allow a certain young creature, if she might be allowed to be his wife, the free use of her religion; and to have a discreet man, at her choice, for her confessor: and that he would never oblige her to go to England with him; and that he would live in Italy with her every other year."

"Will you sign this, sir?" "Most willingly." "Do then." I did.

"And you did propose this?—Did he, Madam?"

"My dear, he did. And I would have told you so; but that you were affected at his supposed refusal."

"Why, to be sure, Madam," interrupted she, "it was a shocking thing to be refused."

"Would you have wished us, my dear, to comply with these terms? Would you have chosen to marry a Protestant? A daughter of the house of Porretta, and of the house I sprang from, to marry an English Protestant?"

Clementina took her mother aside, but spoke loud enough to be heard. "Madam, that would have been wrong: but I am glad I was not refused with contempt; that my tutor and the preserver of my Jeronymo did not despise me. To say truth, I was afraid he liked Olivia, and so made a pretence."

"Don't you think, my dear, that you would have run too great a hazard of your own faith, had you complied with the chevalier's proposals?"

"Why no, surely, Madam!—Might I not have had as great a chance of converting him, as he could have had of perverting me? I glory in my religion, Madam."

"So does he, my love, in his."

"That is his fault, Madam.—Chevalier," stepping towards me, "I think you a very obstinate man. I hope you have not heard our discourse."

"Yes, my dear, he has: and I desire not but he should."

"Would to God, Madam," said I to the marchioness, "that I had yours and my lord's interest! From what the dear Lady Clementina has hinted, I might presume—"

"But, sir, you are mistaken, perhaps," said the young

lady. "Though I answer for answering's sake, and to show that I have no doubt of my steadfastness in an article in which my soul is concerned; yet that is no proof of my attachment to an obstinate—I know what!"—Heretic was, no doubt, in her head.

I took her mother aside: "For God's sake, Madam, encourage my presumptuous hopes. Do you not observe already an alteration in the dear lady's mind? Is she not more unaffectedly sedate than she was before? Is not her mind quieter, now she knows that everything was yielded up that honor and conscience would permit to be yielded up? See that sweet serenity almost restored to those eyes, that within these few moments had a wilder turn!"

"Ah, chevalier! this depends not on me. And if it did, I cannot allow of my daughter's marrying a man so bigoted to his errors. Excuse me, sir! But if you were more indifferent in your religion, I should have more hopes of you, and less objection."

"If, Madam, I could be indifferent in my religion, the temptation would have been too great to be resisted. Lady Clementina, and an alliance with such a family—"

"Ah, chevalier! I can give you no hope."

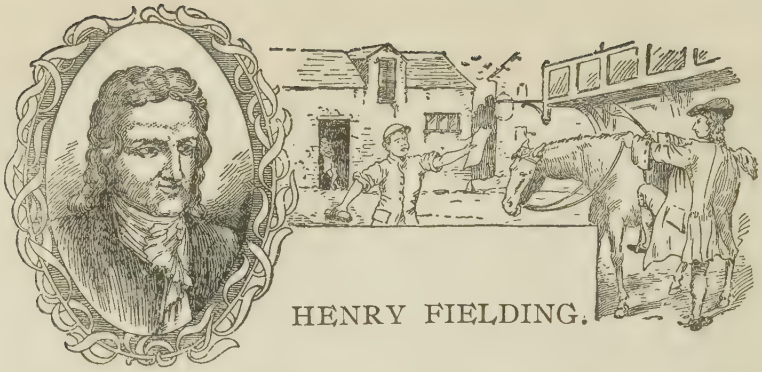
"Look at the sweet lady, Madam! Behold her, as now, perhaps, balancing in my favor! Think of what she was, the joy of every heart; and what she may be! Which, whatever becomes of me, Heaven avert!—And shall not the noble Clementina have her mother for her advocate? God is my witness, that your Clementina's happiness is, more than my own, the object of my vows. Once more, for your Clementina's sake, (What, alas, is my sake to that?) on my knee, let me request your interest: that, joined to my Jeronymo's, and if the dear lady recede not, if she blast not these budding hopes, will, I doubt not, succeed."

The young lady ran to me, and offering to help me up with both her hands, "Rise, chevalier!—Shall I raise the chevalier, Madam?—I don't love to see him kneel. Poor chevalier!—See his tears!—What is the matter with everybody? Why do you weep?—My mamma weeps too!—What ails everybody?"

"Rise, chevalier," said the marchioness. "O this sweet prattler!—She will burst my heart asunder!—You cannot, sir, prevail (I cannot wish that you should), but upon our own terms. And will not this sweet soul move you?—Hard-hearted Gandison!"

"What a fate is mine!" rising: "with a soul penetrated by the disorder of this most excellent of women, and by the distress given by it to a family, every single person of which I both love and reverence, to be called hard-hearted! What is it I desire, but that I may not renounce a religion in which my conscience is satisfied, and be obliged to embrace for it, one, about which, though I can love and honor every worthy member of it, I have scruples more than scruples, that my heart can justify and my reason defend?—You have not, Madam, yourself, with a heart all mother and friend, a deeper affliction than mine."

Clementina, all this time, looked with great earnestness, now on me, now on her weeping mother.—And at last, breaking silence (her mother could not speak), and taking her hand and kissing it, "I don't," said she, "comprehend the reason of all this. This house is not the house it was: who, but I, is the same person in it? My father is not the same. My brothers neither: my mamma never has a dry eye, I think; but I don't weep. I am to be the comforter of you all! And I will. Don't weep! Why now you weep the more for my comfortings!—O, my mamma! what would you say to your girl, if she refuse comfort?" Then kneeling down, and kissing her hand with eagerness, "I beseech you, my dear mamma, I beseech you, be comforted; or lend me some of your tears.—What ails me that I cannot weep for you?—But," turning to me, "see, the chevalier weeps, too!" —Then rising, and coming to me, her hand pressing my arm— "Don't weep, chevalier, my tutor, my friend, my brother's preserver! What ails you?—Be comforted!"—Then taking her handkerchief out of her pocket with one hand, still pressing my arm with the other, and putting it to her eyes, and looking upon it—"No! I thought I could have wept for you! —But why is all this?—You see what an example I, a silly girl, can set you."



HENRY FIELDING.

By common consent of the greater English novelists Fielding heads the list in point of time and characteristic English genius. He first showed them how to construct a workable plot, how to delineate actual life in its humorous aspect, and combine with the play of rich wit the practical lessons of every-day worldly wisdom. That he failed to present an ideal standard cannot fairly be set against the merits of his books as masterpieces in this department of art. "The father of the English novel," as he was styled by Sir Walter Scott, was born in 1707, the offspring of a noble ancestry. After leaving his university, that of Leyden, Fielding gave up the serious study of law for the precarious life of an author in London, and managed to get a score or more of his farcical plays performed during the first ten years of his career. Several of these were adaptations from Molière. He made no pretence of being a moralist in either his life or writings, though, while painting vice too realistically, he refrained from gilding it. Many influential friends were ready to be his patrons, yet he satirized their political corruption, reckless of his own interests. At twenty-nine he married an heiress, but soon squandered her fortune and returned to his happy-go-lucky drudgery in London.

With a comrade he started the *Champion*, a journal on the model of the *Tatler*, in which are a number of sketches and moralizings afterwards worked into his novels. Difficulties, literary and pecuniary, induced Fielding to turn to legal work in 1740, but the success of Richardson's "Pamela" moved him to write a parody of its calculating sentimentality. This was the famous novel "Joseph Andrews," issued

in 1742. In his preface (which no student of this period of English literature should omit to read) he claims to have originated a new class of writing, that of the comic prose epic, and is proud of following in the wake of Cervantes. The book was a great success, though it did not rescue him from his sore struggle with poverty, aggravated by his wife's illness and speedy death. During this year he wrote "Jonathan Wild," a remarkable satire on social hypocrisy. The next few years were largely occupied in composing his principal work, "The History of Tom Jones, a Foundling," which appeared in 1749. As a comedy of real life cleverly planned and carried out with wonderful spirit, glowing with hearty fun, humor and wit, often coarse but true to the time, this story is likely to hold the place given to it by Macaulay and others as the best English novel. Taste has changed for the better, but in the essentials to faithful portrayal of human nature "Tom Jones" is very unlikely ever to be surpassed. Fielding was appointed to the magistracy, after projecting one or two journals in support of the Government, and exerted himself successfully in suppressing robbery. By 1751 he had published "Amelia," a novel scarcely inferior to "Tom Jones" in literary merit and of higher ethical tone. His constitution, worn out by riotous living and later poverty, was unequal to the judicial and journalistic work on which he depended. In 1753 he was several times tapped for dropsy, and in the summer of 1754 he went to Lisbon, where he died in October. Besides his novels and plays he published a number of miscellaneous writings, including "Essays on the Characters of Man," "A Journey from This World to the Next," and "A Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon."

Peter Pounce and Parson Adams.

(From "Joseph Andrews.")

Peter Pounce, being desirous of having some one to whom he might communicate his grandeur, told the parson he would convey him home in his chariot. This favor was, by Adams, with many bows and acknowledgments, accepted, though he afterwards said he ascended the chariot rather that he might not offend, than from any desire of riding in it, for

that in his heart he preferred the pedestrian even to the vehicular expedition.

The chariot had not proceeded far before Mr. Adams observed it was a very fine day.

"Aye, and a very fine country, too," answered Pounce.

"I should think so more," returned Adams, "if I had not lately traveled over the Downs, which I take to exceed this, and all other prospects in the universe."

"A fig for prospects," answered Pounce; "one acre here is worth ten there; for my part, I have no delight in the prospect of any land but my own."

"Sir," said Adams, "you can indulge yourself in many fine prospects of that kind."

"I thank God I have a little," replied the other, "with which I am content, and envy no man. I have a little, Mr. Adams, with which I do as much good as I can."

Adams answered, "That riches, without charity, were nothing worth; for that they were a blessing only to him who made them a blessing to others."

"You and I," said Peter, "have different notions of charity. I own, as it is generally used, I do not like the word, nor do I think it becomes one of us gentlemen; it is a mean, parson-like quality; though I would not infer that many parsons have it neither."

"Sir," said Adams, "my definition of charity is a generous disposition to relieve the distressed."

"There is something in that definition," answered Peter, "which I like well enough; it is, as you say, a disposition—and does not so much consist in the act as in the disposition to do it; but, alas! Mr. Adams, who are meant by the distressed? Believe me, the distresses of mankind are mostly imaginary, and it would be rather folly than goodness to relieve them."

"Sure, sir," replied Adams, "hunger and thirst, cold and nakedness, and other distresses which attend the poor, can never be said to be imaginary evils."

"How can any man complain of hunger," said Pounce, "in a country where such excellent salads are to be gathered almost in every field?—or of thirst, where every stream and

river produce such delicious potations?—and as for cold and nakedness, they are evils introduced by luxury and custom. A man naturally wants clothes no more than a horse or any other animal; and there are whole nations who go without them. But these are things, perhaps, which you, who do not know the world ——"

"You will pardon me, sir," returned Adams; "I have read of the *Gymnosophists*."

"A plague of your Jehosaphats," cried Peter; "the greatest fault in our constitution is the provision made for the poor, except that perhaps made for some others. Sir, I have not an estate which does not contribute almost as much again to the poor as to the land-tax; and I do assure you I expect myself to come to the parish in the end."

To which Adams giving a dissenting smile, Peter thus proceeded: "I fancy, Mr. Adams, you are one of those who imagine I am a lump of money; for there are many who I fancy believe that not only my pockets, but my whole clothes, are lined with bank bills; but, I assure you, you are all mistaken; I am not the man the world esteems me. If I can hold my head above water, it is all I can. I have injured myself by purchasing; I have been too liberal of my money. Indeed I fear my heir will find my affairs in a worse situation than they are reputed to be. Ah! he will have reason to wish I had loved money more and land less. Pray, my good neighbor, where should I have that quantity of money the world is so liberal to bestow on me? Where could I possibly, without I had stole it, acquire such a treasure?"

"Why truly," said Adams, "I have been always of your opinion; I have wondered, as well as yourself, with what confidence they could report such things of you, which have to me appeared as mere impossibilities; for you know, sir, and I have often heard you say it, that your wealth is of your own acquisition; and can it be credible that in your short time you should have amassed such a heap of treasure as these people will have you are worth? Indeed, had you inherited an estate like Sir Thomas Booby, which had descended in your family through many generations, they might have had a color for their assertions."

"Why, what do they say I am worth?" cries Peter, with a malicious sneer.

"Sir," answered Adams, "I have heard some aver you are not worth less than twenty thousand pounds." At which Peter frowned.

"Nay, sir," said Adams, "you ask me only the opinion of others; for my own part, I have always denied it, nor did I ever believe you could possibly be worth half that sum."

"However, Mr. Adams," said he, squeezing him by the hand, "I would not sell them all I am worth for double that sum; and as to what you believe, or they believe, I care not a fig. I am not poor, because you think me so, nor because you attempt to undervalue me in the country. I know the envy of mankind very well; but I thank Heaven I am above them. It is true, my wealth is of my own acquisition. I have not an estate like Sir Thomas Booby, that hath descended in my family through many generations; but I know heirs of such estates, who are forced to travel about the country, like some people in torn cassocks, and might be glad to accept of a pitiful curacy, for what I know; yes, sir, as shabby fellows as yourself, whom no man of my figure, without that vice of good-nature about him, would suffer to ride in a chariot with him."

"Sir," said Adams, "I value not your chariot of a rush; and if I had known you had intended to affront me, I would have walked to the world's end on foot, ere I would have accepted a place in it. However, sir, I will soon rid you of that inconvenience!" And so saying, he opened the chariot door, without calling to the coachman, and leaped out into the highway, forgetting to take his hat along with him; which, however, Mr. Pounce threw after him with great violence.

Squire Western and Sophia's Lovers.

(From "The History of Tom Jones.")

Mr. Western took care to waylay Blifil at his exit from his mistress. He found him so elevated with his success, so enamoured with his daughter, and so satisfied with her reception of him, that the old gentleman began to caper and

dance about his hall, and by many other antic actions, to express the extravagance of his joy; for he had not the least command over any of his passions; and that which had at any time the ascendant in his mind, hurried him to the wildest excesses.

As soon as Blifil was departed, which was not till after many hearty kisses and embraces bestowed on him by Western, the good squire went instantly in quest of his daughter, whom he no sooner found, than he poured forth the most extravagant raptures, bidding her choose what clothes and jewels she pleased; and declaring that he had no other use for fortune but to make her happy. He then caressed her again and again with the utmost profusion of fondness, called her by the most endearing names, and protested she was his only joy on earth.

Sophia, perceiving her father in this fit of affection, which she did not absolutely know the reason of (for fits of fondness were not unusual to him, though this was rather more violent than ordinary), thought she should never have a better opportunity of disclosing herself than at present, as far at least as regarded Mr. Blifil; and she too well foresaw the necessity which she should soon be under of coming to a full explanation. After having thanked the squire, therefore, for all his professions of kindness, she added, with a look full of inexpressible softness, "And is it possible my papa can be so good to place all his joy in his Sophia's happiness?" which Western having confirmed by a great oath, and a kiss, she then laid hold of his hand, and, falling on her knees, after many warm and passionate declarations of affection and duty, she begged him "not to make her the most miserable creature on earth, by forcing her to marry a man whom she detested. This I entreat of you, dear sir," said she, "for your sake, as well as my own, since you are so very kind to tell me your happiness depends on mine."—"How! what!" says Western, staring wildly. "O, sir!" continued she, "not only your poor Sophy's happiness, her very life, her being, depends upon your granting her request. I cannot live with Mr. Blifil. To force me into this marriage, would be killing me." —"You can't live with Mr. Blifil!" says Western. "No,

upon my soul I can't," answered Sophia. "Then die and be ———," cries he, spurning her from him. "Oh! sir," cries Sophia, catching hold of the skirt of his coat, "take pity on me, I beseech you. Don't look and say such cruel ——Can you be unmoved while you see your Sophy in this dreadful condition? Can the best of fathers break my heart? Will he kill me by the most painful, cruel, lingering death?" —"Pooh! pooh!" cries the squire; "all stuff and nonsense; all maidenish tricks. Kill you, indeed! Will marriage kill you?"—"Oh! sir," answered Sophia, "such a marriage is worse than death. He is not even indifferent; I hate and detest him."—"If you detest un never so much," cries Western, "you shall ha' un." This he bound by an oath too shocking to repeat; and, after many violent asseverations, concluded in these words: "I am resolved upon the match, and, unless you consent to it, I will not give you a groat, not a single farthing; no, though I saw you expiring with famine in the street, I would not relieve you with a morsel of bread. This is my fixed resolution, and so I leave you to consider on it." He then broke from her with such violence, that her face dashed against the floor; and he burst directly out of the room, leaving poor Sophia prostrate on the ground.

When Western came into the hall, he there found Jones; who, seeing his friend looking wild, pale, and, almost breathless, could not forbear inquiring the reason of all these melancholy appearances. Upon which the squire immediately acquainted him with the whole matter, concluding with bitter denunciations against Sophia, and very pathetic lamentations of the misery of all fathers, who are so unfortunate as to have daughters.

Jones, to whom all the resolutions which had been taken in favor of Blifil were yet a secret, was at first almost struck dead with this relation; but recovering his spirits a little, mere despair, as he afterwards said, inspired him to mention a matter to Mr. Western, which seemed to require more impudence than a human forehead was ever gifted with. He desired leave to go to Sophia, that he might endeavor to gain her concurrence with her father's inclinations.

If the squire had been as quick-sighted as he was remark-

able for the contrary, passion might at present very well have blinded him. He thanked Jones for offering to undertake the office, and said, "Go, go, prithee, try what canst do;" and then swore many execrable oaths that he would turn her out of doors unless she consented to the match.

Jones departed instantly in quest of Sophia, whom he found just risen from the ground, where her father had left her, with the tears trickling from her eyes, and the blood running from her lips. He presently ran to her, and, with a voice at once full of tenderness and terror, cried, "Oh, my Sophia, what means this dreadful sight?" She looked softly at him for a moment before she spoke, and then said, "Mr. Jones, for Heaven's sake, how came you here?—Leave me, I beseech you, this moment."—"Do not," says he, "impose so harsh a command upon me—my heart bleeds faster than those lips. O Sophia! how easily could I drain my veins to preserve one drop of that dear blood."—"I have too many obligations to you already," answered she, "for sure you meant them such." Here she looked at him tenderly almost a minute, and then bursting into an agony, cried, "Oh, Mr. Jones, why did you save my life? my death would have been happier for us both."—"Happier for us both!" cried he. "Could racks or wheels kill me so painfully as Sophia's ——I cannot bear the dreadful sound. Do I live but for her?" Both his voice and look were full of inexpressible tenderness when he spoke these words; and at the same time he laid gently hold on her hand, which she did not withdraw from him: to say the truth, she hardly knew what she did or suffered. A few moments now passed in silence between these lovers, while his eyes were eagerly fixed on Sophia, and hers declining towards the ground: at last she recovered strength enough to desire him again to leave her, for that her certain ruin would be the consequence of their being found together; adding, "Oh, Mr. Jones, you know not, you know not what hath passed this cruel afternoon."—"I know all, my Sophia," answered he; "your cruel father hath told me all, and he himself hath sent me hither to you."—"My father sent you to me!" replied she: "sure you dream." "Would to Heaven," cries he, "it was but a dream! Oh! Sophia,

your father hath sent me to you, to be an advocate for my odious rival, to solicit you his favor. I took any means to get access to you. Oh, speak to me, Sophia! comfort my bleeding heart. Sure no one ever loved, ever doated, like me. Do not unkindly withhold this dear, this soft, this gentle hand—One moment, perhaps, tears you forever from me —Nothing less than this cruel occasion, could, I believe, have ever conquered the respect and awe with which you have inspired me." She stood a moment silent, and covered with confusion; then, lifting up her eyes gently towards him, she cried, "What would Mr. Jones have me say?"—"Oh, do but promise," cries he, "that you never will give yourself to Blifil." "Name not," answered she, "the detested sound. Be assured, I never will give him what is in my power to withhold from him."—"Now then," cries he, "while you are so perfectly kind, go a little farther, and add that I may hope." —"Alas!" says she, "Mr. Jones, whither will you drive me? What hope have I to bestow? You know my father's intentions."—"But I know," answered he, "your compliance with them cannot be compelled."—"What," says she, "must be the dreadful consequence of my disobedience? My own ruin is my least concern. I cannot bear the thoughts of being the cause of my father's misery."—"He is himself the cause," cries Jones, "by exacting a power over you which nature hath not given him. Think on the misery which I am to suffer, if I am to lose you, and see on which side pity will turn the balance."—"Think of it!" replied she: "can you imagine I do not feel the ruin which I must bring on you, should I comply with your desire? It is that thought which gives me resolution to bid you fly from me for ever, and avoid your own destruction."—"I fear no destruction," cries he, "but the loss of Sophia. If you will save me from the most bitter agonies, recall that cruel sentence. Indeed, I can never part with you, indeed I cannot."

The lovers now stood both silent and trembling, Sophia being unable to withdraw her hand from Jones, and he almost as unable to hold it. . . .

But now the squire, having burst open the door, beheld an object which instantly suspended all his fury against Jones:

this was the ghastly appearance of Sophia, who had fainted away in her lover's arms. This tragical sight Mr. Western no sooner beheld, than all his rage forsook him: he roared for help with his utmost violence; ran first to his daughter, then back to the door, calling for water, and then back again to Sophia, never considering in whose arms she then was, nor perhaps once recollecting that there was such a person in the world as Jones; for indeed, I believe, the present circumstances of his daughter were now the sole consideration which employed his thoughts.

Mrs. Western and a great number of servants soon came to the assistance of Sophia with water, cordials, and every thing necessary on those occasions. These were applied with such success, that Sophia in a very few minutes began to recover, and all the symptoms of life to return. Upon which she was presently led off by her own maid and Mrs. Western: nor did that good lady depart without leaving some wholesome admonitions with her brother, on the dreadful effects of his passion, or, as she pleased to call it, madness.

The squire, perhaps, did not understand this good advice, as it was delivered in obscure hints, shrugs, and notes of admiration; at least, if he did understand it, he profited very little by it; for no sooner was he cured of his immediate fears for his daughter, than he relapsed into his former frenzy, which must have produced an immediate battle with Jones, had not Parson Supple, who was a very strong man, been present, and by mere force restrained the squire from acts of hostility.

TOBIAS SMOLLETT.

If Fielding's genius was of the English type, Smollett's, being Scotch, exhibits traits to be expected in the sturdier nature of the North. He is more literal, his satire is fiercer, his fancy less free, but in broadly farcical humor and strength of language he is not inferior to the author of "Tom Jones."

Tobias George Smollett was born in Dumbartonshire in 1721, was brought up to be a surgeon, enlisted in the navy when almost starving in London, and leaving it in 1746 embarked on a literary career. Knowing something of medicine and a good deal about sailor character, he tried his pen on various themes, chiefly satires, until in 1748 he wrote "Roderick Random," which appeared a few months earlier than "Tom Jones." This rollicking story of comical adventures hit the popular taste in spite of the author's furious sarcasms on a stupid public who had ignored his merits. The book throws light on the struggles of the literary craft of that day, and has a small gallery of brilliantly painted characters not likely to be forgotten. "Peregrine Pickle" followed in 1751, and "Count Fathom" in 1753. Much of the notoriety won by these books was due to their gross indecencies. Afterwards the author gave up fiction for miscellaneous writing, which included a translation of "Don Quixote," a "History of England," and a number of compilations, besides his efforts in political journalism. He was imprisoned in 1759 for libelling a Whig while editor of the "Critical Review." His satirical romance, "Sir Lancelot Greaves," 1761, somewhat resembles "Don Quixote." The opening chapters have in their turn been imitated by later novelists. Smollett went abroad in 1763, and his experiences are told in his "Travels through France and Italy." His last novel, "Humphrey Clinker," came out in 1771. It was written in Leghorn during sick-

ness, which ended in his death the same year. His naturally satirical temperament had been sorely tried for years. His last and best novel relates in letters the adventures of a family travelling through parts of England and Scotland. With much that is unfit to be read—and Smollett had a coarser vein than some of his contemporaries—his books are brightened by many passages of poetic grace.

Lieutenant Lismahago.

(From "The Expedition of Humphrey Clinker.")

Dear Phillips: In my last I treated you with a high-flavored dish, in the character of the Scotch lieutenant, and I must present him once more for your entertainment. It was our fortune to feed upon him the best part of three days, and I do not doubt that he will start again in our way before we shall have finished our northern excursion. The day after our meeting with him at Durham proved so tempestuous, that we did not choose to proceed on our journey; and my uncle persuaded him to stay till the weather should clear up, giving him, at the same time, a general invitation to our mess. The man has certainly gathered a whole budget of shrewd observations, but he brings them forth in such an ungracious manner, as would be extremely disgusting, if it was not marked with that characteristic oddity which never fails to attract the attention. He and Mr. Bramble discoursed, and even disputed, on different subjects in war, policy, the belles lettres, law and metaphysics; and sometimes they were warmed into such altercation as seemed to threaten an abrupt dissolution of their society; but Mr. Bramble set a guard over his own irascibility, the more vigilantly, as the officer was his guest; and when, in spite of all his efforts, he began to wax warm, the other prudently cooled in the same proportion.

Mrs. Tabitha, chancing to accost her brother by the familiar diminutive of Matt, "Pray, sir," said the lieutenant, "is your name Matthias?" You must know, it is one of our uncle's foibles to be ashamed of his name Matthew, because it is puritanical; and this question chagrined him so much

that he answered, "No, by G—d!" in a very abrupt tone of displeasure. The Scot took umbrage at the manner of his reply; and, bristling up, "If I had known," said he, "that you did not care to tell your name, I should not have asked the question. The leddy called you Matt, and I naturally thought it was Matthias: perhaps it may be Methuselah, or Metrodorus, or Metellus, or Mathurinus, or Malthinnus, or Matamoros, or—" "No," cried my uncle, laughing, "it is neither of those, captain: my name is Matthew Bramble, at your service. The truth is, I have a foolish pique at the name of Matthew, because it savors of those canting hypocrites, who, in Cromwell's time, christened all their children by names taken from the Scripture."—"A foolish pique, indeed," cried Mrs. Tabby; "and even sinful, to fall out with your name, because it is taken from Holy Writ. I would have you to know you was called after great-uncle Matthew ap Madoc ap Meredith, esquire, of Llanwysthin, in Montgomeryshire, justice of the quorum, and crusty ruttleorum, a gentleman of great worth and property, descended in a straight line, by the female side, from Llewellyn, prince of Wales."

This genealogical anecdote seemed to make some impression upon the North Briton, who bowed very low to the descendants of Llewellyn, and observed that he himself had the honor of a Scriptural nomination. The lady expressing a desire of knowing his address, he said he designed himself Lieutenant Obadiah Lismahago; and, in order to assist her memory, he presented her with a slip of paper inscribed with these three words, which she repeated with great emphasis, declaring it was one of the most noble and sonorous names she had ever heard. He observed that Obadiah was an adventitious appellation derived from his great-grandfather, who had been one of the original Covenanters; but Lismahago was the family surname, taken from a place in Scotland so called. He likewise dropped some hints about the antiquity of his pedigree, adding, with a smile of self denial, *Sed genus et proavos, et quæ non fecimus ipsi, vix ea nostra voco*,*

* But race and ancestry and whatever we have not done ourselves, I scarcely call our own.

which quotation he explained in deference to the ladies; and Mrs. Tabitha did not fail to compliment him on his modesty, in waiving the merit of his ancestry, adding that it was the less necessary to him, as he had such a considerable fund of his own. She now began to glue herself to his favor with the grossest adulation. She expatiated upon the antiquity and virtues of the Scottish nation, upon their valor, probity, learning and politeness. She even descended to encomiums on his own personal address, his gallantry, good sense and erudition. She appealed to her brother, whether the captain was not the very image of our cousin, Governor Griffith. She discovered a surprising eagerness to know the particulars of his life, and asked a thousand questions concerning his achievements in war; all which Mr. Lismahago answered with a sort of Jesuitical reserve, affecting a reluctance to satisfy her curiosity on a subject that concerned his own exploits.

By dint of her interrogations, however, we learned that he and Ensign Murphy had made their escape from the French hospital at Montreal and taken to the woods, in hope of reaching some English settlement; but, mistaking their route, they fell in with a party of Miamis, who carried them away in captivity. The intention of these Indians was to give one of them as an adopted son to a venerable sachem, who had lost his own in the course of the war, and to sacrifice the other according to the custom of the country. Murphy, as being the younger and handsomer of the two, was designed to fill the place of the deceased, not only as the son of the sachem, but as the spouse of a beautiful squaw, to whom his predecessor had been betrothed; but in passing through the different wigwams or villages of the Miamis, poor Murphy was so mangled by the women and children, who have the privilege of torturing all prisoners in their passage, that, by the time they arrived at the place of the sachem's residence, he was rendered altogether unfit for the purposes of marriage: it was determined, therefore, in the assembly of the warriors, that Ensign Murphy should be brought to the stake, and that the lady should be given to Lieutenant Lismahago, who had likewise received his share

of torments, though they had not produced emasculation. A joint of one finger had been cut, or rather sawed off with a rusty knife; one of his great toes was crushed into a mash between two stones; some of his teeth were drawn, or dug out with a crooked nail; splintered reeds had been thrust up his nostrils and other tender parts, and the calves of his legs had been blown up with mines of gunpowder dug in the flesh with the sharp point of the tomahawk.

The Indians themselves allowed that Murphy died with great heroism, singing, as his death-song, the drimmendoo, in concert with Mr. Lismahago, who was present at the solemnity. After the warriors and the matrons had made a hearty meal upon the muscular flesh which they pared from the victim, and had applied a great variety of tortures, which he bore without flinching, an old lady, with a sharp knife, scooped out one of his eyes and put a burning coal in the socket. The pain of this operation was so exquisite that he could not help bellowing, upon which the audience raised a shout of exultation, and one of the warriors, stealing behind him, gave him the *coup-de-grace* with a hatchet.

Lismahago's bride, the Squaw Squinkinacoosta, distinguished herself on this occasion. She showed a great superiority of genius in the tortures which she contrived and executed with her own hands. She vied with the stoutest warrior in eating the flesh of the sacrifice; and after all the other females were fuddled with dram-drinking, she was not so intoxicated but that she was able to play the game of the platter with the conjuring sachem, and afterward go through the ceremony of her own wedding, which was consummated that same evening. The captain had lived very happily with this accomplished squaw for two years, during which she bore him a son, who is now the representative of his mother's tribe; but, at length, to his unspeakable grief, she had died of a fever, occasioned by eating too much raw bear, which they had killed in a hunting excursion.

By this time Mr. Lismahago was elected sachem, acknowledged first warrior of the Badger tribe, and dignified with the name or epithet of Occacanastaogarora, which signifies "nimble as a weazel;" but all these advantages and

honors he was obliged to resign, in consequence of being exchanged for the orator of the community, who had been taken prisoner by the Indians that were in alliance with the English. At the peace, he had sold out upon half-pay, and was returned to Britain, with a view to pass the rest of his life in his own country, where he hoped to find some retreat where his slender finances would afford him a decent subsistence. Such are the outlines of Mr. Lismahago's history, to which Tabitha "did seriously incline her ear;" indeed, she seemed to be taken with the same charms that captivated the heart of Desdemona, who loved the Moor "for the dangers he had passed."

The description of poor Murphy's sufferings, which threw my sister Liddy into a swoon, extracted some sighs from the breast of Mrs. Tabby: when she understood he had been rendered unfit for marriage, she began to spit, and ejaculated—"Jesus, what cruel barbarians!" and she made wry faces at the lady's nuptial repast; but she was eagerly curious to know the particulars of her marriage-dress; whether she wore high-breasted stays or bodice, a robe of silk or velvet, and laces of Mechlin or Minionette: she supposed, as they were connected with the French, she used rouge, and had her hair dressed in the Parisian fashion. The captain would have declined giving a categorical explanation of all these particulars, observing in general, that the Indians were too tenacious of their own customs to adopt the modes of any nation whatsoever: he said, moreover, that neither the simplicity of their manners, nor the commerce of their country, would admit of those articles of luxury which are deemed magnificent in Europe; and that they are too virtuous and sensible to encourage the introduction of any fashion which might help to render them corrupt and effeminate.

These observations served only to inflame her desire of knowing the particulars about which she had inquired; and, with all his evasion, he could not help discovering the following circumstances: that his princess had neither shoes, stockings, shift, nor any kind of linen; that her bridal dress consisted of a petticoat of red baize, and a fringed blanket, fastened about her shoulders with a copper skewer; but of

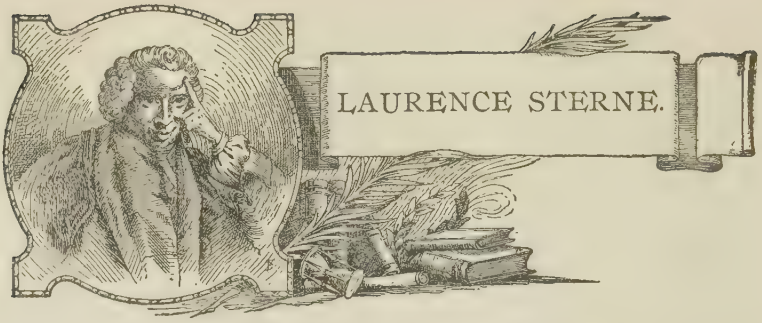
ornaments she had great plenty. Her hair was curiously plaited and interwoven with bobbins of human bone; one eyelid was painted green, and the other yellow; the cheeks were blue, the lips white, the teeth red, and there was a black list drawn down the middle of the forehead, as far as the tip of the nose; a couple of gaudy parrot's feathers were stuck through the division of the nostrils; there was a blue stone set in the chin; her ear-rings consisted of two pieces of hickory, of the size and shape of drumsticks; her arms and legs were adorned with bracelets of wampum; her breast glittered with numerous strings of glass beads; she wore a curious pouch, or pocket, of woven grass, elegantly painted with various colors; about her neck was hung the fresh scalp of a Mohawk warrior, whom her deceased lover had lately slain in battle; and, finally, she was anointed from head to foot with bear's grease, which sent forth a most agreeable odor.

One would imagine that these paraphernalia would not have been much admired by a modern fine lady, but Mrs. Tabitha was resolved to approve of all the captain's connections. She wished, indeed, the squaw had been better provided with linen, but she owned there was much taste and fancy in her ornaments; she made no doubt, therefore, that Madam Squinkinacoosta was a young lady of good sense and rare accomplishments, and a good Christian at bottom. Then she asked whether his consort had been high-church or low-church, Presbyterian or Anabaptist, or had been favored with any glimmering of the new light of the Gospel? When he confessed that she and her whole nation were utter strangers to the Christian faith, she gazed at him with signs of astonishment; and Humphrey Clinker, who chanced to be in the room, uttered a hollow groan.

In the course of this conversation, Lieutenant Lismahago dropped some hints by which it appeared he himself was a a freethinker. Our aunt seemed to be startled at certain sarcasms he threw out against the creed of St. Athanasius. He dwelt much upon the words "reason, philosophy and contradiction in terms;" he bid defiance to the eternity of hell fire, and even threw such squibs at the immortality of the

soul, as singed a little the whiskers of Mrs. Tabitha's faith; for, by this time, she began to look upon Lismahago as a prodigy of learning and sagacity. In short, he could be no longer insensible to the advances she made towards his affection; and although there was something repulsive in his nature, he overcame it so far as to make some return to her civilities. Perhaps he thought it would be no bad scheme, in a superannuated lieutenant on half-pay, to effect a conjunction with an old maid, who, in all probability, had fortune enough to keep him easy and comfortable in the fag-end of his days. An ogling correspondence forthwith commenced between this amiable pair of originals. He began to sweeten the natural acidity of his discourse with the treacle of compliment and commendation. He from time to time offered her snuff, of which he himself took great quantities, and even made her a present of a purse of silk grass, woven by the hands of the amiable Squinkinacoosta, who had used it as a shot-pouch in her hunting expeditions.

Mrs. Tabby declared that Scotland was the soil which produced every virtue under heaven. When Lismahago took his leave for the night, she asked her brother if the captain was not the prettiest gentleman he had ever seen, and whether there was not something wonderfully engaging in his aspect? Mr. Bramble having eyed her some time in silence—"Sister," said he, "the lieutenant is, for aught I know, an honest man, and a good officer; he has a considerable share of understanding, and a title to more encouragement than he seems to have met with in life; but I cannot, with a safe conscience, affirm that he is the prettiest gentleman I ever saw; neither can I discern any engaging charm in his countenance, which, I vow to God, is, on the contrary, very hard-favored and forbidding."



STERNE'S eminence as a writer of fiction is second to his supremacy as a humorist and a master of literary art. He was born in Clonmel, Ireland, in 1713, where his father's regiment was disbanded, after returning from Dunkirk. He had, as a child, ten years of the ups and downs of a camp-follower's life, then nine years of schooling, after which he was sent to the University of Cambridge by a generous relative. Entering the Church in 1738, he obtained the livings of Sutton and Stillington, in Yorkshire, which he held for twenty years. "Tristram Shandy" appeared in two volumes in 1760. The oddity of the book in its manner of telling the story, and its style, with its perpetual digressions, at once made it notorious, if not famous. Sterne followed up his success with two more volumes in 1761, and two more in the next year. He then fell into ill-health, which necessitated foreign travel for two years, after which he published the last two books of his novel, 1765–1767, and in the next year his "Sentimental Journey." He died at his London inn, while seeing his last work through the press, in 1768.

His genius was unique, a compound of talent, eccentricity, vagrant wit, spurious sentiment and genuine feeling, all mingled in disordered fashion, yet expressed in language refined and charming, even when the subject-matter grows rank. "Tristram Shandy" is one of the world's classics; its figures will not make their exit from the stage as long as humor can amuse and faithful portraiture gives pleasure. "The Sentimental Journey" has less substance and more theatrical costuming. The "Sermons" of this irreverent divine are models of polished common-sense preaching, warranted not to disturb the consciences of worldly-Christian congregations.

Lieutenant Le Fevre at the Inn.

It was some time in the summer of that year in which Dendermond was taken by the Allies—which was about seven years before my father came into the country, and about as many after the time that my uncle Toby and Trim had privately decamped from my father's house in town, in order to lay some of the finest sieges to some of the finest fortified cities in Europe—when my uncle Toby was one evening getting his supper, with Trim sitting behind him at a small sideboard, the landlord of a little inn in the village came into the parlor with an empty phial in his hand to beg a glass or two of sack. "It is for a poor gentleman, I think of the army," said the landlord, "who has been taken ill at my house four days ago, and has never held up his head since, or had a desire to taste anything until just now, that he has a fancy for a glass of sack and a thin toast. 'I think,' says he, taking his hand from his forehead, 'it would comfort me.' If I could neither beg, borrow nor buy such a thing," added the landlord, "I would almost steal it for the poor gentleman, he is so ill. I hope in God he will still mend," continued he, "we are all of us concerned for him."

"Thou art a good-natured soul, I will answer for thee," cried my uncle Toby; "and thou shalt drink the poor gentleman's health in a glass of sack thyself, and take a couple of bottles, with my service, and tell him he is heartily welcome to them, and to a dozen more, if they will do him good."

"Though I am persuaded," said my uncle Toby, as the landlord shut the door, "he is a very compassionate fellow, Trim, yet I cannot help entertaining a high opinion of his guest, too; there must be something more than common in him, that in so short a time should win so much upon the affections of his host." "And of his whole family," added the corporal, "for they are all concerned for him." "Step after him," said my uncle Toby; "do, Trim, and ask if he knows his name."

"I have quite forgot it, truly," said the landlord, coming back into the parlor with the corporal; "but I can ask his

son again." "Has he a son with him, then?" said my uncle Toby. "A boy," replied the landlord, "of about eleven or twelve years of age; but the poor creature has tasted almost as little as his father; he does nothing but mourn and lament for him night and day; he has not stirred from the bedside these two days."

My uncle Toby laid down his knife and fork, and thrust his plate from before him, as the landlord gave him the account; and Trim, without being ordered, took them away, without saying one word, and in a few minutes after brought him his pipe and tobacco.

"Stay in the room a little," says my uncle Toby.

"Trim," said my uncle Toby, after he had lighted his pipe and smoked about a dozen whiffs. Trim came in front of his master and made his bow: my uncle Toby smoked on and said no more. "Corporal!" said my uncle Toby. The Corporal made his bow. My uncle Toby proceeded no further, but finished his pipe.

"Trim!" said my uncle Toby, "I have a project in my head, as it is a bad night, of wrapping myself up warm in my roquelaure and paying a visit to this poor gentleman." "Your honor's roquelaure," replied the corporal, "has not once been had on since the night before your honor received your wound, when we mounted guard in the trenches before the gate of St. Nicholas; and, besides, it is so cold and rainy a night, that what with the roquelaure and what with the weather, it will be enough to give your honor your death, and bring on your honor's torment in your groin." "I fear so," replied my uncle Toby; "but I am not at rest in my mind, Trim, since the account the landlord has given me. I wish I had not known so much of this affair," added my uncle Toby, "or that I had known more of it. How shall we manage it?" "Leave it, an it please your honor, to me," quoth the corporal: "I'll take my hat and stick, and go to the house and reconnoitre, and act accordingly, and I will bring your honor a full account in an hour." "Thou shalt go, Trim," said my uncle Toby, "and here's a shilling for thee to drink with his servant." "I shall get it all out of him," said the corporal, shutting the door.

My uncle Toby filled his second pipe; and had it not been that he now and then wandered from the point with considering whether it was not full as well to have the curtain of the tennaile a straight line as a crooked one, he might be said to have thought of nothing else but poor Le Fevre and his boy the whole time he smoked it.

It was not till my uncle Toby had knocked the ashes out of his third pipe that Corporal Trim returned from the inn and gave him the following account:

"I despaired at first," said the corporal, "of being able to bring back your honor any kind of intelligence concerning the poor sick lieutenant." "Is he in the army, then?" said my uncle Toby. "He is," said the corporal. "And in what regiment?" said my uncle Toby. "I'll tell your honor," replied the corporal, "everything straight forwards as I learned it." "Then, Trim, I'll fill another pipe," said my uncle Toby, "and not interrupt thee until thou hast done; so sit down at thy ease, Trim, in the window seat, and begin thy story again." The corporal made his old bow, which generally spoke as plain as a bow could speak it: "Your honor is good." And having done that he sat down, as he was ordered, and began the story to my uncle Toby over again in pretty near the same words:

"I despaired at first," said the corporal, "of being able to bring back any intelligence to your honor about the lieutenant and his son; for when I asked where his servant was, from whom I made myself sure of knowing everything which was proper to be asked"—"That's a right distinction, Trim," said my uncle Toby—"I was answered, an' please your honor, that he had no servant with him; that he had come to the inn with hired horses, which, upon finding himself unable to proceed (to join, I suppose, the regiment), he had dismissed the morning after he came. 'If I get better, my dear,' said he, as he gave his purse to his son to pay the man, 'we can hire horses from hence.' 'But alas! the poor gentleman will never go from hence,' said the landlady to me, 'for I heard the death-watch all night long; and when he dies, the youth, his son, will certainly die with him, for he is broken-hearted already.'"

"I was hearing this account," continued the corporal, "when the youth came into the kitchen to order the thin toast the landlord spoke of. 'But I will do it for my father myself,' said the youth. 'Pray, let me save you the trouble, young gentleman,' said I, taking up a fork for the purpose, and offering him my chair to sit down upon by the fire while I did it. 'I believe, sir,' said he, very modestly, 'I can please him best myself.' I am sure, said I, his honor will not like the toast the worse for being toasted by an old soldier. The youth took hold of my hand and instantly burst into tears."

"Poor youth!" said my uncle Toby, "he has been bred up from an infant in the army, and the name of a soldier, Trim, sounded in his ears like the name of a friend; I wish I had him here."

"I never, in the longest march," said the corporal, "had so great a mind to my dinner, as I had to cry with him for company. What could be the matter with me, an' please your honor?" "Nothing in the world, Trim," said my uncle Toby, blowing his nose, "but that thou art a good-natured fellow."

"When I gave him the toast," continued the corporal, "I thought it was proper to tell him I was Captain Shandy's servant, and that your honor, though a stranger, was extremely concerned for his father; and that if there was anything in your house or cellar,"—"and thou might'st have added my purse too," said my uncle Toby—"he was heartily welcome to it. He made a very low bow (which was meant to your honor), but no answer, for his heart was full, so he went up stairs with the toast. I warant you, my dear, said I, as I opened the kitchen door, your father will be well again. Mr. Yorick's curate was smoking a pipe by the kitchen fire, but said not a word, good or bad, to comfort the youth. I thought thought it was wrong," added the corporal; "I think so too," said my uncle Toby.

"When the lieutenant had taken his glass of sack and toast he felt himself a little revived, and sent down into the kitchen to let me know that in about ten minutes he should be glad if I would step up stairs. 'I believe,' said the landlord, 'he is going to say his prayers, for there was a book

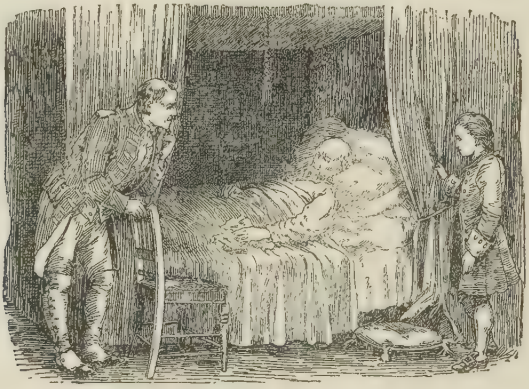
laid upon the chair by his bedside, and as I shut the door I I saw his son take up a cushion.'

"'I thought,' said the curate, 'that you gentlemen of the army, Mr. Trim, never said your prayers at all.' 'I heard the poor gentleman say his prayers last night,' said the landlady, very devoutly, 'and with my own ears, or I could not have believed it.' 'Are you sure of it?' replied the curate. A soldier, an' please your reverence, said I, prays as often (of his own accord) as a parson; and when he is fighting for his king, and for his own life, and for his honor, too, he has the most reason to pray to God of any one in the whole world." —"It was well said of thee, Trim," said my uncle Toby. — "But when a soldier, said I, an' please your reverence, has been standing for twelve hours together in the trenches, up to his knees in cold water, or engaged for months together in long and dangerous marches; harassed, perhaps, in his rear to-day; harassing others to-morrow; detached here; countermanded there; resting this night upon his arms; beat up in his shirt the next; benumbed in his joints; perhaps without straw in his tent to kneel on,—he must say his prayers how and when he can. I believe, said I, for I was piqued," quoth the corporal, "for the reputation of the army; I believe—an't please your reverence, said I—that when a soldier gets time to pray, he prays as heartily as a parson, though not with all his fuss and hypocrisy."

"Thou shouldst not have said that, Trim," said my uncle Toby, "for God only knows who is a hypocrite and who is not. At the great and general review of us all, corporal—at the day of judgment and not till then—it will be seen who has done their duties in this world and who has not, and we shall be advanced, Trim, accordingly." "I hope we shall," said Trim. "It is in the Scripture," said my uncle Toby, "and I will show it thee to-morrow. In the meantime we may depend upon it, Trim, for our comfort," said my uncle Toby, "that God Almighty is so good and just a governor of the world, that if we have but done our duties in it, it will never be inquired into, whether we have done them in a red coat or a black one." "I hope not," said the corporal. "But go on, Trim," said my uncle Toby, "with thy story."

"When I went up," continued the corporal, "into the lieutenant's room, which I did not do, until the expiration of the ten minutes, he was lying in his bed with his head raised upon his hand, with his elbow upon the pillow, and a clean, white cambric handkerchief beside it. The youth was just stooping down to take up the cushion, upon which I supposed he had been kneeling; the book was laid upon the bed, and, as he rose, in taking up the cushion with one hand he reached out his other to take it away at the same time. 'Let it remain there, my dear,' said the lieutenant.

"He did not offer to speak to me till I had walked up close to his bedside: 'If you are Captain Shandy's servant,' said he, 'you must present my thanks to your master, with



my little boy's thanks along with them, for his courtesy to me. If he was of Leven's,' said the lieutenant (I told him your honor was), 'then,' said he, 'I served three campaigns with him in Flanders, and remember him; but it is most likely, as I had not the honor of any acquaintance with him, that he knows nothing of me. You will tell him, however, that the person his good-nature has laid under obligations to him is one Le Fevre, a lieutenant, in Angus's. But he knows me not,' said he, a second time, musing; 'possibly he may know my story,' added he; 'pray, tell the captain I was the ensign at Breda, whose wife was most unfortunately killed with a musket-shot, as she lay in my arms in my tent.' 'I remember the story, an't please your honor,' said I, 'very

well.' 'Do you so?' said he, wiping his eyes with his handkerchief; 'then well may I.' In saying this, he drew a little ring out of his bosom, which seemed tied with a black ribband about his neck and kissed it twice. 'Here, Billy,' said he. The boy flew across the room to the bedside, and falling down upon his knee took the ring in his hand and kissed it, too, then kissed his father, and sat down upon the bed and wept."

"I wish," said my uncle Toby, with a deep sigh; "I wish, Trim, I was asleep." "Your, honor," replied the corporal, "is too much concerned. Shall I pour your honor out a glass of sack to your pipe?" "Do, Trim," said my uncle Toby.

"I remember," said my uncle Toby, sighing again, "the story of the ensign and his wife, with a circumstance his modesty omitted; and particularly well that he, as well as she, upon some account or other—I forget what—was universally pitied by the whole regiment. But finish the story thou art upon."

"It is finished already," said the corporal, "for I could stay no longer; so wished his honor a good night: young Le Fevre rose from off the bed and saw me to the bottom of the stairs; and as we went down together told me they had come from Ireland, and were on their route to join their regiment in Flanders. But alas!" said the corporal, "the lieutenant's last day's march is over." "Then what is to become of his poor boy?" cried my uncle Toby.

It was to my uncle Toby's eternal honor—though I tell it only for the sake of those who, when cooped in between a natural and a positive law, know not for their souls which way in the world to turn themselves—that notwithstanding my uncle Toby was warmly attached at that time in carrying on the siege of Dendermond, parallel with the Allies, who pressed theirs on so vigorously, that they scarcely allowed him time to get his dinner—that nevertheless he gave up Dendermond, though he had already made a lodgment upon the counterscarp, and bent his whole thoughts towards the private distresses at the inn; and, except that he ordered the garden-gate to be bolted up, by which he might be said to

have turned the siege of Dendermond into a blockade, he left Dendermond to itself, to be relieved or not by the French king, as the French king thought good, and only considered how he himself should relieve the poor lieutenant and his son. That kind Being, who is a friend to the friendless, shall recompense thee for this.

"Thou hast left this matter short," said my uncle Toby to the corporal, as he was putting him to bed, "and I will tell thee in what, Trim: In the first place, when thou made an offer of my services to Le Fevre, as sickness and traveling are both expensive, and thou knewest he was but a poor lieutenant, with a son to subsist as well as himself out of his pay, that thou didst not make an offer to him of my purse, because had he stood in need, thou knowest, Trim, he had been as welcome to it as myself." "Your honor knows," said the corporal, "I had no orders." "True," quoth my uncle Toby, "Thou didst very right, Trim, as a soldier, but certainly very wrong as a man."

"In the second place, for which, indeed, thou hast the same excuse," continued my uncle Toby, "when thou offered him whatever was in my house, thou should have offered him my house too. A sick brother-officer should have the best quarters, Trim; and if we had him with us, we could tend and look to him. Thou art an excellent nurse thyself, Trim; and what with thy care of him, and the old woman's, and his boy's, and mine together, we might recruit him again at once and set him upon his legs. In a fortnight or three weeks," added my uncle Toby, smiling, "he might march."—"He will never march, an' please your honor, in this world," said the corporal. "He will march!" said my uncle Toby, rising up from the side of the bed, with one shoe off. "An' please your honor," said the corporal, "he will never march but to his grave." "He shall march!" cried my uncle Toby, marching the foot which had a shoe on, though without advancing an inch; "he shall march to his regiment!" "He cannot stand it," said the corporal. "He shall be supported," said my uncle Toby. "He'll drop at last," said the corporal. "and what will become of his boy?" "He shall not drop," said my uncle Toby, firmly. "A-well-o'day, do what we can

for him," said Trim, maintaining his point; "the poor soul will die." "He shall not die, by G—!" cried my uncle Toby.

The *Accusing Spirit*, which flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in, and the *Recording Angel*, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever.

My uncle Toby went to his bureau, put his purse into his breeches pocket, and having ordered the corporal to go early in the morning for a physician, he went to bed and fell asleep.

The sun looked bright the morning after to every eye in the village but Le Fevre's and his afflicted son's; the hand of death pressed heavily upon his eyelids; and hardly could the wheel at the cistern turn round its circle when my uncle Toby, who had risen an hour before his wonted time, entered the lieutenant's room, and without preface or apology sat himself down upon the chair by the bedside, and independently of all modes and customs, opened the curtain in the manner an old friend and brother-officer would have done it, and asked him how he did; how he had rested in the night; what was his complaint; where was his pain, and what he could do to help him; and without giving him time to answer any one of the inquiries, went on and told him of the little plan which he had been concerting with the corporal the night before for him."

"You shall go home directly, Le Fevre," said my uncle Toby, "to my house, and we'll send for a doctor to see what's the matter; and we'll have an apothecary, and the corporal shall be your nurse, and I'll be your servant, Le Fevre."

There was a frankness in my uncle Toby—not the effect of familiarity, but the cause of it—which let you at once into his soul, and showed you the goodness of his nature. To this there was something in his looks, and voice, and manner superadded, which eternally beckoned to the unfortunate to come and take shelter under him; so that before my uncle Toby had half-finished the kind offers he was making to the father, the son had insensibly pressed up close to his knees, and had taken hold of the breast of his coat, and was pulling

it towards him. The blood and spirits of Le Fevre, which were waxing cold and slow within him, and were retreating to their last citadel—the heart—rallied back, the film forsook his eyes for a moment, he looked up wistfully in my uncle Toby's face, then cast a look upon his boy, and that ligament, fine as it was, was never broken.

Nature instantly ebbed again. The film returned to its place; the pulse fluttered—stopped—went on—throbbed—stopped again—moved—stopped—shall I go on? No.

Uncle Toby and Widow Wadman.

As soon as the corporal had finished the story of his amour —or rather my uncle Toby for him—Mrs. Wadman silently sallied forth from her arbor, replaced the pin in her mob, passed the wicker-gate, and advanced slowly towards my uncle Toby's sentry-box: the disposition which Trim had made in my uncle Toby's mind was too favorable a crisis to be let slip.

The attack was determined upon: it was facilitated still more by my uncle Toby's having ordered the corporal to wheel off the pioneer's shovel, the spade, the pick-axe, the piquets, and other military stores which lay scattered upon the ground where Dunkirk stood.—The corporal had marched —the field was clear.

Now consider, sir, what nonsense it is, either in fighting, or writing, or anything else (whether in rhyme to it or not) which a man has occasion to do—to act by plan: for if ever Plan, independent of all circumstances, deserved registering in letters of gold (I mean in the archives of Gotham)—it was certainly the plan of Mrs. Wadman's attack of my uncle Toby in his sentry-box, by plan. Now, the plan hanging up in it at this juncture being the plan of Dunkirk, and the tale of Dunkirk a tale of relaxation, it opposed every impression she could make; and besides, could she have gone upon it, the manœuvre of fingers and hands in the attack of the sentry-box, was so outdone by that of the fair Beguine's, in Trim's story, that just then, that particular attack, however successful before, became the most heartless attack that could be made.

Oh! let woman alone for this. Mrs. Wadman had scarce opened the wicker-gate when her genius sported with the change of circumstances.

She formed a new attack in a moment.

I am half distracted, Captain Shandy, said Mrs. Wadman, holding up her cambric handkerchief to her left eye, as she approached the door of my uncle Toby's sentry-box,—a mote, or sand, or something—I know not what—has got into this eye of mine; do look into it; it is not in the white.

In saying which Mrs. Wadman edged herself close in beside my uncle Toby, and squeezing herself down upon the corner of his bench, she gave him an opportunity of doing it without rising up. "Do look into it," said she.

Honest soul! thou didst look into it with as much innocency of heart as ever child looked into a raree show box; and 'twere as much a sin to have hurt thee.

If a man will be peeping of his own accord into things of that nature, I have nothing to say to it.

My uncle Toby never did, and I will answer for him that he would have sat quietly upon a sofa from June to January, (which, you know, takes in both the hot and cold months) with an eye as fine as the Thracian Rhodope's beside him, without being able to tell whether it was a black or a blue one.

The difficulty was to get my uncle Toby to look at one at all. 'Tis surmounted. And,—

I see him yonder with his pipe pendulous in his hand, and the ashes falling out of it, looking—and—looking—then rubbing his eyes and looking again, with twice the good nature that ever Galileo looked for a spot in the sun.

In vain! for, by all the powers which animate the organ —Widow Wadman's left eye shines this moment as lucid as her right; there is neither mote, nor sand, or dust, or chaff, or speck, or particle of opaque matter floating in it—there is nothing, my dear, paternal uncle! but one lambent, delicious fire furtively shooting out from every part of it, in all directions, into thine.

If thou lookest, uncle Toby, in search of this mote one moment longer thou art undone.

An eye is for all the world exactly like a cannon, in this respect, That it is not so much the eye or the cannon, in themselves, as it is the carriage of the eye, and the carriage of the cannon, by which both the one and the other are enabled to do so much execution. I don't think the comparison a bad one. However, as 'tis made and placed at the head of the chapter, as much for use as ornament, all I desire in return is, that whenever I speak of Mrs. Wadman's eyes (except once in the next period) that you keep it in your fancy.

"I protest, Madam," said my uncle Toby, "I can see nothing whatever in your eye."

"It is not in the white," said Mrs. Wadman. My uncle Toby looked with might and main into the pupil.

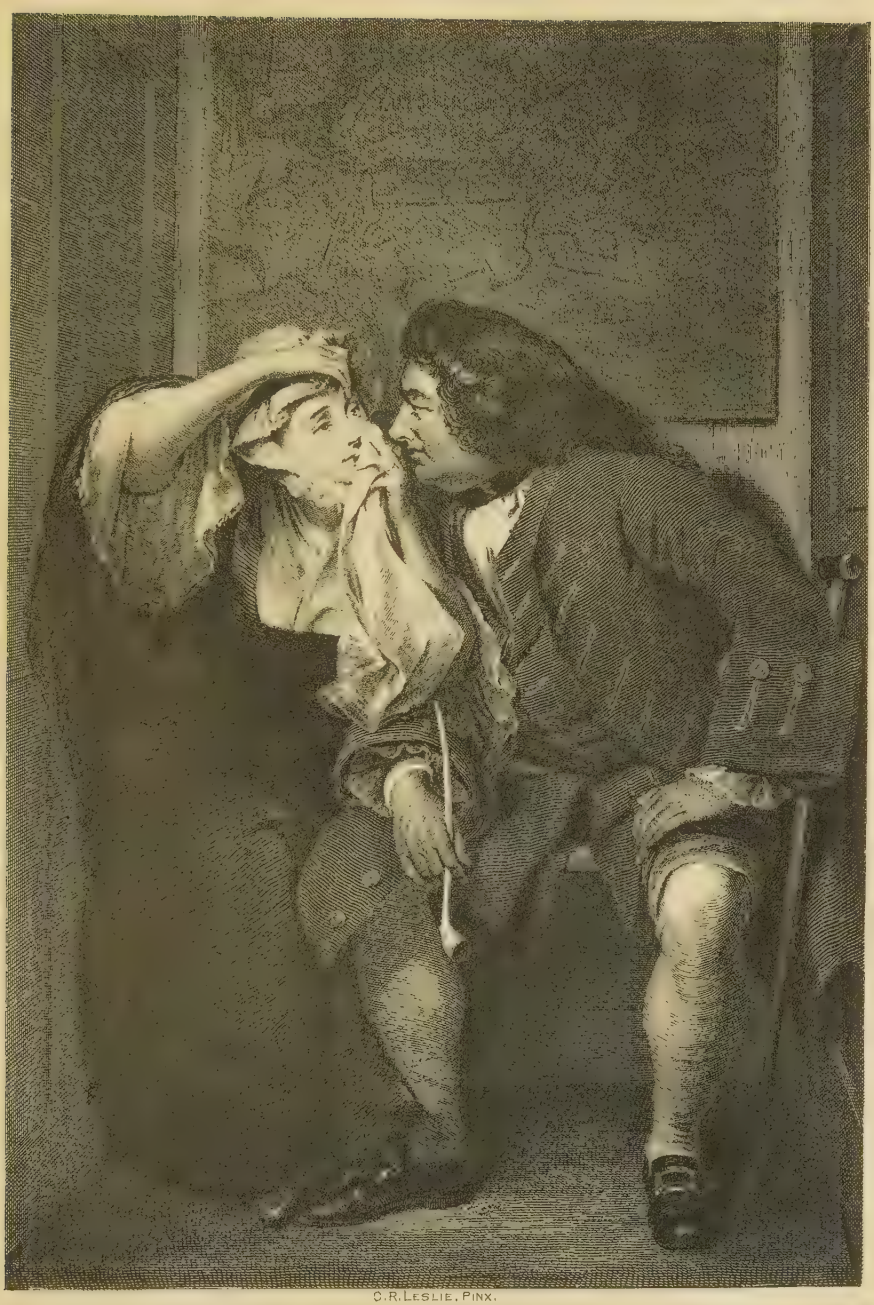
Now, of all the eyes which ever were created, from your own, Madam, up to those of Venus herself—which certainly were as venereal a pair of eyes as ever stood in a head—there never was an eye of them all so fitted to rob my uncle Toby of his repose, as the very eye at which he was looking. It was not, Madam, a rolling eye—a romping or a wanton one; nor was it an eye sparkling, petulant or imperious, of high claims and terrifying exactions, which would have curdled at once that milk of human nature of which my uncle Toby was made up; but 'twas an eye full of gentle salutations and soft responses, speaking, not like the trumpet-stop of some ill-made organ, in which many an eye I talk to holds coarse converse, but whispering soft, like the last low accents of an expiring saint. "How can you live comfortless, Captain Shandy, and alone, without a bosom to lean your head on or trust your cares to?"

It was an eye—

But I shall be in love with it myself if I say another word about it.

It did my uncle Toby's business. . . .

The world is ashamed of being virtuous. My uncle Toby knew little of the world, and therefore when he felt he was in love with Widow Wadman, he had no conception that the thing was any more to be made a mystery of than if Mrs. Wadman had given him a cut with a gapped knife across his



Uncle Toby and Widow Wadman.

finger. Had it been otherwise—yet as he ever looked upon Trim as an humble friend, and saw fresh reasons every day of his life to treat him as such—it would have made no variation in the manner in which he informed him of the affair.

"I am in love, corporal!" quoth my uncle Toby.

In love! said the corporal; your honor was very well the day before yesterday, when I was telling your honor the story of the King of Bohemia.—Bohemia, said my uncle Toby, musing a long time,—what became of that story, Trim?

We lost it, an' please your honor, somehow betwixt us, but your honor was as free from love then as I am. 'Twas just whilst thou went'st off with the wheel-barrow—With Mrs. Wadman, quoth my uncle Toby—she has left a ball here—added my uncle Toby, pointing to his breast.

She can no more, an' please your honor, stand a siege than she can fly, cried the corporal.

But as we are neighbors, Trim, the best way I think is to let her know it civilly first, quoth my uncle Toby.

Now if I might presume, said the corporal, to differ from your honor—

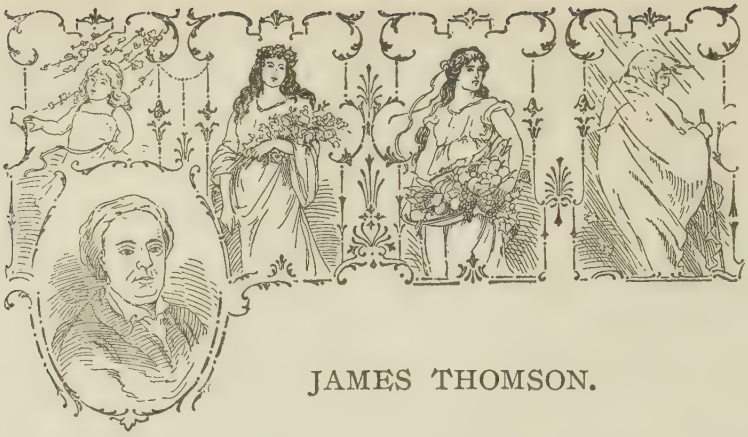
Why else do I talk to thee, Trim? said my uncle Toby, mildly.—

Then I would begin, an' please your honor, with making a good thundering attack upon her, in return, and telling her civilly afterwards; for if she knows any thing of your honor's being in love beforehand—

L—d help her!—She knows no more at present of it, Trim, said my uncle Toby—than the child unborn—

Precious souls!—

Mrs. Wadman had told it, with all its circumstances to Mrs. Bridget twenty-four hours before, and was at that very moment sitting in council with her touching some slight misgivings with regard to the issue of the affair, which the devil, who never lies dead in a ditch, had put into her head—before he would allow half time to get quietly through her *Te Deum*.



JAMES THOMSON.

AFTER the polished couplets of Pope, artificial in method and diction, the time was ripe for a return to the natural. Thomson's courageous choice of a simple theme, the glooms and joys of Winter, was the turning point of national poetry from subjects and styles interesting only to the educated class, to thoughts and scenes common to all. In this, the first of his poems on "The Seasons," he revealed the beauty that lies in familiar things, in the ordinary play of Nature, when lifted above their commonplace surroundings by poetical reflection. Uneven as was his gift, and careless at first in his art, Thomson must be accorded the high praise of having led the way to that deeper appreciation of natural emotions and scenes which redeems the poetry of the nineteenth century.

He was the son of a minister, born in Scotland in 1700. His poetical tastes, shown in the verses written in youth, were more fully displayed in the complete poem on "Winter," the success of which led to the production of the rest of "The Seasons." The first appeared in 1726, and the finished series in 1730. Next year Thomson traveled in Europe, and on returning issued the first part of his poem on "Liberty," in 1734, and completed it in 1736. A royal pension of £100 a year and a sinecure made the poet comfortable for life. His later writings include the tragedy "Agamemnon," which was a stage failure, the masque of "Alfred," the tragedy of "Tancred and Sigismunda," and his last, also his most artistic production, "The Castle of Indolence," a noble imitation of Spenser's "Faery Queen." It had occupied him for years

but was not published until 1748, in which year he died. Thomson's naturalness, and his delight in describing familiar scenes with rich imaginative freshness, frequently rising into moving eloquence, ensured for his work a popularity enviable for its sincerity and continued vitality. The English national song, *Rule Britannia*, has ever been a favorite, but few know that it was written by Thomson in his masque, "Alfred."

The Snow Storm.

(From "Winter.")

The keener tempests rise: and, fuming dun
From all the livid east, or piercing north,
Thick clouds ascend; in whose capacious womb
A vapory deluge lies, to snow congealed.
Heavy they roll their fleecy world along;
And the sky saddens with the gathered storm.
Through the hushed air the whitening shower descends,
At first thin wavering; till at last the flakes
Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the day
With a continual flow. The cherished fields
Put on their winter robe of purest white.
'Tis brightness all, save where the new snow melts
Along the mazy current. Low the woods
Bow their hoar head; and ere the languid Sun
Faint from the west emits his evening ray,
Earth's universal face, deep hid and chill,
Is one wide dazzling waste, that buries wide
The works of man. Drooping, the laborer-ox
Stands covered o'er with snow, and then demands
The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of Heaven,
Tamed by the cruel season, crowd around
The winnowing store, and claim the little boon
Which Providence assigns them. One alone,
The red-breast, sacred to the household gods,
Wisely regardful of the embroiling sky,
In joyless fields and thorny thickets leaves
His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man
His annual visit. Half-afraid, he first
Against the window beats; then brisk alights
On the warm hearth; then hopping o'er the floor,

Eyes all the smiling family askance,
And pecks and starts, and wonders where he is:
Till, more familiar grown, the table-crumbs
Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds
Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,
Though timorous of heart and hard beset
By death in various forms, dark snares and dogs
And more unpitying men, the garden seeks,
Urged on by fearless want. The bleating kind
Eye the bleak Heaven, and next the glistening Earth,
With looks of dumb despair; then, sad-dispersed,
Dig for the withered herb through heaps of snow.
Now, shepherds, to your helpless charge be kind:
Baffle the raging year, and fill their pens
With food at will; lodge them below the storm
And watch them strict: for from the bellowing East
In this dire season, oft the whirlwind's wing
Sweeps up the burthen of whole wintry plains
At one wide waft, and o'er the hapless flocks,
Hid in the hollow of two neighboring hills,
The billowy tempest whelms; till upward urged,
The valley to a shining mountain swells,
Tipped with a wreath high curling in the sky.
As thus the snows arise, and foul and fierce,
All Winter drives along the darkened air,
In his own loose-revolving fields, the swain
Disastered stands; sees other hills ascend,
Of unknown joyless brow; and other scenes,
Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain:
Nor finds the river, nor the forest hid
Beneath the formless wild; but wanders on
From hill to dale, still more and more astray;
Impatient flouncing through the drifted heaps,
Stung with the thoughts of home; the thoughts of home
Rush on his nerves, and call their vigor forth
In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul!
What black despair, what horror, fills his heart,
When for the dusky spot, which fancy feigned
His tufted cottage rising through the snow,
He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
Far from the track and blest abode of man;
While round him night resistless closes fast,

And every tempest, howling o'er his head,
Renders the savage wilderness more wild.
Then throng the busy shapes into his mind,
Of covered pits, unfathomably deep,
A dire descent! beyond the power of frost;
Of faithless bogs; of precipices huge,
Smoothed up with snow; and, what is land, unknown,
What water of the still unfrozen spring,
In the loose marsh or solitary lake,
Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.
These check his fearful steps; and down he sinks
Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,
Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,
Mixed with the tender anguish Nature shoots
Through the wrung bosom of the dying man,
His wife, his children, and his friends unseen.
In vain for him the officious wife prepares
The fire fair-blazing, and the vestment warm;
In vain his little children peeping out
Into the mingling storm, demand their sire,
With tears of artless innocence. Alas!
Nor wife, nor children, more shall he behold,
Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve
The deadly Winter seizes; shuts up sense;
And, o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,
Lays him along the snows, a stiffened corpse,
Stretched out, and bleaching in the northern blast.

The Castle of Indolence.

In lowly dale, fast by a river's side,
With woody hill o'er hill encompass'd round,
A most enchanting wizard did abide,
Than whom a fiend more fell is nowhere found.
It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground;
And there a season atween June and May,
Half prankt with spring, with summer half embrown'd,
A listless climate made, where, sooth to say,
No living wight could work, ne cared ev'n for play.

Was nought around but images of rest:
Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns between;

And flowery beds that slumberous influence *kest*, [*cast*
From poppies breath'd; and beds of pleasant green,
Where never yet was creeping creature seen.
Meantime unnumber'd glittering streamlets play'd,
And hurlèd everywhere their waters sheen;
That, as they bicker'd through the sunny shade,
Though restless still themselves, a lulling murmur made.

Join'd to the prattle of the purling rills,
Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,
And flocks loud-bleating from the distant hills,
And vacant shepherds piping in the dale:
And now and then sweet Philomel would wail,
Or stock-doves plain amid the forest deep,
That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale;
And still a coil the grasshopper did keep;
Yet all these sounds *yblent* inclinèd all to sleep. [*blended*

Full in the passage of the vale, above,
A sable, silent, solemn forest stood;
Where nought but shadowy forms was seen to move,
As Idless fancied in her dreaming mood:
And up the hills, on either side, a wood
Of blackening pines, aye waving to and fro,
Sent forth a sleepy horror through the blood;
And where this valley winded out, below,
The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely heard, to flow.

A pleasing land of drowsyhead it was,
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye;
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
Forever flushing round a summer-sky:
There eke the soft delights, that witchingly
Instill a wanton sweetness through the breast,
And the calm pleasures always hover'd nigh;
But whate'er smack'd of noyance, or unrest,
Was far, far off expell'd from this delicious nest.

The landskip such, inspiring perfect ease,
Where Indolence (for so the wizard hight)
Close hid his castle 'mid embowering trees,
That half shut out the beams of Phœbus bright

And made a kind of checker'd day and night;
Meanwhile, unceasing at the massy gate,
Beneath a spacious palm, the wicked wight
Was plac'd; and to his lute, of cruel fate,
And labor harsh, complain'd, lamenting man's estate.

Thither continual pilgrims crowded still,
From all the roads of Earth that pass'd thereby:
For, as they chaunc'd to breathe on neighboring hill,
The freshness of this valley smote their eye,
And drew them ever and anon more nigh;
Till clustering round th' enchanter false they hung,
Ymolten with his syren melody; [*melted*
While o'er th' enfeebling lute his hand he flung,
And to the trembling chords his tempting verses sung.

. . . . . .

Here whilom *ligg'd* th' Esopus* of the age; [*lay*
But call'd by Fame, in soul *ypricked* deep, [*pierced*
A noble pride restor'd him to the stage,
And rous'd him like a giant from his sleep.
Ev'n from his slumbers we advantage reap:
With double force th' enliven'd scene he wakes,
Yet quits not Nature's bounds. He knows to keep
Each due decorum: now the heart he shakes,
And now with well-urg'd sense th' enlighten'd judgment takes.

A bard† here dwelt, more fat than bard beseems;
Who, void of envy, guile, and lust of gain,
On virtue still, and Nature's pleasing themes,
Pour'd forth his unpremeditated strain:
The world forsaking with a calm disdain,
Here laugh'd he careless in his easy seat;
Here quaff'd, encircled with the joyous train,
Oft moralizing sage; his ditty sweet
He lothéd much to write, ne caréd to repeat.

Full oft by holy feet our ground was trod,
Of clerks good plenty here you mote espy.

*The actor Quin. Claudius Æsopus was the greatest tragic actor of ancient Rome.

† Thomson himself; the stanza except the first line was written by Lord Lyttleton.

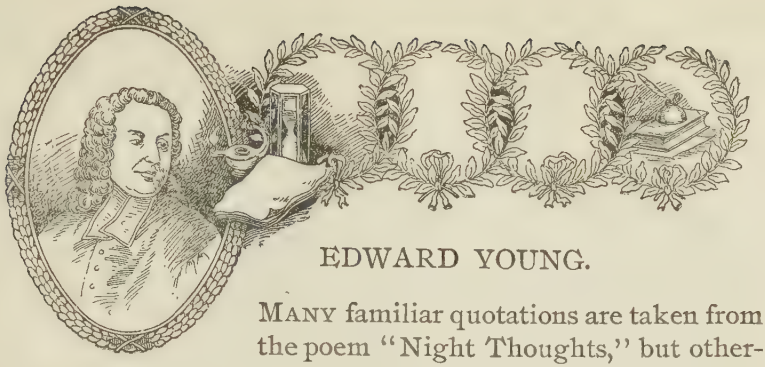
A little, round, fat, oily man of God*
Was one I chiefly mark'd among the fry:
He had a roguish twinkle in his eye,
And shone all glittering with ungodly dew,
If a tight damsel chaunc'd to trippen by;
Which, when observ'd, he shrunk into his mew,
And straight would recollect his piety anew.

Nor be forgot a tribe, who minded nought
(Old inmates of the place) but state-affairs:
They look'd, perdie, as if they deeply thought,
And on their brow sat every nation's cares.
The world by them is parcel'd out in shares,
When in the hall of smoke they congress hold,
And the sage berry sun-burnt Mocha bears
Has clear'd their inward eye: then, smoke-enroll'd,
Their oracles break forth mysterious, as of old.

Here languid Beauty kept her pale-faced court:
Bevies of dainty dames, of high degree,
From every quarter hither made resort;
Where, from gross mortal care and business free,
They lay, poured out in ease and luxury.
Or should they a vain show of work assume,
Alas! and well-a-day! what can it be?
To knot, to twist, to range the vernal bloom;
But far is cast the distaff, spinning-wheel and loom.

Their only labor was to kill the time;
(And labor dire it is and weary woe),
They sit, they loll, turn o'er some idle rhyme;
Then rising sudden, to the glass they go,
Or saunter forth, with tottering step and slow:
This soon too rude an exercise they find;
Straight on the couch their limbs again they throw,
Where hours on hours they sighing lie reclined,
And court the vapory god soft breathing in the wind.

* The Rev. William Murdoch, friend and biographer of Thomson.



EDWARD YOUNG.

MANY familiar quotations are taken from the poem "Night Thoughts," but otherwise it is known more by its title than its contents. The author was a remarkably able man, who ought to have won more solid fame. He was born in 1681, near Winchester, son of a future dean of Salisbury Cathedral, and entered upon the life of a poet and courtier at thirty. Valuable patronage was given him in return for political service with his pen. His best work in these years was the series of satires on "The Universal Passion, the Love of Fame." He wrote from the fulness of his own heart, and with such force, that Dr. Johnson thought them nearly equal to Horace, though Pope surpassed them later. His ambition and talents failed to win him political power, whereupon, when fifty years of age, he entered the Church. Ecclesiastical promotion followed in the wake of political pensions. Then rich and famous, he made a happy marriage with the daughter of the Earl of Lichfield in 1731, wrote a large number of moral and eulogistic poems, a few tragedies, and, when past sixty, his principal poem, "The Complaint; or, Night Thoughts on Life, Death and Immortality." It appeared in nine parts, between 1742 and 1744. While it is strictly a religious poem—sincerely so, and of commanding merit—the author strains to display his wit, his epigrammatic art, and to lash the reader's imagination into a nightmare terror, really inconsistent with serious thought on serious problems. As a whole it is to be classed as a work of genius spoiled by excessive vigor of delineation. His "True Estimate of Human Life," and "Suggestions on Original Composition," both in prose, are known rather to authors than to readers. Young's active brain and busy pen did not cease work until his death, at eighty-one, in 1765.

Procrastination.

Beware, Lorenzo, a slow sudden death.
How dreadful that deliberate surprise!
Be wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer;
Next day the fatal precedent will plead;
Thus on, till wisdom is push'd out of life.
Procrastination is the thief of time;
Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vast concerns of an eternal scene.
If not so frequent, would not this be strange?
That 'tis so frequent, this is stranger still.
Of man's miraculous mistakes this bears
The palm, "That all men are about to live,
Forever on the brink of being born."
All pay themselves the compliment to think
They one day shall not drivel: and their pride
On this reversion takes up ready praise;
At least, their own; their future selves applaud
How excellent that life they ne'er will lead.
Time lodg'd in their own hands is folly's vails;
That lodg'd in fate's to wisdom they consign.
The thing they can't but purpose, they postpone.
'Tis not in folly not to scorn a fool,
And scarce in human wisdom to do more.
All promise is poor dilatory man,
And that through every stage: when young indeed
In full content we sometimes nobly rest,
Unanxious for ourselves; and only wish,
As duteous sons, our fathers were more wise.
At thirty man suspects himself a fool,
Knows it at forty and reforms his plan;
At fifty chides his infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve;
In all the magnanimity of thought
Resolves, and re-resolves, then dies the same.

Time and Eternity.

The bell strikes one. We take no note of time
Save by its loss: to give it then a tongue
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
It is the knell of my departed hours.
Where are they? With the years beyond the flood.
It is the signal that demands despatch:
How much is to be done! My hopes and fears
Start up alarmed, and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down — on what? A fathomless abyss;
A dread Eternity! how surely mine!
And can Eternity belong to me,
Poor pensioner upon the bounties of an hour! . . .
O time! than gold more sacred; more a load
Than lead to fools, and fools reputed wise.
What moment granted man without account?
What years are squandered, wisdom's debt unpaid!
Our wealth in days all due to that discharge.
Haste, haste,— he lies in wait, he's at the door,
Insidious Death; should his strong hand arrest,
No composition sets the prisoner free.
Eternity's inexorable chain
Fast binds, and vengeance claims the full arrear. . . .
Youth is not rich in time; it may be poor;
Part with it as with money, sparing; pay
No moment, but in purchase of its worth;
And what it's worth, ask death-beds; they can tell.
Part with it as life, reluctant; big
With holy hope of nobler time to come;
Time higher aimed, still nearer the grand mark
Of men and angels, virtue more divine.

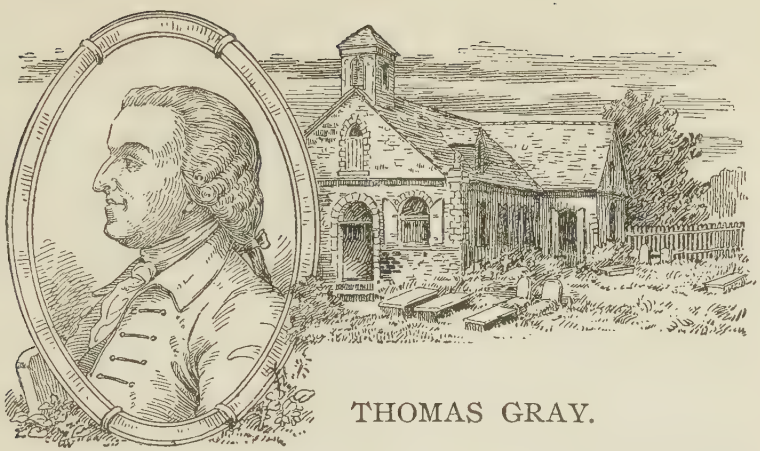
Man.

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful is Man!
How passing wonder He who made him such!
Who centred in our make such strange extremes!
From different natures marvelously mixed,

Connection exquisite of distant worlds!
Distinguished link in Being's endless chain,
Midway from Nothing to the Deity!
A beam ethereal, sullied and absorpt!
Though sullied and dishonored, still divine!
Dim miniature of greatness absolute!
An heir of glory! a frail child of dust!
Helpless immortal! insect infinite!
A worm! a god!—I tremble at myself,
And in myself am lost. At home a stranger,
Thought wanders up and down, surprised, aghast,
And wondering at her own. How reason reels!
Oh! what a miracle to man is Man!
Triumphantly distressed! what joy! what dread!
Alternately transported and alarmed!
What can preserve my life? or what destroy?
An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave;
Legions of angels can't confine me there!

Death the Giver of Life.

Then welcome, Death! thy dreaded harbingers,
Pain and Disease; Disease, though long my guest,
That plucks my nerves—those tender strings of life,—
Which, plucked a little more, will toll the bell
That calls my few friends to my funeral;
Where feeble Nature drops, perhaps, a tear,
While Reason and Religion, better taught,
Congratulate the dead, and crown his tomb
With wreath triumphant. Death is Victory! . . .
Death is the crown of life.
Were Death denied, poor man would live in vain;
Were Death denied, to live would not be Life;
Were Death denied, e'en fools would wish to die.
Death wounds to cure. We fall, we rise, we reign;
Spring from our fetters; fasten in the skies,
Where blooming Eden withers in our sight.
Death gives us more than was in Eden lost;
This King of Terrors is the Prince of Peace.
When shall I die to Vanity, Pain, Death?
When shall I *die?*—When shall I *live* forever?



THOMAS GRAY.

FAVORITISM is a foolish weakness at best, implying mental stagnation and narrowness. Yet if the poetry-reading constituency could be polled upon their preference for a single composition, it would be hard to justify any sneer at their assured choice of Gray's "Elegy." It is not narrow but universal; its measured music captivates the common ear; its scenes, incidents, reflections, are those of every-day life, and the strange sense of awe in contemplating the end of things fascinates the common mind in its finer moods. If Gray had written no more than this his name would be reverently inscribed among those of the great poets by popular suffrage, but he has other laurels, bestowed by his peers for poetical master-pieces of rarer workmanship, and therefore of more select fame.

A Londoner by birth, in 1716, and owing his Eton and Cambridge education to the exertions of his mother while separated from her tyrannical husband, Gray was fortunate in being taken by Horace Walpole on a tour through Italy and France. This deepened his love of the antique, and enriched his thought. As his father's death left him dependent on his own resources Gray remained as a Fellow in his chambers at Pembroke College, Cambridge, where he spent the rest of his ideally literary life. He communed with the ancients in the great libraries, wrote Latin verse, pursued various learned studies, and cultivated poetry for thirty placid years. In 1742 he published his "Ode to Spring," the "Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College," the "Ode to Adversity," and other

less familiar pieces. In 1750 he published, after slow and careful revisions, in which the manuscript had gone the rounds among his friends for several years, the "Elegy," which first bore the title, "Stanzas Wrote in a Country Churchyard." It ran through four editions in a year and was reproduced in three popular magazines. Six years later appeared his "Pindaric Odes," including two which have been accounted the foremost English compositions of their exalted order, the "Progress of Poesy" and "The Bard." These proved to be, and still are, above the level of the public taste. Gray refused the offer of the Laureateship. In 1768 he was appointed Professor of Modern History at Cambridge, which post he accepted and retained till his death in 1771, but was unable to perform the active duties owing to ill-health. He was buried in the churchyard of Stoke Pogis, immortalized by his verse. Among his miscellaneous writings are many of literary value, including his translations of the old Norse legends which have been made more familiar by poets and scholars of the nineteenth century. Gray stands conspicuously a poet for poets. He esteemed his art before popularity, and yet it was his enviable fate to have given the common people the noblest popular poem in their simple language.

Elegy in a Country Churchyard.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,

Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense breathing-morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield;
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Awake alike the inevitable hour—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire,
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;

Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness in the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,—

Their lot forbade; nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenious shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their names, their years, spelled by the unlettered muse,
The place of fame and eulogy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,

Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious hand the closing eye requires;
Even from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonored dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate.

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that bubbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove,
Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

"One morn I missed him on the 'customed hill,
Along the heath, and near his favorite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

"The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow through the churchyard path we saw him borne—
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
'Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown;
Fair science frowned not on his humble birth,
And melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send;
He gave to misery all he had—a tear;
He gained from Heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode
(There they alike in trembling hope repose),
The bosom of his Father and his God.

WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

SUCH fame as Shenstone enjoys is due to his love of the natural. Born in 1714, in an English village, he first went to the dame-school, and his quaintly realistic portrayal of his instructress in his poem, "The School-mistress," is a good example of his simple style. He elected to live on his modest estate, which he beautified with such success that he is credited with having created the modern art of landscape gardening. Here he set himself to cultivate the rustic muse. He sang the elemental emotions, painted familiar scenes, wrote pastorals and elegies, which gained the cordial praise of men like Johnson and Burns, and are still excellent in their class. His "Pastoral Ballads" have artless charms that justify the use of selections from them in books for children, some of which are popular still. In prose Shenstone has some good essays, and his letters have originality and literary merit. He died in 1763.

THE SCHOOL-MISTRESS.

IN every village marked with little spire
Embowered in trees, and hardly known to Fame
There dwells in lowly shed, and mean attire,
A matron old, whom we School-mistress name;
Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame;
They grieven sore, in piteous durance pent,
Awed by the power of this relentless dame;
And oft-times, on vagaries idly bent,
For unkempt hair, or task unconned, are sorely shent.

And all in sight doth rise a birchen tree,
Which Learning near her little dome did stowe;
Whilom a twig of small regard to see,
Though now so wide its waving branches flow!
And work the simple vassal's mickle woe;
For not a wind might curl the leaves that blew,
But their limbs shuddered, and their pulse beat low;
And as they looked they found their horror grew,
And shaped it into rods, and tingled at the view.

So have I seen (who has not, may conceive)
A lifeless phantom near a garden placed;
So doth it wanton birds of peace bereave,
Of sport, of song, of pleasure, of repast;
They start, they stare, they wheel, they look aghast;
Sad servitude! such comfortless annoy
May no bold Briton's riper age e'er taste!
Ne superstition clog his dance of joy,
Ne vision empty, vain, his native bliss destroy.

Near to this dome is found a patch so green,
On which the tribe their gambols do display;
And at the door imprisoning-board is seen,
Lest weakly wights of smaller size should stray;
Eager, perdie, to bask in sunny day!
The noises intermixed, which thence resound,
Do Learning's little tenement betray,
Where sits the dame, disguised in look profound,
And eyes her fairy throng, and turns her wheel around.

Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,
Emblem right meet of decency does yield:
Her apron dyed in grain, as blue, I trow,
As is the hare-bell that adorns the field:
And in her hand, for sceptre, she does wield
Tway birchen sprays, with anxious fear entwined,
With dark distrust and sad repentance filled,
And steadfast hate, and sharp affliction joined,
And fury uncontrolled, and chastisement unkind.

A russet stole was o'er her shoulders thrown;
A russet kirtle fenced the nipping air;

'Twas simple russet, but it was her own ;
'Twas her own country bred the flock so fair !
'Twas her own labor did the fleece prepare ;
And, sooth to say, her pupils, ranged around,
Through pious awe, did term it passing rare ;
For they in gaping wonderment abound,
And think, no doubt, she been the greatest wight on ground.

Albeit ne flattery did corrupt her truth,
Ne pompous title did debauch her ear ;
Goody, good-woman, gossip, n'aunt, forsooth,
Or dame, the sole addition she did hear ;
Yet these she challenged, these she held right dear,
Ne would esteem him act as mought behove,
Who should not honored *eld* with these revere : [*age*
For never title yet so mean could prove,
But there was eke a mind which did that title love.

One ancient hen she took delight to feed,
The plodding pattern of the busy dame ;
Which, ever and anon, impelled by need,
Into her school, begirt with chickens, came !
Such favor did her past deportment claim :
And, if Neglect had lavished on the ground
Fragment of bread, she would collect the same,
For well she knew, and quaintly could expound,
What sin it were to waste the smallest crumb she found.

For she was just, and friend to virtuous lore,
And passed much time in truly virtuous deed ;
And in those elfins' ears would oft deplore
The times when Truth by Popish rage did bleed ;
And tortious death was true Devotion's meed ;
And simple faith in iron chains did mourn,
That nould on wooden image place her creed ;
And lawny saints in smouldering flames did burn :
Ah ! dearest Lord, forefend, thilk days should e'er return.

In elbow-chair, like that of Scottish stem
By the sharp tooth of cankering eld defaced,
In which, when he receives his diadem,
Our sovereign prince and liefest liege is placed,

The matron sate; and some with rank she graced,
(The source of children's and of courtier's pride!)
Redressed affronts, for vile affronts there passed;
And warned them not the fretful to deride,
But love each other dear, whatever them betide.

Right well she knew each temper to descry;
To thwart the proud, and the submiss to raise;
Some with vile copper-prize exalt on high,
And some entice with pittance small of praise,
And other some with baleful sprig she 'frays:
E'en absent, she the reins of power doth hold,
While with quaint arts the giddy crowd she sways:
Forewarned, if little bird their pranks behold,
'Twill whisper in her ear, and all the scene unfold.

Lo, now with state she utters the command!
Eftsoons the urchins to their tasks repair;
Their books of stature small they take in hand,
Which with pellucid horn securéd are,
To save from finger wet the letters fair:
The work so gay that on their back is seen,
St. George's high achievements does declare;
On which thilk wight that has y-gazing been,
Kens the forthcoming rod, unpleasing sight, I ween!

WILLIAM COLLINS.

THE poems of Collins are as few in number, and perhaps as perfect in style as those of his contemporary Gray, yet his career affords a mournful contrast to the peaceful life of the Cambridge scholarly recluse. William Collins, born at Chichester, in 1720, graduated at Oxford after having published his "Oriental Eclogues," which were entirely neglected. He went to London as a literary adventurer, and in 1746 published his "Odes," which met a similar fate. Though his learning was extensive, there was little demand for his services. Losing ambition he fell into dissipation, yet occasionally added an exquisite poem to his stock. A bequest of two thousand pounds relieved his necessities, but gave opportunity for further dissipation. His mind became impaired

and he sank into imbecility. He was cared for by his sister until his death in 1759. But the lyrical poems of this unfortunate genius have since risen in value, and have been acknowledged by Southey and Swinburne to be the best of their kind in the language.

Ode to Liberty.

First Strophe.

Who shall awake the Spartan fife.
And call in solemn sounds to life
The youths, whose locks divinely spreading,
Like vernal hyacinths in sullen hue,
At once the breath of fear and virtue shedding,
Applauding freedom loved of old to view!
What new Alcæus, fancy-blessed,
Shall sing the sword in myrtles dressed,
At wisdom's shrine awhile its flame concealing
(What place so fit to seal a deed renowned)?
Till she her brightest lightnings round revealing,
It leaped in glory forth and dealt her prompted wound!
O goddess, in that feeling hour,
When most its sounds would court thy ears,
Let not my shell's misguided power,
E'er draw thy sad, thy mindful tears.
No, Freedom, no, I will not tell,
How Rome, before thy weeping face,
With heaviest sound, a giant-statue fell,
Pushed by a wild and artless race
From off its wide ambitious base,
When Time his Northern sons of spoil awoke,
And all the blended work of strength and grace,
With many a rude repeated stroke,
And many a barbarous yell, to thousand fragments broke.

How Sleep the Brave.

(Written in the beginning of the year 1746).

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blessed!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,

She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell, a weeping hermit, there!

Ode to Evening.

If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
May hope, chaste Eve, to sooth thy modest ear,
Like thy own solemn springs,
Thy springs, and dying gales,

O nymph reserved, while now the bright-haired sun
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
With brede ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed:

Now air is hushed, save where the weak-eyed bat
With short, shrill shriek, flits by on leathern wing;
Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises, 'midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne, in heedless hum:
Now teach me, maid composed,
To breathe some softened strain,

Whose numbers, stealing through thy darkening vale,
May, not unseemly, with its stillness suit,
As, musing slow, I hail
Thy genial loved return!

For when thy folding star arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant hours, and elves
Who slept in flowers the day,

And many a nymph who wreathes her brow with sedge
And sheds the freshening dew, and, lovelier still,
The pensive pleasures sweet
Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then lead, calm votaress, where some sheety lake
Cheers the lone heath, or some time-hallowed pile,
Or upland fallows gray
Reflect its last cool gleam.

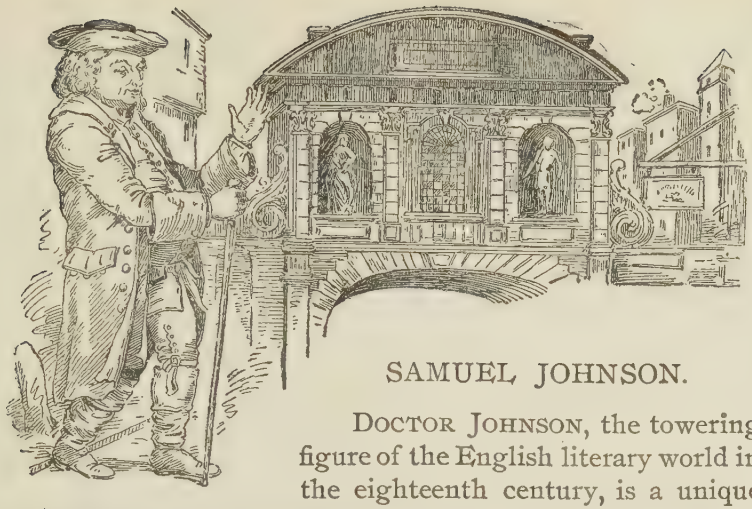
But when chill blustering winds or driving rain
Forbid my willing feet, be mine the hut,
That from the mountain's side
Views wilds and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discovered spires;
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all,
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve!
While Summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light;

While sallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves;
Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,
Affrights thy shrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes;

So long, sure-found beneath the sylvan shed,
Shall fancy, friendship, science, rose-lipped health,
Thy gentlest influence own,
And hymn thy favorite name!



SAMUEL JOHNSON.

Doctor Johnson, the towering figure of the English literary world in the eighteenth century, is a unique monument to the immortalizing power of the biographer. But for its faithful satellite the planet might have become obscured. Johnson without Boswell would have been a remote influence rather than a still living personality. His sturdy character and manly style of speech impart a value other than its own to the pompous diction of his writings. Johnson is too large a character to be comprehended in a sketch. Read Boswell's and other contemporary accounts of the man as he was; follow up these with judiciously selected examples of his writings and spoken judgments, and there will loom up a form majestic by divine right of intellect and goodness, whose kingship no petty criticisms can shake.

Samuel Johnson, dictator of the English republic of letters, was born in 1709, the son of a country bookseller. Having to get his own living, he left Oxford without taking his degree to become usher in a private school. When only twenty-five, Johnson, ungainly of mien, married a comely widow of forty-eight with a small fortune. This was lost in trying to establish a private school, for which there were but three pupils, one being David Garrick. In company with him, Johnson set out for London and began his long and painful struggle as a writer. In many familiar passages he reveals the bitterness of soul that was intensified by the rebuffs of publishers and patrons. At best his manners were uncouth. Some insolent rivals, and at least two publishers,

he thrashed outright. He wrote his tragedy "Irene," hoping Garrick would produce it, and the poem "London," for which he received only ten guineas. He wrote articles and expanded or invented speeches for the parliamentary reports in the *Gentleman's Magazine.* His "Life of Savage," the ill-fated author of "The Bastard," was published anonymously in 1744, found proper appreciation as a finely sympathetic study in biography, and so increased Johnson's growing reputation. Then the booksellers asked him to undertake the great "Dictionary," to which he gave seven years of arduous labor, and for which he received fifteen hundred guineas, but out of this sum had to pay his helpers. His letter scorning Lord Chesterfield's proffered patronage, after being denied it during the seven years of toil in poverty, is one of the most memorable pieces in all literature. The poem on the "Vanity of Human Wishes," with the fine essays of *The Rambler*, all of them his own but four, brought modest successes. *The Idler* appeared in 1758 and lived two years. The philosophical romance "Rasselas" was written to defray the cost of his mother's funeral. In 1762 George III. bestowed on Johnson a pension of £300, which freed him from the slavery that had held him for thirty working years. It enabled him to complete his edition of Shakespeare, for which he had been receiving subscriptions for several years. Now was formed the famous Club of which Johnson was the loved autocrat, with Goldsmith, Burke, Boswell, Reynolds, Gibbon and the rest as his genial courtiers. Here he showed his true self, ruling with benignant sway, yet occasionally giving way to righteous wrath. He took a tour to the Hebrides in 1775, and four years later began the "Lives of the Poets" on a commission from the booksellers. These lives were finely planned and written for that time, and with all their drawbacks, incidental to the temperament of the writer, are worth reading now. They form Johnson's best prose work, and had a markedly uplifting influence on the art of criticism. When he died in 1784 it was felt that a great force for good was lost to literature. No other English writer is so vividly realized by the present generation, thanks to Boswell and his luck in knowing a great man during the growth of his greatness.

Cardinal Wolsey.

(From "The Vanity of Human Wishes.")

In full-flown dignity see Wolsey stand,
Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand:
To him the Church, the Realm, their powers consign,
Through him the rays of regal bounty shine,
Turned by his nod the stream of honor flows,
His smile alone security bestows:
Still to new heights his restless wishes tower,
Claim leads to claim and power advances power;
Till conquest unresisted ceased to please,
And rights submitted left him none to seize.
At length his sovereign frowns—the train of state
Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to hate.
Where'er he turn, he meets a stranger's eye,
His suppliants scorn him, and his followers fly;
Now drops at once the pride of awful state,
The golden canopy, the glittering plate,
The regal palace, the luxurious board,
The liveried army, and the menial lord.
With age, with cares, with maladies, oppressed,
He seeks the refuge of monastic rest.
Grief aids disease, remembered folly stings,
And his last sighs reproach the faith of kings.
Speak thou whose thoughts at humble peace repine,
Shall Wolsey's wealth with Wolsey's end be thine?
Or liv'st thou now, with safer pride content,
The wisest Justice on the banks of Trent?
For, why did Wolsey, near the steeps of fate,
On weak foundations raise the enormous weight?
Why but to sink beneath misfortune's blow,
With louder ruin to the gulfs below?

What to Pray For.

(From "The Vanity of Human Wishes.")

Where, then, shall hope and fear their objects find?
Must dull suspense corrupt the stagnant mind?
Must helpless man in ignorance sedate,
Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?

Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise,
No cries invoke the mercies of the skies?
Inquirer, cease; petitions yet remain,
Which Heaven may hear, nor deem religion vain.
Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
But leave to Heaven the measure and the choice.
Safe in His power, whose eyes discern afar
The secret ambush of a specious prayer,
Implore His aid, in His decisions rest,
Secure whate'er He gives, He gives the best.
Yet when the sense of sacred presence fires,
And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
Pour forth thy fervors for a healthful mind,
Obedient passions, and a will resigned;
For love, which scarce collective man can fill;
For patience, sovereign o'er transmuted ill;
For faith, that, panting for a happier seat,
Counts death kind Nature's signal of retreat;
These goods for man the laws of Heaven ordain,
These goods He grants, who grants the power to gain;
With these celestial wisdom calms the mind,
And makes the happiness she does not find.

Letter to Lord Chesterfield.

7th February, 1755.

My Lord:—I have been lately informed by the proprietor of *The World*, that two papers, in which my Dictionary is recommended to the public, were written by your lordship. To be so distinguished is an honor, which, being very little accustomed to favors from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address, and could not forbear to wish that I might boast myself *Le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre;*—that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending; but I found my attendance so little encouraged, that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed your Lordship in public, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing which a retired and

uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all that I could; and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

Seven years, my lord, have now passed, since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties, of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it, at last, to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favor. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before.

The shepherd in Virgil grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and, when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labors, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it: till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favorer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less; for I have been long wakened from that dream of hope, in which I once boasted myself with so much exaltation,

My Lord,

Your lordship's most humble, most obedient servant,

SAM. JOHNSON.

REFLECTIONS ON LANDING AT IONA.

(From the "Journey to the Western Islands.")

WE were now treading that illustrious island which was once the luminary of the Caledonian regions, whence savage clans and roving barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge

and the blessings of religion. To abstract the mind from all local emotion would be impossible if it were endeavored, and would be foolish if it were possible. Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses; whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future, predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings. Far from me and my friends be such frigid philosophy as may conduct us indifferent and unmoved over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery or virtue. The man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force on the plains of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona.

Extracts from Boswell's "Life of Dr. Johnson."

James Boswell (1740–1795), a vain, shallow and conceited Scotchman, had yet such admiration for Dr. Johnson, that he sought every opportunity to share his company, and then spent more time in recording minutely his conversation. The result was given to the world in his matchless biography in 1791.

Getting Rid of Cant.

Boswell. "I wish much to be in Parliament, sir." *Johnson.* "Why, sir, unless you come resolved to support any administration, you would be the worse for being in Parliament, because you would be obliged to live more expensively." *Boswell.* "Perhaps, sir, I should be less happy for being in Parliament. I never would sell my vote, and I should be vexed if things went wrong." *Johnson.* "That's cant, sir. It would not vex you more in the House than in the gallery. Public affairs vex no man." *Boswell.* "Have they not vexed yourself a little, sir? Have you not been vexed by all the turbulence of this reign, and by that absurd vote of the House of Commons, 'That the influence of the Crown has increased, is increasing, and ought to be dimin-

ished?'" *Johnson.* "Sir, I have never slept an hour less, nor eat an ounce less meat. I would have knocked the factious dogs on the head, to be sure; but I was not vexed." *Boswell.* "I declare, sir, upon my honor, I did imagine I was vexed, and took a pride in it; but it was, perhaps, cant; for I own I neither ate less nor slept less." *Johnson.* "My dear friend, clear your *mind* of cant. You may *talk* as other people do: you may say to a man, 'Sir, I am your most humble servant.' You are *not* his most humble servant. You may say, 'These are bad times; it is a melancholy thing to be reserved to such times.' You don't mind the times. You tell a man, 'I am sorry you had such bad weather the last day of your journey, and were so much wet.' You don't care sixpence whether he was wet or dry. You may *talk* in this manner; it is a mode of talking in society; but don't *think* foolishly."

Life at an Inn.

We dined at an excellent inn at Chapel-house, where Dr. Johnson expatiated on the felicity of England in its taverns and inns, and triumphed over the French for not having, in any perfection, the tavern life. "There is no private house," said he, "in which people can enjoy themselves so well as at a capital tavern. Let there be ever so great plenty of good things, ever so much grandeur, ever so much elegance, ever so much desire that everybody should be easy; in the nature of things it cannot be; there must always be some degree of care and anxiety. The master of the house is anxious to entertain his guests; the guests are anxious to be agreeable to him: and no man but a very impudent dog indeed can as freely command what is in another's house as if it were his own. Whereas at a tavern there is a general freedom from anxiety. You are sure you are welcome; the more noise you make, the more trouble you give, the more good things you call for, the welcomer you are. No servants will attend you with the alacrity which waiters do who are excited with the prospect of an immediate reward in proportion as they please. No, sir; there is nothing which has yet been contrived by man by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn."

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

All the adjectives that convey the impression of literary charm have been lavished on Goldsmith, and still they fall short of expressing the sum total of his characteristics. His genial Irish heart throbbed none the less sympathetically for being ineffectually concealed behind his English bloom-colored coat. He wrote nothing without putting his heart into it, and to this the heart of his reader responds. Goldsmith is loved for his own sake. His sorry time of it as a wanderer, a Grub-street hack, and a London Bohemian, his delicious stupidity as a man of business, and his artless felicity as a writer of exquisite verse and prose, endear him to all. In him met the perfection of simplicity as a stylist—which implies concealed craft—and unmitigated simplicity of wit as a man of the world. The combination yields a most delightful character in the noble army of authors.

He was born in Ireland in 1728. At Dublin University he was thought dull because erratic and timid. He studied medicine in Scotland and logic in Leyden, and got his real education in the university of life as he played the vagabond in Flanders, winning his way with his flute. He strolled to London at twenty-eight, and had to put up with beggarly fare for years, slaving now as a drug-store clerk, now as school usher, and later as a rising author. He made nursery rhymes to fit old wood-cuts, wrote fine essays on polite learning, poured forth inexhaustible stores of sagacious talk in little periodicals like the *Bee*, and made his Chinese "Citizen of the World" a satirist of the West. He was thirty-six when his "Traveller" poem lifted him into the gentility he dearly coveted. To be petted by lords and statesmen was a new kind of intoxication. But each extra shilling earned meant a guinea spent. In purgatorial torments good Dr. Johnson

found his "Goldy" that day when sent for to rescue the reckless poet from the clutch of his landlady's sheriff's officer. A manuscript was asked for, if one existed, as the proper basis of helping him to self-help, and a grand one was brought out. "The Vicar of Wakefield" was published, the worst plotted and best conceived novel in the world, and Goldsmith found himself famous and rich beyond his dreams. In 1770, when forty-two, he wrote that heart-moving poem, "The Deserted Village," sweetly sad and beautiful, yet a jumble of exquisite Irish bulls. Then came his two plays, "The Goodnatured Man" and "She Stoops to Conquer," written chiefly to air his innocent autobiographical vanity. He was making money by writing books for the publishers, who paid him handsomely for getting up his Histories of Rome, England, Greece, and the delightful "History of Animated Nature," in which last he unfolds a noble ignorance. Goldsmith was now the delight of lovers of English that interpreted England's heart. His books were read, his poems learned, his plays enjoyed by simple and learned throughout the land, and himself the centre of a brilliant galaxy, applauded and teased, but loved always and by all. He was the butt of the Club, and its brightest gem. The world lay at his feet at last, when he stumbled into death in 1774. A grave-stone bears his name, but nobody knows where his bones are laid.

Beau Tibbs at Vauxhall.

In "The Citizen of the World" an imaginary Chinese traveller thus describes a familiar London resort and its frequenters.

The people of London are as fond of walking as our friends at Pekin of riding; one of the principal entertainments of the citizens here in summer is to repair about nightfall to a garden not far from town, where they walk about, show their best clothes and best faces, and listen to a concert provided for the occasion.

I accepted an invitation a few evenings ago from my old friend, the man in black, to be one of a party that was to sup there; and at the appointed hour waited upon him at his lodgings. There I found the company assembled and expect-

ing my arrival. Our party consisted of my friend in superlative finery, his stockings rolled, a black velvet waistcoat, which was formerly new, and his gray wig combed down in imitation of hair; a pawnbroker's widow, of whom, by the bye, my friend was a professed admirer, dressed out in green damask, with three gold rings on every finger; Mr. Tibbs, the second-rate beau I have formerly described, together with his lady, in flimsy silk, dirty gauze instead of linen, and a hat as big as an umbrella.

Our first difficulty was in settling how we should set out. Mrs. Tibbs had a natural aversion to the water, and the widow, being a little in flesh, as warmly protested against walking; a coach was therefore agreed upon, which, being too small to carry five, Mr. Tibbs consented to sit in his wife's lap.

In this manner, therefore, we set forward, being entertained by the way with the bodings of Mr. Tibbs, who assured us he did not expect to see a single creature for the evening above the degree of a cheesemonger; that this was the last night of the gardens, and that consequently we should be pestered with the nobility and gentry from Thames Street and Crooked Lane; with several other prophetic ejaculations, probably inspired by the uneasiness of his situation.

The illuminations began before we arrived, and I must confess, that upon entering the gardens I found every sense overpaid with more than expected pleasure. The lights everywhere glimmering through the scarcely-moving trees—the full-bodied concert bursting on the stillness of the night—the natural concert of the birds, in the more retired part of the grove, vying with that which was formed by art; the company gaily dressed, looking satisfaction, and the table spread with various delicacies, all conspired to fill my imagination with the visionary happiness of the Arabian lawgiver, and lifted me into an ecstasy of admiration. "Head of Confucius," cried I to my friend, "this is fine! this unites rural beauty with courtly magnificence! If we except the virgins of immortality, that hang on every tree, and may be plucked at every desire, I do not see how this falls short of Mahomet's Paradise!" "As for virgins," cries my friend, "it is true they

are a fruit that do not much abound in our gardens here; but if ladies, as plenty as apples in autumn, and as complying as any Houri of them all, can content you, I fancy we have no need to go to heaven for Paradise."

I was going to second his remarks, when we were called to a consultation by Mr. Tibbs and the rest of the company, to know in what manner we were to lay out the evening to the greatest advantage. Mrs. Tibbs was for keeping the genteel walk of the garden, where, she observed, there was always the very best company; the widow, on the contrary, who came but once a season, was for securing a good standing place to see the waterworks, which she assured us would begin in less than an hour at the farthest; a dispute therefore began, and as it was managed between two of very opposite characters, it threatened to grow more bitter at every reply. Mrs. Tibbs wondered how people could pretend to know the polite world, who had received all their rudiments of breeding behind a counter; to which the other replied, that though some people sat behind counters, yet they could sit at the head of their own tables too, and carve three good dishes of hot meat whenever they thought proper, which was more than some people could say for themselves, that hardly knew a rabbit and onions from a green goose and gooseberries.

It is hard to say where this might have ended, had not the husband, who probably knew the impetuosity of his wife's disposition, proposed to end the dispute by adjourning to a box, and try if there was anything to be had for supper that was supportable. To this we all consented; but here a new distress arose: Mr. and Mrs. Tibbs would sit in none but a genteel box—a box where they might see and be seen—one, as they expressed it, in the very focus of public view; but such a box was not easy to be obtained, for though we were perfectly convinced of our own gentility, and the gentility of our appearance, yet we found it a difficult matter to persuade the keepers of the boxes to be of our opinion; they chose to reserve genteel boxes for what they judged more genteel company.

At last, however, we were fixed, though somewhat obscurely, and supplied with the usual entertainment of the

place. The widow found the supper excellent, but Mrs. Tibbs thought everything detestable. "Come, come, my dear," cries the husband, by way of consolation, "to be sure we can't find such dressing here as we have at Lord Crump's or Lady Crimp's; but for Vauxhall dressing it is pretty good: it is not their victuals, indeed, I find fault with, but their wine! their wine!" cries he, drinking off a glass, "indeed is most abominable."

By this last contradiction the widow was fairly conquered in point of politeness. She perceived now that she had no pretensions in the world to taste; her very senses were vulgar, since she had praised detestable custard and smacked at wretched wine. She was therefore content to yield the victory, and for the rest of the night to listen and improve. It is true, she would now and then forget herself, and confess she was pleased, but they soon brought her back again to miserable refinement. She once praised the painting of the box in which we were sitting, but was soon convinced that such paltry pieces ought rather to excite horror than satisfaction; she ventured again to commend one of the singers, but Mrs. Tibbs soon let her know, in the style of a connoisseur, that the singer in question had neither ear, voice nor judgment.

Mr. Tibbs, now willing to prove that his wife's pretensions to music were just, entreated her to favor the company with a song; but to this she gave a positive denial—"for you know very well, my dear," says she, "that I am not in voice to-day, and when one's voice is not equal to one's judgment, what signifies singing? Besides, as there is no accompaniment, it would be but spoiling music." All these excuses, however, were overruled by the rest of the company, who, though one would think they already had music enough, joined in the entreaty. But particularly the widow, now willing to convince the company of her breeding, pressed so warmly that she seemed determined to take no refusal. At last, then, the lady complied, and after humming for some minutes, began with such a voice and such affectation, as I could perceive, gave but little satisfaction to any except her husband. He sat with rapture in his eye and beat time with his hand on the table.

You must observe, my friend, that it is the custom of this country, when a lady or gentleman happens to sing, for the company to sit as mute and motionless as statues. Every feature, every limb, must seem to correspond in fixed attention; and while the song continues they are to remain in a state of universal petrifaction. In this mortifying situation, we had continued for some time, listening to the song and looking with tranquillity, when the master of the box came to inform us that the waterworks were going to begin. At this information I could instantly perceive the widow bounce from her seat, but, correcting herself, she sat down again, repressed by motives of good breeding. Mrs. Tibbs, who had seen the waterworks a hundred times, resolving not to be interrupted, continued her song without any share of mercy, nor had the smallest pity on our impatience. The widow's face, I own, gave me high entertainment: in it I could plainly read the struggle she felt between good breeding and curiosity: she talked of the waterworks the whole evening before, and seemed to have come merely in order to see them; but then she could not bounce out in the very middle of a song, for that would be forfeiting all pretentions to high life, or high-lived company, ever after. Mrs. Tibbs, therefore, kept on singing and we continued to listen, till at last, when the song was just concluded, the waiter came to inform us that the waterworks were over!

"The waterworks over!" cried the widow; "the waterworks over already! that's impossible! they can't be over so soon!" "It is not my business," replied the fellow, "to contradict your ladyship; I'll run again and see." He went, and soon returned with a confirmation of the dismal tidings. No ceremony could now bind my friend's disappointed mistress; she testified her displeasure in the openest manner: in short, she now began to find fault in turn, and at last insisted upon going home, just at the time that Mr. and Mrs. Tibbs assured the company that the polite hours were going to begin, and that the ladies would instantaneously be entertained with the horns.

The Village School-master.

(From "The Deserted Village.")

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school;
A man severe he was, and stern to view,
I knew him well, and every truant knew;
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper circling round,
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned;
Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault;
The village all declared how much he knew;
'Twas certain he could write and cipher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And even the story ran—that he could gauge;
In arguing too, the parson owned his skill,
For even though vanquished, he could argue still;
While words of learned length and thundering sound
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around,
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.
But past is all his fame. The very spot
Where many a time he triumphed, is forgot.

The Village Inn.

Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspired,
Where grey-beard mirth and smiling toil retired,
Where village statesmen talked with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlor splendors of that festive place;
The white-washed wall, the nicely-sanded floor,
The varnished clock that clicked behind the door;

The chest contrived a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
The pictures placed for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;
The hearth, except when winter chilled the day,
With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel, gay;
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row.
Vain transitory splendors! could not all
Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall!
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart;
Thither no more the peasant shall repair
To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear;
The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be pressed,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Lady Blarney and Miss Skeggs.

(From the "Vicar of Wakefield.")

Michaelmas Eve happening on the next day, we were invited to burn nuts and play tricks at neighbor Flamborough's. Our late mortification had humbled us a little, or it is probable we might have rejected such an invitation with contempt; however, we suffered ourselves to be happy. Our honest neighbor's goose and dumplings were fine, and the lamb's-wool, even in the opinion of my wife, who is a connoisseur, was excellent. It is true, his manner of telling a story was not quite so well. They were very long—and very dull, and about himself, and we had laughed at them ten times before; however, we were kind enough to laugh at them once more.

Mr. Burchell, who was of the party, was always fond of seeing some innocent amusement going forward, and set the boys and girls to blind-man's-buff. My wife, too, was per-

suaded to join in the diversion, and it gave me pleasure to think that she was not yet too old. In the meantime my neighbor and I looked on, laughed at every feat, and praised our own dexterity when we were young. Hot cockles succeeded next; questions-and-commands followed that; and last of all they sat down to hunt-the-slipper. As every person may not be acquainted with the primeval pastime, it may be necessary to observe that the company at this play plant themselves in a ring upon the ground, all except one who stands in the middle, whose business it is to catch a shoe which the company shove about under their hams from one to another, something like a weaver's shuttle. As it is impossible, in this case, for the lady who is up to face all the company at once, the great beauty of the play lies in hitting her a thump with the heel of the shoe on that side least capable of making a defence. It was in this manner that my eldest daughter was hemmed in, and thumped about, all blowzed in spirits, and bawling for fair play with a voice that might deafen a ballad-singer, when, confusion on confusion! who should enter the room but our two great acquaintances from town—Lady Blarney and Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs.

Description would but beggar, therefore it is unnecessary to describe this new mortification. Death! To be seen by ladies of such high breeding in such vulgar attitudes! Nothing better could ensue from such a vulgar play of Mr. Flamborough's proposing. We seemed struck to the ground for some time, as if actually petrified with amazement. The two ladies had been at our house to see us, and finding us from home, came after us hither, as they were uneasy to know what accident could have kept us from church the day before. Olivia undertook to be our prolocutor, and delivered the whole in a summary way, only saying, "We were thrown from our horses."

At which account the ladies were greatly concerned; but being told that the family received no hurt, they were extremely glad; but being informed that we were almost killed by the fright, they were vastly sorry; but hearing that we had a very good night, they were extremely glad again.

Nothing could exceed their complaisance to my daughters; their professions the last evening were warm, but now they were ardent. They protested a desire of having a more lasting acquaintance. Lady Blarney was particularly attached to Olivia; Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs (I love to give the whole name) took a greater fancy to her sister. They supported the conversation between themselves, while my daughters sat silent, admiring their exalted breeding. But as every reader, however beggarly himself, is fond of high-lived dialogues, with anecdotes of Lords, Ladies and Knights of the Garter, I must beg leave to give him the concluding part of the present conversation:

"All that I know of the matter," cried Miss Skeggs, "is this—it may be true, or it may not be true; but this I can assure your Ladyship, that the rout was in amaze; his Lordship turned all manner of colors, my Lady fell into a swoon, but Sir Tomkyn, drawing his sword, swore he was hers to the last drop of his blood."

"Well," replied our Peeress, "this I can say, that the Duchess never told me a syllable of the matter, and I believe her Grace would keep nothing a secret from me. This you may depend upon as a fact, that the next day my Lord Duke cried out three times, to his valet-de-chambre, 'Jernigan, Jernigan, Jernigan! bring me my garters!'"

But previously I should have mentioned the very impolite behavior of Mr. Burchell, who, during this discourse, sat with his face turned to the fire, and at the conclusion of every sentence would cry out, "*Fudge!*"—an expression which displeased us all, and in some measure damped the rising spirit of the conversation.

"Besides, my dear Skeggs," continued our Peeress, "there is nothing of this in the copy of verses that Dr. Burdock made upon the occasion."

"*Fudge!*"

"I am surprised at that," cried Miss Skeggs; "for he seldom leaves anything out, as he writes only for his own amusement. But can your Ladyship favor me with a sight of them?"

"*Fudge!*"

"My dear creature," replied our Peeress, "do you think I carry such things about with me? Though they are very fine, to be sure, and I think myself something of a judge; at least I know what pleases myself. Indeed I was ever an admirer of Dr. Burdock's little pieces; for except what he does, and our dear Countess at Hanover Square, there's nothing comes out but the lowest stuff in nature; not a bit of high life among them."

"*Fudge!*"

"Your Ladyship should except," says t'other, "your own things in the *Lady's Magazine*. I hope you'll say there's nothing low-lived there. But I suppose we are to have no more from that quarter?"

"*Fudge!*"

"Why, my dear," says the lady, "you know my reader and companion has left me to be married to Captain Roach; and as my poor eyes won't suffer me to write myself, I have been for some time looking out for another. A proper person is no easy matter to find; and, to be sure, thirty pounds a year is a small stipend for a well-bred girl of character, that can read and write, and behave in company. As for the chits about town, there's no bearing them about one."

"*Fudge!*"

"That I know," cried Miss Skeggs, "by experience. For of the three companions I had this last half-year, one of them refused to do plain work an hour in a day; another thought twenty-five guineas a year too small a salary; and I was obliged to send away the third because I suspected an intrigue with the chaplain. Virtue, my dear Lady Blarney, virtue is worth any price; but where is that to be found?"

"*Fudge!*"

My wife had been for a long time all attention to this discourse; but was particularly struck with the latter part of it. Thirty pounds and twenty-five guineas a year make fifty-six pounds five shillings English money, all of which was, in a manner, going a begging, and might easily be secured in the family. She for a moment studied my looks for approbation; and, to own the truth, I was of opinion that two such places would fit our own daughters exactly. Besides, if the Squire

had any real affection for my eldest daughter, this would be the way to make her every way qualified for her fortune. My wife therefore was resolved that we should not be deprived of such advantages for want of assurance, and undertook to harangue for the family.

"I hope," cried she, "your Ladyships will pardon my present presumption. It is true we have no right to pretend to such favors; but yet it is natural for me to wish putting our children forward in the world. And I will be bold to say my two girls have had a pretty good education: at least the country can't show better. They can read, write, and cast up accounts; they understand their needle, broad-stitch, cross-and-change, and all manner of plain work; they can pink, point and frill, and know something of music; they can do up small clothes, work upon cat-gut; my eldest can cut paper, and my youngest has a very pretty manner of telling fortunes upon cards."

"*Fudge!*"

When she had delivered this pretty piece of eloquence, the two ladies looked at each other a few moments in silence, with an air of doubt and importance. At last Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs condescended to observe that the young ladies, from what opinion she could form of them from so slight an acquaintance, seemed very fit for such employments.

"But a thing of this kind, madam," cried she, addressing my spouse, "requires a thorough examination into characters, and a more perfect knowledge of each other. Not, madam," continued she, "that I in the least suspect the young ladies' virtue, prudence and discretion; but there is a form in these things, madam; there is a form."

My wife approved her suspicions very much, observing that she was very apt to be suspicious herself; but referred her to all the neighbors for a character; but this our peeress declined as unnecessary, alleging that her cousin Thornhill's recommendation would be sufficient; and upon this we rested our petition.

Burke and Reynolds.

Goldsmith being absent one day from the Club, his friends amused themselves by writing his epitaph. Garrick produced the following.

"Here lies Oliver Goldsmith, for shortness called Noll,
Who wrote like an angel and spoke like poor Poll."

But Goldsmith afterwards made a witty reply in his "Retaliation," the last he ever wrote.

Here lies our good Edmund, whose genius was such,
We scarcely can praise it, or blame it, too much;
Who, born for the universe, narrowed his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.
Though fraught with all learning, yet straining his throat,
To persuade Tommy Townshend to lend him a vote:
Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining;
Though equal to all things, for all things unfit,
Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit;
For a patriot too cool; for a drudge disobedient;
And too fond of the right to pursue the expedient.
In short, 'twas his fate, unemployed or in place, sir,
To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.

Here Reynolds is laid, and to tell you my mind,
He has not left a wiser or better behind;
His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand;
His manners were gentle, complying, and bland;
Still born to improve us in every part,
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart:
To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering,
When they judged without skill, he was still hard of hearing;
When they talked of their Raphaels, Correggios, and stuff,
He shifted his trumpet and only took snuff.

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

The precocious genius of Chatterton which has astonished poets and critics, was drawn by a singular combination of circumstances into what has been odiously branded as literary forgery. His ancestors had for nearly two centuries been

sextons of the famous St. Mary Redcliffe Church at Bristol. The boy was born four months after his father's death, in 1752, and though he had but slight schooling, his curiosity was early aroused by the old inscriptions of the church, and by some fifteenth century parchments which his father had taken from an antique coffer. Chatterton, after being apprenticed to an attorney, pretended to have discovered in a similar way many writings of a merchant Canynge and a priest Rowley. He furnished to citizens of Bristol pedigrees, poems and chronicles of the remote past. Some of these writings were published in a London magazine, and though at first accepted as authentic, were soon pronounced spurious by the few competent judges of the time. Released from his apprenticeship, the ambitious Chatterton went to London and began writing for newspapers and magazines. Unable to make a living thus, he sought an appointment as surgeon's mate, and being refused was reduced to starvation. In a fit of melancholy he sought death by poison before his eighteenth birthday. He had already composed two volumes of verse, instinct with true poesy. Wordsworth has hailed him as "the marvelous boy that perished in his pride." The monument erected in Bristol bears the inscription written by himself, "To the memory of Thomas Chatterton. Reader! Judge not. If thou art a Christian, believe that he shall be judged by a Superior Power. To that Power only is he answerable."

The Minstrel's Roundelay.

(From "Œlla; a Tragical Interlude.")

O sing unto my roundelay,
  O drop the briny tear with me,
Dance no more at holy-day,
  Like a running river be.
    My love is dead,
    Gone to his death-bed,
      All under the willow-tree.

Black his locks as the winter night,
  White his skin as the summer snow, [winter?]
Red his face as the morning light,
  Cold he lies in the grave below.

Sweet his tongue as the throstle's note,
  Quick in dance as thought can be,
Deft his tabor, cudgel stout,
  O he lies by the willow-tree!

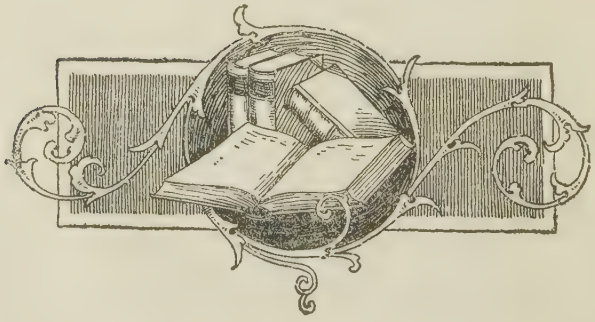
Hark! the raven flaps his wing
  In the briared dell below;
Hark! the death-owl loud doth sing
  To the nightmares as they go.

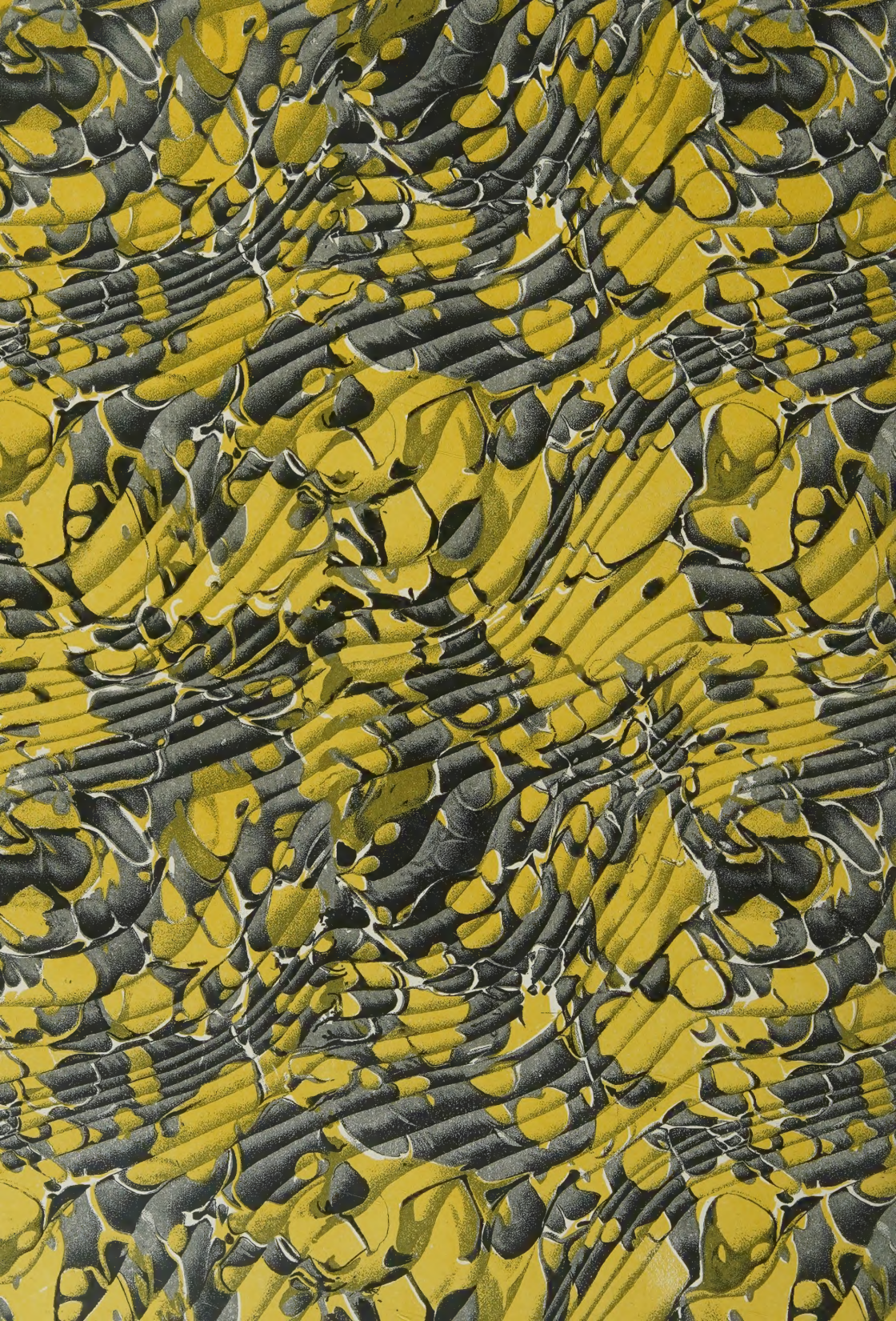
See! the white moon shines on high;
  Whiter is my true love's shroud;
Whiter than the morning sky,
  Whiter than the evening cloud.

Here upon my true love's grave
  Shall the barren flowers be laid:
Not one holy Saint to save
  All the coldness of a maid!

With my hands I'll gird the briars
  Round his holy corse to grow.
Elfin Faëry, light your fires;
  Here my body still shall bow.

Come, with acorn-cup and thorn,
  Drain my heartè's blood away;
Life and all its good I scorn,
  Dance by night or feast by day.
    My love is dead,
    Gone to his death-bed,
      All under the willow-tree.





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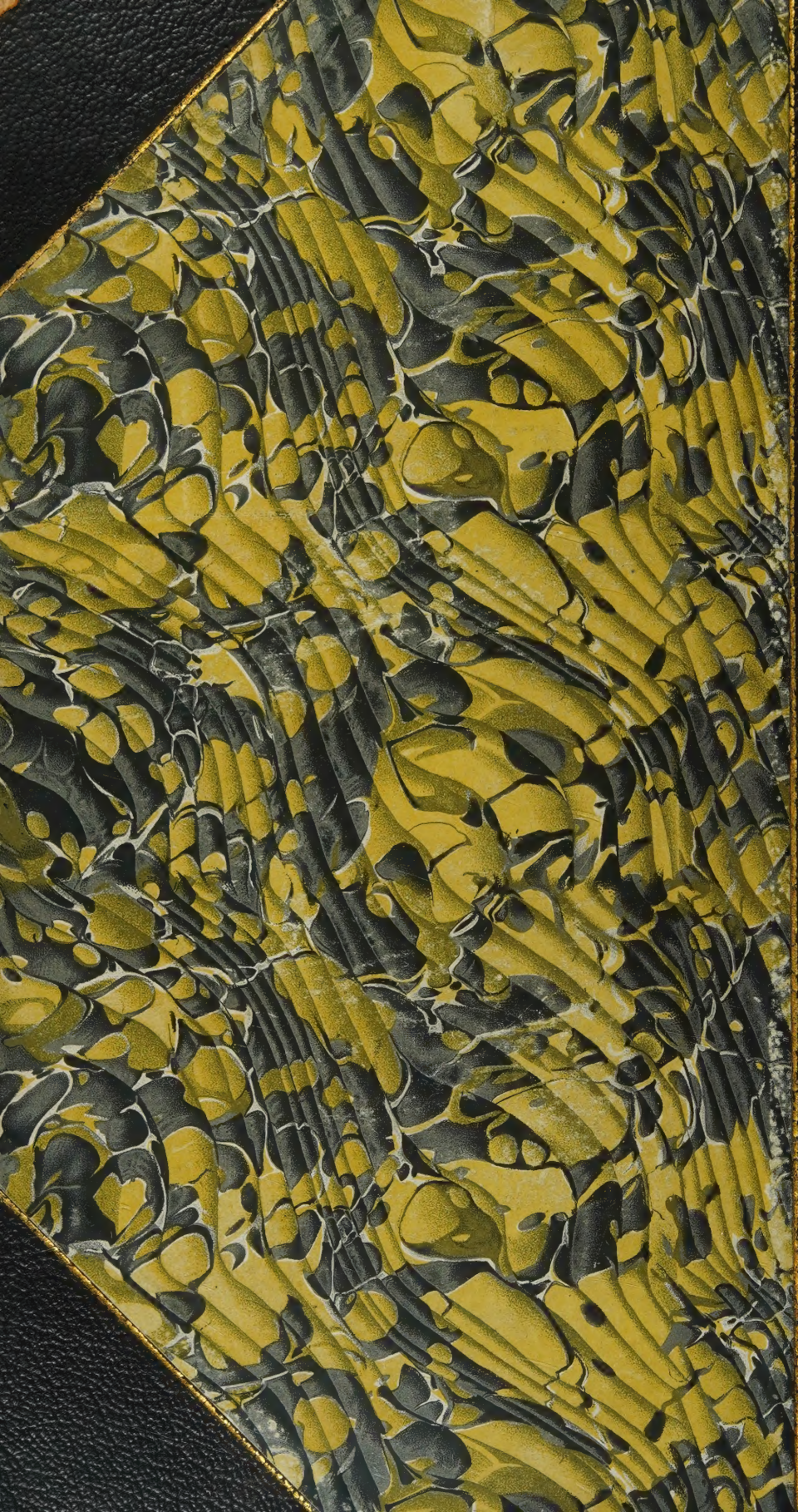
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